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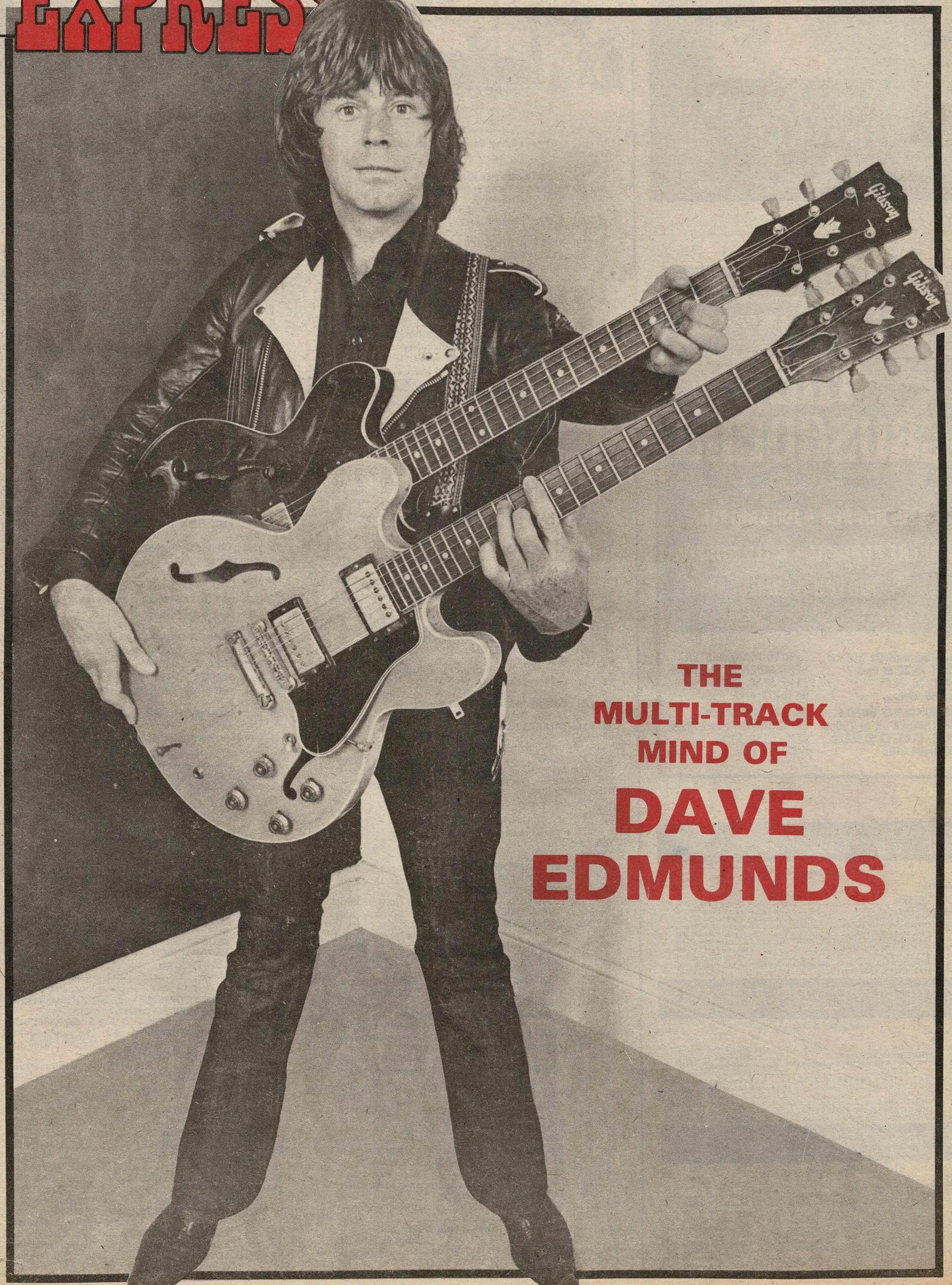
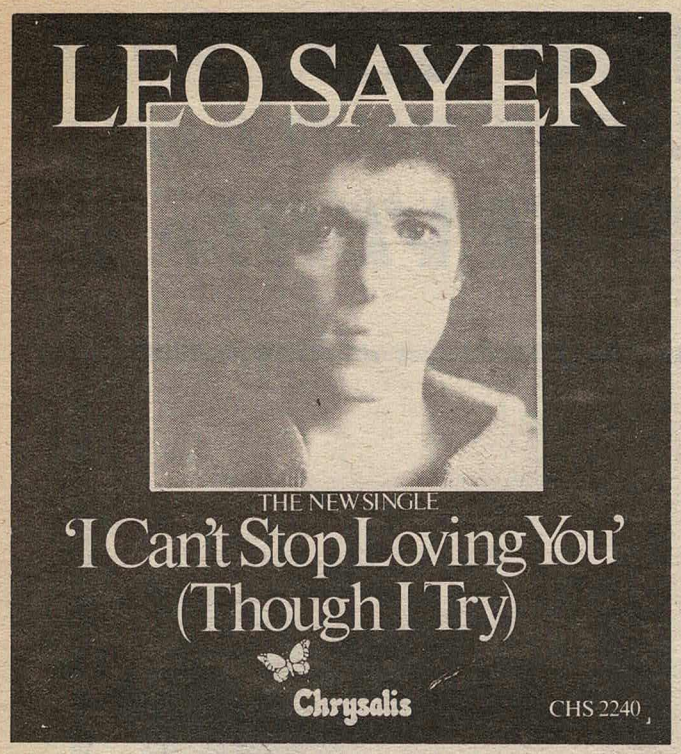


THE MULTI-TRACK MIND OF DAVE EDMUNDS

DAVE EDMUNDS / Pic CHALKIE DAVIES



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FIVE YEARS AGO

Week ending September 18, 1973

Last Week	This Week		
2	1	ROCK ON	David Essex (CBS)
5	2	ANGIE	Rolling Stones (Rolling Stones)
1	3	ANGEL FINGERS	Wizzard (Harvest)
8	4	OH NO, NOT MY BABY	Rod Stewart (Mercury)
3	5	YOUNG LOVE	Donny Osmond (MGM)
4	6	DANCING ON A SATURDAY NIGHT	Barry Blue (Bell)
6	7	PICK UP THE PIECES	Hudson Ford (AGM)
10	8	SPANISH EYES	Al Martino (Capitol)
20	9	MONSTER MASH...	Bobby 'Boris' Pickett & The Crypt Kickers (London)
7	10	LIKE SISTER AND BROTHER	Drifters (Bell)

TEN YEARS AGO

Week ending September 18, 1968

Last Week	This Week		
1	1	HEY JUDE	Beatles (Parlophone)
6	2	THOSE WERE THE DAYS	Mary Hopkin (Apple)
2	3	I'VE GOTTA GET A MESSAGE TO YOU	Bee Gees (Polydor)
3	4	DO IT AGAIN	Beach Boys (Capitol)
4	5	I SAY A LITTLE PRAYER	Aretha Franklin (Atlantic)
5	6	HOLD ME TIGHT	Johnny Nash (Regal-Zonophone)
12	7	JESAMINE	Casuals (Decca)
7	8	HIGH IN THE SKY	Amen Corner (Deram)
8	9	THIS GUY'S IN LOVE WITH YOU	Herb Alpert (A&M)
9	10	ON THE ROAD AGAIN	Canned Heat (Liberty)

15 YEARS AGO

Week ending September 20, 1963

Last Week	This Week		
1	1	SHE LOVES YOU	Beatles (Parlophone)
3	2	IT'S ALL IN THE GAME	Cliff Richard (Columbia)
5	3	I WANT TO STAY HERE	Steve Lawrence/Eydie Gorme
2	4	BAD TO ME	Billy J. Kramer (Parlophone)
6	5	I'LL NEVER GET OVER YOU	Johnny Kidd (HMV)
4	6	I'M TELLING YOU NOW	Freddie and The Dramers (Columbia)
19	7	DO YOU LOVE ME	Brian Poole and The Tremeloes (Decca)
7	8	YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE A BABY TO CRY	Caravelles (Decca)
8	9	JUST LIKE EDDIE	Heinz (Decca)
9	9	APPLEJACK	Jet Harris and Tony Meehan (Decca)

CHARTS

SINGLES

Week ending September 23, 1978

This Week	Last Week			Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(3)	DREADLOCK HOLIDAY	10cc (Mercury)	6	1
2	(2)	RIVERS OF BABYLON/BROWN GIRL IN THE RING	Boney M (Atlantic)	22	1
3	(1)	THREE TIMES A LADY	Commodores (Motown)	8	1
4	(13)	KISS YOU ALL OVER	Exile (Rak)	3	4
5	(5)	JILTED JOHN	Jilted John (EMI Int)	7	5
6	(4)	OH WHAT A CIRCUS	David Essex (Mercury)	5	4
7	(6)	IT'S RAINING	Darts (Magnet)	7	2
8	(8)	HONG KONG GARDEN	Siouxsie & The Banshees (Polydor)	4	8
9	(15)	AGAIN AND AGAIN	Status Quo (Vertigo)	3	9
10	(7)	BRITISH HUSTLE	Hi Tension (Island)	6	7
11	(—)	LOVE DON'T LIVE HERE ANYMORE	Rose Royce (Whitfield)	1	11
12	(10)	PICTURE THIS	Blondie (Chrysalis)	5	10
13	(—)	SUMMER NIGHTS	John Travolta & Olivia Newton-John (RSO)	1	13
14	(17)	GREASE	Frankie Valli (RSO)	4	14
15	(9)	SUPER NATURE	Cerrone (Atlantic)	8	6
16	(24)	SUMMER NIGHT CITY	Abba (Epic)	2	16
17	(11)	EVERLASTING LOVE	Andy Gibb (RSO)	5	11
18	(14)	FORGET ABOUT YOU	Motors (Virgin)	6	14
18	(21)	I THOUGHT IT WAS YOU	Herbie Hancock (CBS)	3	18
20	(12)	YOU'RE THE ONE THAT I WANT	John Travolta/Olivia Newton-John (RSO)	18	1
21	(23)	YOU MAKE ME FEEL	Sylvester (Fantasy)	5	17
22	(22)	GALAXY OF LOVE	Crown Heights Affair (Philips)	5	19
23	(16)	TOP OF THE POPS	Rezillos (Sire)	5	13
24	(—)	THE WINKERS SONG	Ivor Biggun (Beggars Banquet)	1	24
25	(—)	NOW THAT WE FOUND LOVE	Third World (Island)	1	25
26	(26)	A ROSE HAS TO DIE	Dooleys (GTO)	2	26
27	(18)	IT'S ONLY MAKE BELIEVE	Child (Ariola/Hansa)	6	11
28	(—)	LUCKY STARS	Dean Friedman (Lifesong)	1	28
29	(28)	YOU'RE THE ONE THAT I WANT	Hylda Baker & Arthur Mullard (Pye)	2	28
30	(—)	TALKING IN YOUR SLEEP	Crystal Gale (UA)	1	30

BUBBLING UNDER . . .

GOT A FEELING — Patrick Juvet (Casablanca); I CAN'T STOP LOVIN' YOU — Leo Sayer (Chrysalis); DON'T KILL THE WHALE — Yes (Atlantic); SHE'S GONNA WIN — Bilbo (Lightning).

U.S. SINGLES

Week ending September 23, 1978

This Week	Last Week		
1	(1)	BOOGIE OOGIE OOGIE	Taste Of Honey
2	(2)	KISS YOU ALL OVER	Exile
3	(4)	HOPELESSLY DEVOTED TO YOU	Olivia Newton-John
4	(3)	THREE TIMES A LADY	Commodores
5	(8)	SUMMER NIGHTS	John Travolta/Olivia Newton-John
6	(6)	HOT BLOODED	Foreigner
7	(5)	AN EVERLASTING LOVE	Andy Gibb
8	(9)	DON'T LOOK BACK	Boston
9	(13)	REMINISCING	Little River Band
10	(12)	HOT CHILD IN THE CITY	Nick Gilder
11	(7)	GREASE	Frankie Valli
12	(16)	WHENEVER I CALL YOU "FRIEND"	Kenny Loggins
13	(15)	YOU NEEDED ME	Anne Murray
14	(11)	GOT TO GET YOU INTO MY LIFE	Earth, Wind and Fire
15	(14)	SHAME	Evelyn "Champagne" King
16	(19)	YOU AND I	Rick James
17	(20)	HOLLYWOOD NIGHTS	Bob Seger
18	(21)	RIGHT DOWN THE LINE	Gerry Rafferty
19	(22)	LOVE IS IN THE AIR	John Paul Young
20	(10)	FOOL (IF YOU THINK IT'S OVER)	Chris Rea
21	(26)	WHO ARE YOU	Who
22	(25)	BACK IN THE USA	Linda Ronstadt
23	(17)	MAGNET AND STEEL	Walter Egan
24	(27)	COME TOGETHER	Aerosmith
25	(28)	OH! DARLING	Robin Gibb
26	(18)	LOVE WILL FIND A WAY	Pablo Cruise
27	(23)	MISS YOU	Rolling Stones
28	(—)	GET OFF	Foxy
29	(—)	YOU NEVER DONE IT LIKE THAT	Captain & Tennille
30	(—)	SHE'S ALWAYS A WOMAN	Billy Joel

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

ALBUMS

Week ending September 23, 1978

This Week	Last Week			Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(1)	NIGHT FLIGHT TO VENUS	Boney M (Int/Hansa)	10	1
2	(6)	IMAGES	Don Williams (K-Tel)	8	2
3	(4)	GREASE	Original Soundtrack (RSO)	11	2
4	(2)	WAR OF THE WORLDS	Various (World Records)	12	2
5	(3)	CLASSIC ROCK	London Symphony Orchestra (K-Tel)	7	3
6	(8)	SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER	Various (RSO)	22	1
7	(5)	WHO ARE YOU	The Who (Polydor)	4	5
8	(11)	JAMES GALWAY PLAYS SONGS FOR ANNIE	James Galway (Red Seal)	3	8
9	(9)	NATURAL HIGH	Commodores (Motown)	10	7
10	(12)	DON'T LOOK BACK	Boston (Epic)	2	10
11	(7)	STREET LEGAL	Bob Dylan (CBS)	14	2
12	(—)	BLOODY TOURISTS	10 c.c. (Mercury)	1	12
13	(10)	STAR PARTY	Various Artists (K-Tel)	6	10
14	(16)	OUT OF THE BLUE	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	40	3
15	(14)	20 GIANT HITS	Nolan Sisters (WEA)	9	2
16	(12)	20 GOLDEN GREATS	Hollies (EMI)	11	2
17	(15)	CAN'T STAND THE REZILLOS	The Rezillos (Sire)	7	15
18	(22)	AND THEN THERE WERE THREE	Genesis (Charisma)	25	2
19	(29)	ARE WE NOT MEN	Devo (Virgin)	2	19
20	(27)	SOME GIRLS	Rolling Stones (EMI)	15	3
21	(28)	RUMOURS	Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)	79	1
22	(19)	BAT OUT OF HELL	Meat Loaf (Epic)	27	6
23	(20)	LIVE & DANGEROUS	Thin Lizzy (Vertigo)	16	2
24	(23)	SHADOW DANCING	Andy Gibb (RSO)	2	23
25	(—)	PARALLEL LINES	Blondie (Chrysalis)	1	25
26	(18)	ABBA THE ALBUM	Abba (Epic)	35	1
27	(—)	DOUBLE VISION	Foreigner (Atlantic)	3	23
28	(—)	THE BRIDE STRIPPED BARE	Bryan Ferry (Polydor)	1	28
29	(—)	LENA MARTELL COLLECTION	Lena Martell (Ronco)	6	21
30	(30)	LEO SAYER	Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)	2	30

BUBBLING UNDER . . .

EVITA — Various Artists (RSO); B FOR BROTHERHOOD — Brotherhood of Man (Pye); BIG WHEELS OF MOTOWN — Various (Tamla Motown); ROAD TO RUIN — The Ramones (Sire).

U.S. ALBUMS

Week ending September 23, 1978

This Week	Last Week		
1	(1)	GREASE	Various Artists
2	(2)	DON'T LOOK BACK	Boston
3	(3)	SOME GIRLS	Rolling Stones
4	(4)	DOUBLE VISION	Foreigner
5	(8)	WHO ARE YOU	The Who
6	(5)	SGT PEPPER'S LONELY HEARTS CLUB BAND	Various Artists
7	(6)	NATURAL HIGH	Commodores
8	(12)	NIGHTWATCH	Kenny Loggins
9	(9)	BLAM	The Brothers Johnson
10	(7)	WORLDS AWAY	Pablo Cruise
11	(11)	A TASTE OF HONEY	Taste of Honey
12	(13)	STRANGER IN TOWN	Bob Seger & The Silver Bullet Band
13	(10)	SHADOW DANCING	Andy Gibb
14	(14)	THE STRANGER	Billy Joel
15	(16)	SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER	Bee Gees and Various Artists
16	(17)	UNDER WRAPS	Shaun Cassidy
17	(15)	LIFE IS A SONG WORTH SINGING	Teddy Pendergrass
18	(19)	CITY TO CITY	Gerry Rafferty
19	(20)	COME GET IT	Rick James
20	(21)	TOGETHERNESS	L.T.D.
21	(18)	"BUT SERIOUSLY FOLKS . . ."	Joe Walsh
22	(27)	BAT OUT OF HELL	Meat Loaf
23	(24)	THE CARS	The Cars
24	(—)	SLEEPER CATCHER	Little River Band
25	(29)	GET OFF	Foxy
26	(23)	SMOOTH TALK	Evelyn "Champagne" King
27	(22)	DARKNESS ON THE EDGE OF TOWN	Bruce Springsteen
28	(—)	MIXED EMOTIONS	Exile
29	(28)	EVEN NOW	Barry Manilow
30	(25)	LOVE ME AGAIN	Rita Coolidge

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

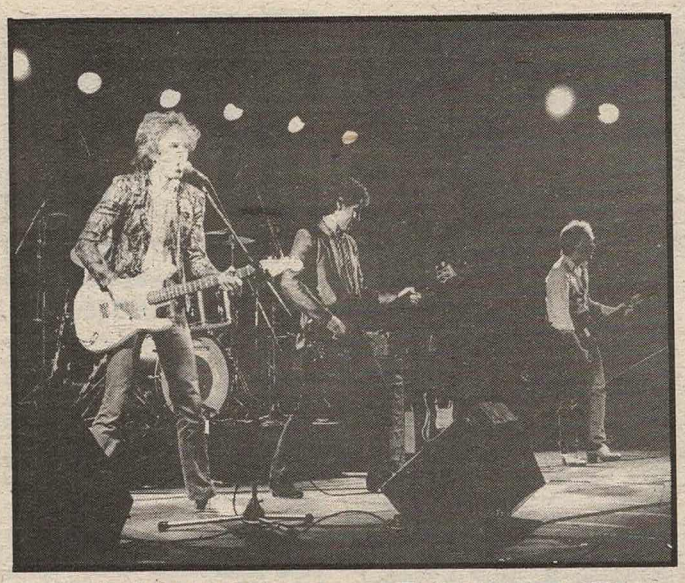
Sham nix RAR gig to avoid 'trouble'

SHAM 69 have pulled out of this Sunday's big open-air rally concert in South London's Brockwell Park at Herne Hill.

The show, organised jointly by Rock Against Racism and the Anti-Nazi League, climaxes a carnival which starts in Hyde Park on Sunday morning. The concert now features Elvis Costello & The Attractions, Misty and Aswad.

Sham's Jimmy Pursey explained that the fans' safety was the main reason for their decision to quit. He said: "We've been made to feel that our presence at large gatherings is likely to incite riots —and if there is one, we'll get the blame just for being there. Unfortunately our name is linked with trouble, and we don't want our being there to jeopardise the success of the day and the cause."

A spokesman for RAR said he thought Sham's desision was "a mistake", but nevertheless he understood their point of view. And he's hoping that Pursey will at least make a personal appearance at the event.



ONLY ONES BLAST OFF

THE ONLY ONES headline a major London gig at the Lyceum in the Strand on Sunday, October 1, as the highlight of their "Planet Tour" — named after their current CBS single "Another Girl, Another Planet". Support acts at the Lyceum are The Business and Bram Tchaikovsky's Battleaxe, and tickets cost £2 (advance) and £2.25 (on the night).

Other confirmed dates are Harrow Technical College (tomorrow, Friday), Birmingham Barbarella's (Saturday), London City Polytechnic (September 30), Aberdeen Ruffles (October 4), Edinburgh Astoria (5), Scarborough Penthouse (6), Leeds Fan Club (12), York Revolution Club (13), Redcar Coatham Bowl (15), Doncaster Outlook (16), Braintree College (20) and Sheffield Limit Club (27). More are being set.

PERE UBU DUE BACK

PERE UBU, the avant-garde new-wave outfit from Cleveland who made their UK debut earlier this year, are returning later in the autumn for a full-scale tour. They'll be headlining a three-week gig series taking them all round the country, prior to leaving for a European tour.

Full details of their dates and venues are still being finalised by the Albion Agency, and will be announced in a week or two — but it's already known that they open at Newcastle University on November 18 and close at Edinburgh University on December 8. They'll also be playing a major London gig.

The band have been spending most of the summer preparing and recording a new album, and this is tentatively planned for release on November 10, but the outlet is still uncertain.

Stranglers deny 'split'

THE STRANGLERS this week denied reports in the London *Evening News* that they're considering splitting up. The story quoted Jean Jacques Burnel as saying they were all sick and tired of the criticisms being levelled against them, and that too many people were after their blood. "We don't want to split, but the situation looks bad" was one of his alleged quotes.

But this week Burnel explained that he'd been "taking the *Evening News* for a ride". He told NME: "There's no way we shall be breaking up, and no way anyone can break us up."

Burnel is also directly involved in what may be a "Top Of The Pops" ban on The Stanglers. It seems he broke down a dressing room door when the band were last at the TV Centre, and they were immediately told that they would never again be invited to appear on the show. This week the BBC said that, even if the Stranglers were banned, it wouldn't be announced officially — "we don't want to give them free publicity", said a spokeman.

Meanwhile, the band have now re-arranged the two Scottish dates they were forced to postpone earlier this month, due to problems with their equipment. They're playing the revised dates after their September 30 concert at Glasgow Apollo — they are Aberdeen Ruffles (October 2) and Dunfermline Kinema (3).

Buzzcocks head queue at Apollo

THE BUZZCOCKS have added a concert at Glasgow Apollo to their major 33-date "Beating Hearts" tour, opening at the end of the month. It's on Saturday, October 21, and it follows last week's official announcement that the Apollo is now back in business as Scotland's leading rock venue. As a prelude to their tour, the new Buzzcocks single "Ever Fallen In Love (With Someone You Shouldn't)" was issued last Friday, and United Artists release their second album "Love Bites" this weekend.

With the Apollo now active again, promoters are rushing to include the venue in tour schedules. In addition to bookings reported last week, Dr Feelgood (October 4), Weather Report (7), Steel Pulse (10) and The Hawklords (November 15) have added the Apollo to their previously-announced itineraries.

● Subway Sect are officially supporting The Buzzcocks on tour, but two members of the original line-up — Paul Myers and Robert Simmons — called into the NME office on Monday to claim they'd been squeezed out of the group. "The present Sect has only one original member left, and nothing's been announced about these changes, so we want the public to know that they're not seeing the band they might expect," they said.

ADVERTS, CHELSEA TOURS

THE ADVERTS are playing a string of occasional dates during the next month, mainly at weekends to allow sufficient studio time for the recording of their second album. They visit Middlesbrough Rock Garden (September 28), Stirling University (29), Edingburgh Heriot Watt University (30), Loughborough Town Hall (October 8), Doncaster Outlook (9), Birmingham Polytechnic (13), Guildford Surrey University (14), Uxbridge Brunel University (20), London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic (21), Birmingham Aston University (27), Fife St. Andrew's University (28) and Dumfries Stagecoach (29). In early November they start a short Irish tour, including Coleraine Ulster University (1) and Belfast Queen's University (2). Another British gig series begins at Bath University (November 10) and Plymouth Polytechnic (11).

CHELSEA have now fixed the first dates in their "Urban Kids Escape Tour", their debut outing with their new permanent five-piece line-up, built around vocalist Gene October. They play Leeds Fforde Green (tonight, Thursday), Nottingham Sandpiper (Friday), Margate Dreamland with The Police (Saturday), London Marquee (October 17) and Doncaster Outlook (30). And for their previously reported show

The Adverts' TV SMITH

at London Camden Music Machine next Monday (25), supports are The Fall and Snivelling Shits.

NEWS

BY DEREK JOHNSON

U.K. concerts by SANTANA

SANTANA return to Britain at the end of next month to headline six concerts, three of them at the massive Wembley Arena (formerly the Empire Pool). Promoted by Mel Bush they play Wembley (October 30, 31 and November 1), Stafford Bingley Hall (3) and Manchester Apollo (4 and 5).

The band's personnel comprises Carlos Santana (lead guitar), Graham Lear (drums), Paul Rekow (congas and percussion), Pete Escovedo (timbales and percussion), Greg Walker (vocals) Armanda Peraza (congas), David Margen (bass), Chris Solberg (rhythm guitar) and Chris Rhyne (keyboards). This line-up is featued on their new album "Inner Secrets" to be issued by CBS on October 13.

Wembley tickets are £5 and £4, and are on sale now at the box-office, but postal bookings will only be accepted until September 29 (cheques to "Wembley Stadium Ltd."). The same prices apply at Manchester, where the box-office is now open. At Stafford there's just the one price of £4.50 — tickets from Bingley Hall, Cyclops Sounds (Birmingham), Sundown Records (Wolverhampton) and Mike Lloyd Record Shops (Stoke).

BONEY M

BONEY M, the hugely successful American quartet who are based in Germany, return to Britain at the end of the year to headline six major concert appearances. They play London Hammersmith Odeon (November 30 and December 1), Birmingham Odeon (December 2), Liverpool Empire (3), Manchester Apollo (4) and Brighton The Centre (5). And there's a possibility of at least one more date being added.

Tickets are priced £5, £4 and £3 at Hammersmith, and elsewhere they are the same but with the addition of £2 seats. Mail order bookings are being accepted immediately by the respective venues (to whom cheques should be made payable). Box-offices at Hammersmith and Manchester open to personal callers tomorrow (Friday), but at the other three venues it's post only. Promoter is Danny Betesh of Kennedy Street Enterprises.

In terms of singles sales, Boney M have been the most consistently successful recording act in Britain over the last two years. They were No 2 in the NME Chart Points Table for 1977, and seem certain to finish either first or second this year. A new single will be issued to tie in with their visit, but don't be suprised if their current single — which has already been in the Top Thirty for 22 weeks — is still around at the time! And with their latest album also a chart-topper, they seem to have overtaken Abba in the MOTR popularity stakes.

RAY CHARLES

RAY CHARLES returns to Britain next month to headline five big concerts. Backed by his full touring revue, including his orchestra and The Raelets, he plays two shows at Birmingham Odeon (October 11), two at Edinburgh Usher Hall (12) and one at London Royal Albert Hall (13).

Birmingham tickets (£8.50, £6 and £3.50) go on sale this Friday, while at Edinburgh (£7, £6, £5, £4, £3 and £2.50) they are already available. The box-office opens on Saturday at the Albert Hall where top price is a massive £12.50, with other seats at £10, £7.50, £4, £3 and £2.50. The concerts, which precede a European tour, are promoted by SNR Productions and popular Entertainments Ltd. A new Ray Charles album "Love And Peace" will be issued on the London label to coincide with his visit.

Son Seals in October

SON SEALS BAND, who were forced to cancel a projected British tour several months ago due to illness, are flying in next month to guest in B.B. King's two concerts at London Hammersmith Odeon on October 14 and 15th. They'll also be playing a series of gigs in their own right, and the first of these to be confirmed is at London Camden Dingwalls on October 25. They then play a few dates in Ireland, including Belfast Queen's University on October 31.

MUSIC BY POST

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PASH MUSIC STORES, 5 ELGIN

FEWER GIGS FOR NEW BANDS, BUT

M.U. win Marquee pay deal

THE DISPUTE between London's leading rock club venue, the Marquee, and the Musicians' Union has been settled — and the union has withdrawn its threat to ban its members from appearing there, which could have left the club without live gigs.

The argument concerned the fees being paid to support bands, which the union insisted were inadequate. Now the Marquee has agreed to pay a minimum of £8.25, from October 1, to every member of a support group.

Prior to this, support acts were paid out of the headliner's money, which usually meant they netted between £5 and £15 for the whole band. The Marquee argued that they couldn't afford more money — and anyway, upcoming outfits were glad to play the Marquee for expenses only, because of its showcase status.

An MU spokesman told NME: "Even if it is a showcase, we still consider they should be paid a reasonable minimum. Until now, a lot of bands couldn't even consider playing the Marquee, because they would actually have lost money."

But the deal could have a backlash, because the Marquee say they will now have to make do with fewer support bands — which means that, on some nights, there will be just the main act and no second attraction. So some up-and-coming bands may well be asking if the union really has scored a victory on their behalf.

Meanwhile, the MU is now turning its attention to other London venues which — it claims — are operating similar policies of underpaying support bands. Said the union's Mike Evans: "This is just the beginning of our campaign. We shall now be investigating the position at places like the Rock Garden, the Music Machine, the Hope & Anchor and the Nashville."

AUTUMN GIGS BY MANILOW & VAN HALEN

BARRY MANILOW — one of America's top record sellers and concert attractions, though still to realise his full potential on this side of the Atlantic — makes his British debut next month when he appears at the London Palladium on Monday and Tuesday, October 9 and 10. During his visit he'll also be guesting in Michael Parkinson's BBC-1 show, and on October 23 he films his own BBC-TV special at the Royal Albert Hall for December transmission. Promoter Robert Paterson set up the visit, which also takes in European dates in mid-October.

VAN HALEN, the L.A. heavy rock outfit who recently toured here with Black Sabbath, return to Britain next month to headline their own one-off concert at London Rainbow. It's on Sunday, October 22, and promoter Harvey Goldsmith announces that tickets are now on sale priced £2.80, £2.20 and £1.75.

HINKLEY'S HEROES TOUR
All-star band Hinkley's Heroes will undertake a short tour in November, including a London date at Camden Music Machine. Details will be announced shortly. The line-up to be featured is Tim Hinkley, Mitch Mitchell, John Halsey, Henry McCullough, Mel Collins, Bob Tench, Roger Chapman, Mike Patto and Poli Palmer, plus various guests.

BISHOPS WITH FEELGOODS
The Bishops are to support Dr. Feelgood on the first nine dates of their tour, opening at Plymouth tomorrow (Friday). They replace Ray Campi & The Rockabilly Rebels, whose visit has been cancelled because Campi is ill. Squeeze will be the support act for much of the rest of the tour.

NEW PRETTIES IN LONDON
The Pretty Things make their London debut with their latest line-up at Camden Music Machine on Saturday, September 30, and further British dates are being finalised for early October. As reported last week, The Pretties re-formed recently and have been spending the last few weeks working in Holland.

CHAMPION GIGS & ELPRE
Champion, the band which rose from the ashes of Rough Diamond, have October dates at Plymouth Metro (14), Newport Village Club (15), Middlesbrough Rock Garden (16), London Kensington Nashville (18 and 25), Basildon Double Six (23) and London Marquee (26), with more to follow. Their debut self-penned album "Champion" is issued by Epic on October 6.

BOOTSY OUT OF ACTION
William B. Collins, leader of Bootsy's Rubber Band, is in hospital in his home town of Cincinati. He's suffering a nervous reaction, similar to the one which forced him to cancel six weeks of U.S. concerts in the spring, shortly before his British visit. Doctors have advised complete seclusion, and it's not known how long he will be out of action.

PETER, PAUL & MARY BACK
Peter, Paul and Mary are back together as a working trio after going their separate ways for almost a decade. They're just finishing a 17-concert comeback tour of the States, and a new album titled "Reunion" is due out on Warner Brothers shortly. And there's a possible U.K. visit in the pipeline for late autumn or early 1979.

HURRICANE JOHNNY AHOY
Johnny & The Hurricanes — who had a string of NME chart hits around 1959-61, including "Red River Rock", "Beatnik Fly" and "Rocking Goose" — are the latest veteran rockers to be set for a British tour. They'll be gigging here in November, and the first confirmed date is London Southgate Royalty (16).

DOOBIES' AUTUMN VISIT
Doobie Brothers return to Britain in mid-autumn, when they'll be headlining a string of concert appearances. Details of dates and venues are currently being finalised by promoter Barry Dickins, for announcement in a week or two. Dickins is also setting up the Dolly Parton tour for about the same period.

NEWS ROUND-UP

VIV STANSHALL RETURNS
Viv Stanshall, former leader of the Bonzo Dog Band, is back in action with a solo LP called "Sir Henry At Rawlinson End" released by Charisma on September 29. And he headlines his own show called "An Evening At Rawlinson End" at London W.C.1 Collegiate Theatre on October 18, also featuring various friends. Further gigs may follow.

STEEL PULSE AT RAINBOW
Steel Pulse have now confirmed their major London gig, as the highlight of their U.K. tour announced two weeks ago — it's at the Rainbow on October 24. As reported elsewhere in News Desk, they've also added Glasgow Apollo on October 10. Their new single "Prediction", taken from their current hit album "Handsworth Revolution" is released by Island on September 29.

MEAT LOAF VISIT IS OFF
Meat Loaf has pulled out of his European tour, which was being lined up for mid-autumn. The tour was to have taken in a string of British dates including, as reported last week, the Glasgow Apollo. He is apparently exhausted after two years of non-stop touring, and feels in need of a rest, but has promised to return to the U.K. in the New Year.

LEWIS COMES TO CLIMAX
Dave Lewis Band will be special guests on the previously-reported ten-venue tour by the Climax Blues Band, opening at London Chelsea College on September 30. They then embark on their own series of college dates, and their first album — recorded in Miami — is due for mid-November release by Polydor.

MASSIVE TOUR BY AC/DC
AC/DC are due back in this country in the middle of the autumn for a massive tour, which will see them in concert virtually every night for at least a month.

DARTS HALFWAY THERE
Darts have filled one of the two vacancies which occurred when Den Hegarty and Hammy Howell left the band last month. Keyboards man Mike Deacon, formerly with Suzi Quatro and Kiki Dee, comes into the line-up instead of Howell. But they are having difficulty in replacing Hegarty and are still auditioning.

NEW GIG BY AL STEWART
Al Stewart has added another date to his previously-reported late autumn tour, which culminates at London Hammersmith Odeon on December 15 and 16 — it's at the Brighton Dome om December 7. And his latest studio album "Time Passages" is now officially set for release tomorrow (Friday) by RCA.

ESSEX PLANS CONCERTS
David Essex leaves the cast of the London musical "Evita" at the end of October, and then concentrates on finishing his new album. He makes his Broadway debut in the New Year in the U.S. production of "Evita" but he's hoping to fit in some British concert appearances before leaving for the States.

CIMARONS FAR AND WIDE
Cimarons tour Scotland and Ireland during the first half of October. Among dates are Edinburgh Assembly Rooms (6), St. Andrew's University (7), Dundee Barracuda (8), Jordanstown Belfast Poly (10), Coleraine Ulster University (11) and Belfast Queen's University (13). They return to play Colchester Essex University (21), Scarborough Penthouse (27) and Newcastle University (28).

MIDLER: BRIGHTON EXTRA
Bette Midler has added one more date to her short sell-out U.K. tour. It's at Brighton Dome on Wednesday, September 27. Tickets are available immediately priced £6, £5, £4 and £3.

CRAWLER ON THE ROUNDS
Crawler play Plymouth Metro (September 29), Birmingham Barbarella's (30), Sheffield Top Rank —(October 1), Manchester Russell Club (2), Liverpool Eric's (3), Cambridge Corn Exchange (6) and Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall (7), as the prelude to a major tour later in the year. CBS release their single "How Will You Break My Heart?" this weekend, and their album "Snake, Rattle And Roll" on October 6.

RECORD NEWS

Skynyrd's last is their first!

LYNYRD SKYNYRD's first-ever album, recorded in 1970-71 and previously unissued, is being released on October 6 by MCA. Titled "First . . . And Last", it had always been intended for release this year — and in fact, they had just finished re-mixing the tapes before the plane crash which killed Ronnie Van Zant and Steve and Cassie Gaines. A four-track single follows on October 13, comprising two titles from the album — "Down South Jukin' " and "Lend A Helpin' Hand" — plus "That Smell" and "Call Me The Breeze". The remaining Skynyrd members, now fully recovered, are considering forming another group with a new name.

● **Black Sabbath's** new album "Never Say Die", recorded in Canada during the summer, is set for release by Vertigo on September 29. A single culled from the LP comes out the same day — it's called "Hard Road", and the first 25,000 are pressed in purple vinyl.

● October 6 is the release date of **Rory Gallagher's** new Chrysalis album "Photofinish". But he won't be here to promote it until late autumn, which is now the revised timing of his next British tour, originally planned for this month.

● Recorded in America with producer Rupert Holmes, a new **Lynsey De Paul** single "Hollywood Romance" is issued by Polydor on October 13. Her album of the same name is scheduled for the New Year. Lynsey has now acquired Justin de Villeneuve as her manager.

●Canadian band **Rush** have their new album "Hemispheres" released by Phonogram on October 13. It was recorded in Britain, but they won't be returning here until the spring when they'll be touring again.

● **Gloria Gaynor** returns on September 29 with a new Polydor single "For The First Time In My Life". Out on the same day and label is "Draggin' Chains" by **Max Merritt**.

● The new album by **Styx** titled "Pieces Of Eight", which has gone Gold pre-release in the States, is issued here by A & M this weekend. Same label announces that **Joan Armatrading's** previously reported new LP "To The Limit" is now due on September 29, later than originally planned.

● **Linda Ronstadt's** previously-reported new Asylum album "Living In The USA" is now coming out tomorrow (Friday), a week ahead of the original release date.

● Two tracks from **The Rolling Stones'** hit album "Some Girls" are issued as an EMI single this weekend — "Respectable" and "When The Whip Comes Down". Released at the same time is the original **Beatles** version of "Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band", backed with "A Day In The Life" and "With A Little Help From My Friends".

● **Richard & Linda Thompson's** first studio album since 1975, titled "First Light", is released by Chrysalis on October 6. Backing features Fairport's Simon Nicol, plus top U.S. session men Willie Weeks (bass), Andy Nemark (drums) and Neil Larsen (keyboards). And there are guest appearances by Andy Fairweather-Low, Julie Covington , Maddy Prior, Ian Matthews, John Kirkpatrick and Trevor Lucas. The Thompsons will be headlining an autumn tour around Britain, and details are expected shortly.

● **Maddy Prior** also has a Chrysalis album out on October 6. Titled "Changing Minds", it's her second solo set and among backing musicians are Chris Stainton (keyboards), Rick Kemp (bass) and B. J. Cole (pedal steel). Dates and venues for Maddy's autumn tour will be announced in a week or two.

●**Mystery Train** are a specially assembled new British rock band whose debut single is out this weekend on Raw Records — titles are "The Sun Story" and "Tribute To Gene Vincent". The band are planning a series of live gigs starting mid-October. Raw have also scheduled the single "Two Hound Dogs" by **The Cruisers** for October 6.

● **Darts** who have just taken the lead in the NME Chart Points Table for 1978, have qualified for a Gold Disc for the U.K. sales of their single "It's Raining".

● **Johnny B Scott** — the U.S. guitarist now based in Britain who has worked with Neil Diamond, The Crystals and Johnny Tillotson, among others — has his own single issued by Aura Records this weekend, titled "Rock'n'Roll Legend In 4/4 Time".

● **The Sex Pistols** are planning to release their second post-split single in the near future. It's understood that ex-Deaf School vocalist Eric Sharkey has been assisting with the lyric writing.

● Chrysalis release a three-track **Robin Trower** single on September 29, with the first 15,000 copies pressed in red vinyl. Titles are "It's For You", "My Love (Burning Love)" and "In City Dreams".

● **"Manhattan Transfer** Live", an album featuring their biggest hits, is issued by Atlantic on October 20. It's to be the subject of a massive TV advertising campaign, which virtually assures it a high chart placing.

● The albums **"The Beatles** 1962-66" and **"The Beatles** 1967-1970" are being reissued by EMI on September 29 — pressed in red and blue vinyl respectively.

● **The Enid** have signed a long-term recording deal with the Pye label, and are currently working on new material.

RIOT

RIOT are unique. They came out of the musical maelstrom that was New York's answer to London's new wave explosion, played all the right places – CBGB's, Max's Kansas City, The 82 and Zeps – with one big difference to set them apart from everyone else.

RIOT play rock 'n' roll the way it was played pre-punk: loud, proud and so damn heavy you wonder if your speakers'll stand it.

Mark Reale, Guy Speranza, Jimmy Iommie, L. A. Kouvaris and Peter Bitelli are RIOT. They come from the potboiling funky tough streets of Brooklyn and discovered early that playing rock can be just as hard as being a member of a street gang.

All the sweat, drops of blood and some of the tears of making it are captured on the debut album "ROCK CITY". When you hear it you'll know there's a RIOT goin' on!

rock city

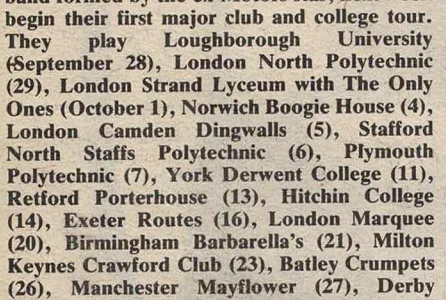
Tchaikovsky's Battleaxe

BRAM TCHAIKOVSKY'S Battleaxe, the band formed by the ex-Motors star, next week begin their first major club and college tour. They play Loughborough University (September 28), London North Polytechnic (29), London Strand Lyceum with The Only Ones (October 1), Norwich Boogie House (4), London Camden Dingwalls (5), Stafford North Staffs Polytechnic (6), Plymouth Polytechnic (7), York Derwent College (11), Retford Porterhouse (13), Hitchin College (14), Exeter Routes (16), London Marquee (20), Birmingham Barbarella's (21), Milton Keynes Crawford Club (23), Batley Crumpets (26), Manchester Mayflower (27), Derby Lonsdale College (28), Newbridge Memorial Hall (29) and Swansea Circles (30). About ten more gigs have to be finalised before they go into the studios, with producers Peter Ker and The Motors' Nick Garvey, to cut their first album — which, under a worldwide deal being tied up this week, is expected to be issued by Radar Records in February. Meanwhile their single "Sarah Smiles" is released on Criminal Records this weekend.

Autographs

AUTOGRAPHS go on the road at the end of this month to aid promotion of their first single "While I'm Still Young", released by Rak on September 29. They play London Camden Music Machine (September 28 and October 18), Lodnon Islington Hope & Anchor (29), London Covent Garden Rock Garden (30 and October 14), London Stoke Newington Pegasus (October 1, 8 and 15), Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre (4), High Wycombe Nags Head (5), Brentwood Hermit Club (6), London Marquee (7), London North-East Polytechnic (12), Basildon Double Six (13), London West Hampstead Railway Hotel (16), Leeds Fforde Green Hotel (19) and Birmingham's Barbarella's (20). More dates are being set.

The Poodles



FABULOUS POODLES, now being guided by Yes manager Brian Lane, undertake a 40-date tour tied in with the release of their new Pye single "Mirror Star" (out October 6) and album "Unsuitable" (October 13). First to be confirmed are Swindon Brunel Kooms (September 29), Bristol Polytechnic (30), Leeds Polytechnic (October 5), Birmingham Aston University (6), Birmingham University (7), Southampton University (11), London Camden Music Machine (12), Liverpool Polytechnic (13), Newcastle University (14), Stafford North Staffs Polytechnic (18), Hull University (19), Batley Crumpets (20) and Bexley Black Prince (21).

this is an early warning broadcast . . . new musical express confronts the future . . . a major project . . . all will be explained next week . . . your survival guide to tomorrow . . . special fallout collectors manual . . . book now . . . repeat . . . this is an early warning broadcast . . . new musical express confronts the future . . . a major project . . . all will be explained next week . . . your survival guide to tomorrow . . . special fallout collectors manual . . . book

ON THE ROAD

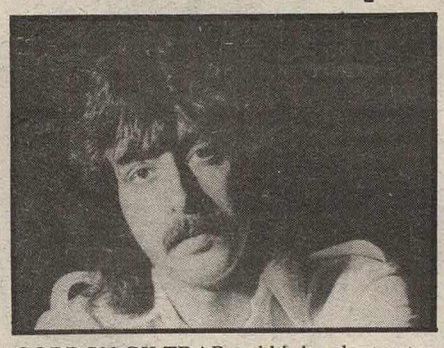
Crown Heights

CROWN HEIGHTS AFFAIR fly in for their first British tour, following the chart success of their single "Galaxy Of Love". The eight-piece outfit, highly popular on the disco circuit, headline a major London concert at the Hammersmith Odeon on October 5. Other confirmed gigs are Glasgow Plaza Ballroom (September 29), Carlisle Cosmo's (30), Nottingham Palais (October 1), Manchester Ritz (2), Sunderland Locarno (3), Cardiff University (6), Dunstable California (7), Blackpool Tiffany's (8), Birmingham Top Rank (9), Bournemouth Village Bowl (11) and Norwich Cromwells (12).

The Movies

THE MOVIES begin a six-week tour at Oxford Polytechnic this Saturday, coinciding with the release by GTO Records of their new single "Last Train Part II". They'll be supported throughout by The Street Band, and other gigs confirmed so far are Preston Polytechnic (September 27), Nottingham Trent Polytechnic (28), Liverpool Polytechnic (29), Aberystwyth University (30), Uxbridge Brunel University (October 4), Weymouth Pavilion (5), London Hendon Middlesex Polytechnic (6), London Hampstead Westfield College (7), Batley Crumpets (12), Lincoln Technical College (13), Wolverhampton Polytechnic (14), Saltburn Philmore (15), Sheffield Polytechnic (18), Manchester Mayflower (19), Scarborough Penthouse (20), Huddersfield Polytechnic (21), Dumfries Stagecoach (22), London Marquee (27), Exeter Routes (30), Plymouth Woods (31) and Leicester University (November 4).

Gordon Giltrap



GORDON GILTRAP and his band set out on their autumn tour at Leicester De Montfort Hall on October 22, followed by Brighton Dome (23), Oxford New (25), Sheffield City Hall (26), Bristol Colston Hall (29), Derby Assembly Rooms (31), Liverpool Empire (November 2), Croydon Fairfield Hall (5), Birmingham Odeon (7), Portsmouth Guildhall (10). Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall (13), Hemel Hempstead Pavilion (14), Ipswich Gaumont (15), Leeds Town Hall (17), Glasgow Apollo (18), Edinburgh Usher Hall (19), Newcastle City Hall (21), Aberdeen Ruffles (22) and Manchester Apollo (24), climaxing at London Drury Lane Theatre Royal (26). A few more dates have still to be added.

Tickets at most venues are priced £2.50, £2* and £1.50, and they're expected to be on sale next week. Promoters are Kennedy Street Enterprises, and the tour ties in with the October 13 release by Electric Records of Giltrap's new album "Fear Of The Dark."

Renaissance

RENAISSANCE, who played a handful of concerts earlier this month, have now confirmed the second leg of their short tour. The six dates are Sheffield City Hall (tonight, Thursday), Leicester De Montfort Hall (Friday), Croydon Fairfield Hall (Sunday), Brighton Dome (September 25), Oxford New Theatre (26) and Liverpool Empire (27). They are supported by The Dodgers, who consequently have had to cancel their planned gig at London Marquee tonight, and who are also to support The Kinks in their one-off show at London Hammermsith Odeon on October 1.

Judas changes

JUDAS PRIEST have made several changes to their U.K. tour itinerary, reported last week. They now play only one show at London Hammersmith Odeon on October 27 — the following night is cancelled due to "booking confusion", the venue apparently being unavailable on that date, though the band plan to arrange another London gig to replace it. October 30 is now Dunstable Queensway Hall instead of Hemel Hempstead Pavilion — while they now play Brighton Dome on October 31 and Portsmouth Guildhall on November 1, instead of vice versa. Manchester Apollo is brought forward from November 12 to 4, and their Bristol gig changes from the Colston Hall on November 5 to the Hippodrome on November 12.

EVERTON WILLIAMS (bass) and PETE DOWLING (drums) of Bethnal.

Bethnal

BETHNAL are embarking on their first headlining U.K. tour, a 30-date itinerary billed as "The Crash Landing Tour Of Great Britain" — because, would you believe, "Crash Landing" happens to be the title of their new album for November release. They also have a single called "Nothing New" due out early next month. They'll be featuring material from the new LP on their tour dates, which are:

London Queen Mary College (October 19), Edinburgh University (20), Aberdeen University (21), Redcar Coatham Bowl (22), Belfast The Pound (24-26), Dublin Trinity College (27), Cork Arcadia (28), Bath University (30), Reading University (November 1), Cardiff University (3), London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic (4), Liverpool University (8), Portsmouth Polytechnic (9), Plymouth Metro (10), Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall (11), Cambridge University (13), Birmingham Town Hall (14), Bradford University (15), Newcastle Polytechnic (17), Manchester University (18), Glasgow Pavilion (20), Loughborough University (22), Leeds Polytechnic (23), Colchester Essex University (25) and London Rainbow (26).

Sore Throat

SORE THROAT have extended their current tour until the end of next month, to enable them to promote their first single "Zombie Rock", issued by United Artists this weekend. New dates are York Revolution (this Saturday), London Finchley Torrington (Sunday), London Camden Music Machine (September 27), Scarborough Penthouse (29), Dudley J.B.'s (30), Plymouth Metro (October 5), Exeter University (6), London North-East Polytechnic (11), Sheffield University (21), Chelmsford Town Hall (22), London City Polytechnic (27) and London Kensington Nashville (28). More are being finalised.

Cado Belle

CADO BELLE go back on the road this weekend, after spending much of the summer preparing a new act. Although still fronted by Maggie Reilly, they've also had a couple of line-up changes, but names of the new members can't be announced just yet because of contractual difficulties. The band are showcased on October 6 in BBC-2's "Rock Goes To College" from Glasgow Strathclyde University, and their gigs include Stirling University (tomorrow, Friday), Hamilton Ackies Club (Saturday), Dumfries Stagecoach (September 29), Sheffield University (30), Bristol Granary (October 5), Uxbridge Brunel University (6), London Camden Music Machine (7), Leicester Palais (12), Lampeter University (13), London Camden Dingwalls (14), Wolverhampton Lafayette (18), London Strand King's College (20), London Kensington Nashville (22), London Marquee (25), Newcastle Polytechnic (27), Edinburgh University (November 3) and Glasgow Queen Margaret Union (4).

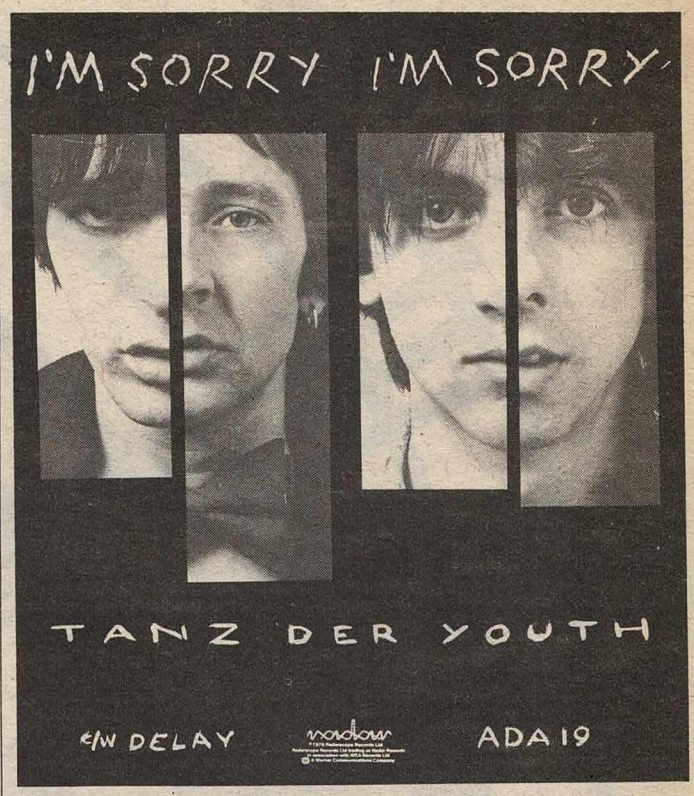
OFF THE ROAD

Dead gigs cancelled

GRATEFUL DEAD have cancelled their three scheduled London concerts later this month at the Rainbow Theatre (September 28-30). They were due to fly in after playing some concerts on the site of the Pyramids in Egypt and in fact, they have just undertaken those gigs which they regard as "the high point of their career".

Evidently, though, London doesn't rate too highly with them! In a statement issued on Monday afternoon, they say they've scrapped their London visit, partly because they've invested virtually all their funds in the Egyptian venture, and partly because of delays in completing their new album.

So once again, ticket-holders are compelled to apply for cash refunds. These will be available from tomorrow (Friday) at the point of purchase, and can be obtained at any time within the next month.



HARVEY GOLDSMITH ENTERTAINMENTS PRESENTS
AN EVENING WITH
AL DiMEOLA
HAMMERSMITH ODEON
Weds. 18th October 8.00 p.m.
TICKETS £3.75, £3.25, £2.75
Available from the Hammersmith Odeon Box Office, W.6
01-748 4081 and the Harvey Goldsmith Box Office at
Chappells, 50 New Bond St., W.1
01-629 3453 (20p booking fee)

STRAIGHT MUSIC IN ASSOCIATION WITH PATRICK MALYNN PRESENT

B.B. KING
& HIS BAND
WITH GUESTS
SON SEALS BAND
BIRMINGHAM ODEON
NEW STREET
FRIDAY 13th OCTOBER at 7·30
TICKETS £3·00, £2·50, £2·00 £1·50 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE THEATRE BOX OFFICE 10·30 AM-8·00 PM, MON-SAT
TEL: 021 643 6101, OR ON NIGHT
HAMMERSMITH ODEON
QUEEN CAROLINE ST. W6
SAT/SUN - 14th/15th OCT. at 7·30
TICKETS £3·50, £3·00, £2·50, £2·00 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE THEATRE BOX OFFICE TEL: 748 4081
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE. TEL: 439 3371, PREMIER BOX OFFICE TEL: 240 2245
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MONDAY 16th OCTOBER at 7·30
TICKETS £3·00, £2·50, £2·00, £1·50 (INC. VAT) AVAILABLE DAWSONS-STOCKPORT & WARRINGTON.
CENTRAL RECORDS-MIDDLETON & ASHTON-UNDER-LYNE, FREE TRADE HALL BOX OFFICE, 834 0943, OR ON NIGHT

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS
ROSE ROYCE
with guests
STARGARD
HAMMERSMITH ODEON
QUEEN CAROLINE STREET, W.6
Wed 4th Oct at 6.30 & 9.00
Tickets £3.50, £3.00, £2.50, £2.00 (incl VAT) available now from Box Office. Tel. 01-748 4081

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS
CROWN HEIGHTS AFFAIR
HAMMERSMITH ODEON
QUEEN CAROLINE ST, W.6.
THURSDAY 5th OCTOBER at 8.00
Tickets £3.50, £3.00, £2.50, £2.00 (incl VAT) available now from
Box Office. Tel 01-748 4081

Parallel Lines go round in circles.

Blondie's latest album is out now.

Called 'Parallel Lines,' it's their third, and their finest album to date.

12 pulsating tracks, including their current smash single 'Picture This.'

Don't miss 'Parallel Lines.' Circulate your record shop. Now.

BLONDIE: PARALLEL LINES CDL 1192
also available on cassette

Chrysalis Records & Tapes

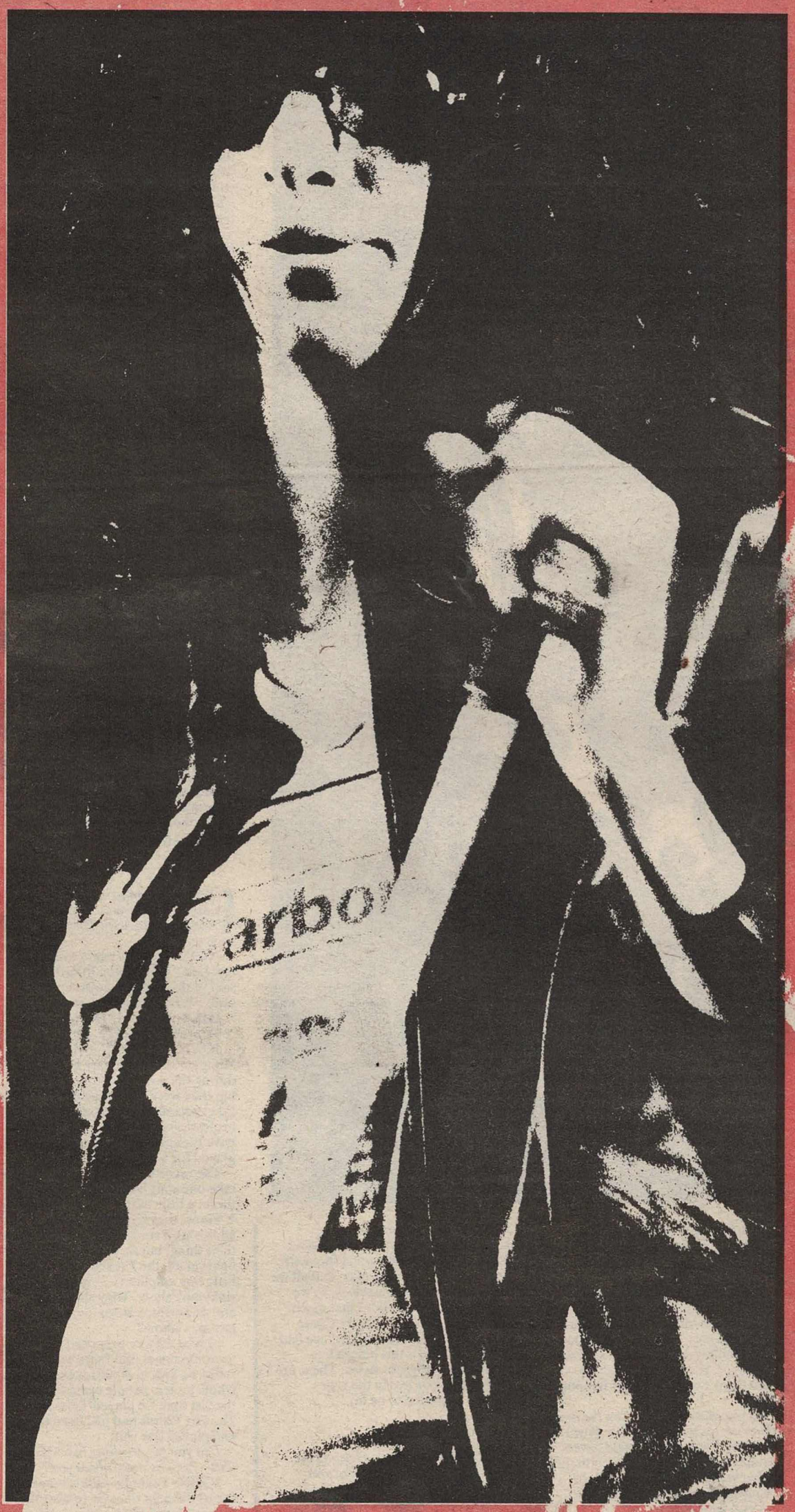
TOUR DATES & VENUES

Sat.	*9 Sept.*	*Hammersmith*	*Odeon*
Sun.	*10 Sept.*	*Portsmouth*	*Guildhall*
Tues.	*12 Sept.*	*Newcastle*	*City Hall*
Wed.	*13 Sept.*	*Edinburgh*	*Odeon*
Thur.	*14 Sept.*	*Manchester*	*Free Trade Hall*
Fri.	*15 Sept.*	*Birmingham*	*Odeon*
Sat.	*16 Sept.*	*Hammersmith*	*Odeon*

ALL SHOWS SOLD OUT EXCEPT THE EXTRA 4 pm SHOW WHICH HAS BEEN ADDED DUE TO PUBLIC DEMAND HAMMERSMITH ODEON SATURDAY SEPTEMBER 16th.

SUPPORT ACT: THE BOYFRIENDS

RAMONES
GO DEPRESSO



So would you if your best girl left you for Suicide

By LESTER BANGS

Hanging out on Second Avenue
Eating chicken vindaloo
Hanging out all by myself
Cause I don't want to be with anybody else
I just want to be with you
I just want to have something to do
Tonight.
(C) 1978 Taco Tunes / Bleu Disque Music. Co. Inc (ASCAP)

I DON'T suppose I really have to tell most readers of this magazine that those lyrics are not only about something, but vitally relevant.

You know how great The Ramones are. But sadly there is a world out there which remains unconvinced. So why don't you just bear with me and play devil's advocate for a moment; pretend you're a *moron,* a moron who doesn't even know that The Ramones are the greatest rock 'n' roll band in America, who thinks their music is just a bunch of shit and their lyrics about absolutely nothing.

To you, idiot, I will tell the following story:

Once or twice a year, I revisit my erstwhile stomping grounds in Detroit, and when I do, I always stay at the home of Rob Tyner, of The MC5. A little over a year ago, I happened to notice that his eight-year-old son, Robin, was getting on this Fonzie kick, saying things like "Hey dad, do you think I could ever get just a bunch of *guys* to hang out with and *do* stuff?"

He didn't know the word "gang" and of course had no idea what they could do if and when they got together to hang out except that it would, of course, be "cool."

Rob threatened to buy him a tomthumb size black leather jacket. I took more direct action: I went out and bought a copy of "Ramones Leave Home", brought it back to the house, and said: "Robin, I've got a present for you" — whipping it out of the bag — *"punk rock!"*

He and his moppet sister pogoed uncued or schooled all over the living room for the duration of side one, but I had no idea whether the little beezer would ever actually play the thing himself or not.

When I re-visited them this past spring, though, I found that Robin had installed the family's old stereo in his bedroom, as well as a kidsize drumkit on which he bashed away for hours to his two favourite records: "Ramones Leave Home" and "The Beatles' Second Album".

Thus it was that I came to seek his assistance in my continuing pursuit of a definitive grasp of the plotlines and philosophical significance behind all Ramones songs.

One day in the middle of a couple of ice cream cones I looked across that table at him and said: "Robin, you know that Ramones song where they say, *'Now I wanna be a good boy : I don't wanna be bad / Now I wanna run away from home'?* Well, there's something I don't understand about it. It seems to me that if you wanna be a good boy you shouldn't also wanna run away from home. Why do you think they put those two ideas together?"

He held up one finger, cocked his head back and took another meditative vanilla slurp.

"Let me think about it for a minute . . . Okay, I think the reason they said that was that he *was* a good boy, but they were treatin' him *bad* at home. So, if he wanted to stay good, the only thing he could do was run away."

I thanked him, and to all you infidels who persist in the folly of nonbelief I would now say, *So,* you think all these songs are about nothing, you think nothing is going on in them? Well, I found a nine-year-old who is smarter than you think you are.

The Ramones have always been saying a lot more than rock-'n'-roll-is-fun-but let's-be-punks-let's-be-dumb in their music, but the thing that maybe throws a lot of people off is that they don't do like too many other artists who also *tell* you they're saying it.

In other words, if you ask 'em, The Ramones will explain what chicken vindaloo is, but they won't go into overweening detail on the philosophic import implicit therein. Which of course is one of the things that's cool about then.

NOW, an awful lot of "minimalist" artsyfart-informed nonsense has been written about The Ramones, but if y'ask me the crux of it all is when Joey totes that big sign that says "GABBA GABBA HEY" around the stage. That's a message to the audience, a big M writ as large as B. Dylan ever scrawled it, and the first five or so times I saw Joey with that sign I went home misremembering that it had read "WE ACCEPT YOU" instead.

Because of course that's what it's really saying, but The Ramones (and probably most of their fans as well) would think such blatant sentiment something for sissies.

It's like a thing Frank Zappa wrote to Mothers fans in some magazine once back in the '60s, to the effect that all you miserable little snerds out there may feel stupid and ugly if not outright deformed, and maybe you think nobody loves you, but *we* love you, so stick with us. The only difference being that Zappa was lying and The Ramones mean it.

That's the real message of "Pinhead," "Cretin Hop," "We're A Happy Family," and plenty of the other songs as well. Because they know how it feels. It's like Johnny says: "I don't really feel like I'm that important. I'm a freak. That's what you see when we're up there, like something in the circus.

"When we play back videotapes of ourselves we look like a bunch of freaks — you play so fast, you know, and your hands are a blur . . ."

"Yeah," adds Joey. "Once in Chicago they threw bananas at us."

"What did you do?" I ask.

"Picked 'em all up and carried 'em home, so we had enough bananas to eat that day."

Someday they'll probably write a song about it, and no doubt it'll be a great one. It's The Ramones' genius to take subjects and events that might seem to other people to be too small to even bother with and turn them into classics, either that or boil big ideas and big events into what seems to somebody who grew up on rock-as-poetry almost like shorthand, but is really only the kind of plainspoken Everykid English that gets the point across with maximum verbal economy.

Because of this economy, a lot of people have overlooked the fact that a great many Ramones songs have actual *plots,* are little short stories fully realised in a minute or two. I'm thinking of things like "53rd And 3rd," "Oh Oh I Love Her So," and, on the new album, "I Wanted Everything" and "Questioningly."

"Road To Ruin" is also the first Ramones album where, however up the music usually remains, the thrust of most of the lyrics is overtly negative.

"I Just Want To Have Something To Do" is the perfect anthem for The Ramones generation and 1978, a year when the New Wave is adrift and there's not much new good music of any kind to listen to, when almost no good movies were made, when almost

Continued over

JOEY RAMONE/Pic JILL FURMANOVSKY

"In Chicago they threw bananas."

RAMONES

From previous page

everything on TV stinks, when punk cries of "I'm bored!" became too stale a cliche to even bother repeating anymore.

"I'm Against It" is the definitive statement of this, a position paper by the New Reactionary.

"Needles And Pins" is the saddest song The Searchers ever recorded. "I Don't Want You" speaks for itself, as does "Don't Come Close," which also marks the first time a Ramones girl has not only turned red with rage but been told to act her age!

(Ramones position on Love ca. 1978: I love you and I guess you probably love me but for some reason we can't figure out it doesn't work which makes me hostile which in turn makes me not like myself too much either so forget it.)

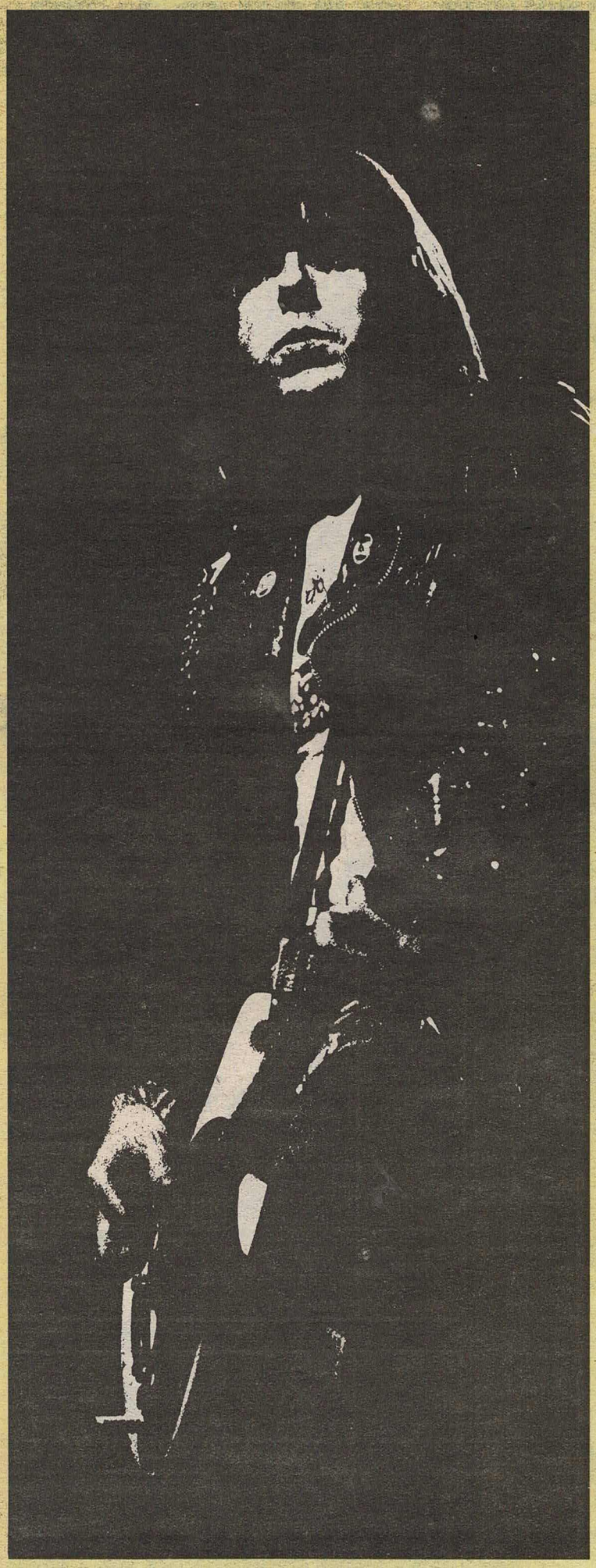
"I Wanted Everything" is about a kid who never got anything so he's decided to rob the supermarket where he's employed; you know he'll get caught.

"Go Mental" celebrates escape from pervasive misery through psychotic regression and murder ending in a rubbery barbiturate catatonia staring at a goldfish bowl.

"She's the One" is the only happy song on the album (kill it!).

"Questioningly" is about another doomed romance, told from a valley of resigned sorrow after the breakup. Maybe that's why Dee Dee wants to be "Sedated," or maybe it's just because he has a "Bad Brain."

"It's A Long Way Back To Germany" was written in 1974 but apparently they were depressed then too, because it leaves us at the end of the album with a picture of *"You all alone/You by the phone."* This was the first time listening to a Ramones album had actually made me *depressed*. But then, I was already depressed anyway; aren't *you?* Good, I'm glad, 'cause misery loves company.



JOHN RAMONE/Pic PENNIE SMITH

THUS IT was with a spring in my step and these songs in my heart that I made my way to Danny Fields' office to interview the band on the eve of their current European tour. They were minus an ailing Dee Dee, but new drummer Mark not only fits in perfectly but was extremely loquacious.

I was listening to the new album and it's really negative.

JOEY: It's our "Berlin", y'know. (laughs).

JOHN: I dunno. I guess we just got warped somewhere, a lotta pressure on us. It's like, carry it out — go mental. There's a lotta mental disorder on that album. It's all just life pilin' up on us.

Does it have anything to do with putting out three great albums and still not being able to get a hit single?

JOHN: Frustration, you mean? I'm sure that's a lot of it too. It's everything. We're feeling a lot of pressure to make it.

MARK: It's not just that. A lot of people feel this way, like the songs in this album. They're written for kids who are really frustrated: "I Wanted Everything." My favourite is "I Just Want Something To Do" 'cause I feel like that all the time now. Don't you?

Sure. But it must be really distressing to have gone for three or four years now and still be banging on the door of mass acceptance.

JOHN: Yeah, well, its been steady but slow. We've been progressively getting bigger. But when you see groups just pop up doin' what everybody else has been doin' and become big all of a sudden, when we feel that we're one of the few groups doing something original . . .

Do you ever resent any of these groups that've come up after you and sound exactly like you?

JOHN: No, 'cause they don't really sound like us. It's nice that us and the New York Dolls and The Stooges, a little bit of each influenced a whole movement.

Didn't some disc jockey say he wouldn't play anything with your name on it no matter what it sounded like?

JOHN: Yeah, I've heard that one. They just take the records as soon as they come out and throw 'em in the garbage.

Why did you make the songs on the new album more complex?

JOHN: I don't think we came to any kind of real decision. We just write 'em. You learn how to write a progression, y'know. It's nothing conscious, just one step. You don't sit down and try to write more progressive songs . . .

JOEY: More regressive (laughs).

JOHN: I just think we wanted to write more medium-tempoed songs than in the past. I listened to the last album and there's about ten superfast songs on it. It's easier to listen to when there's more medium-tempoed songs.

Do you think the Stones on the new album are responding to New Wave?

JOHN: Yeah — the single cover, standing against a brick wall with their leather jackets on . . . plus all the groups I noticed are putting more songs on their albums.

Did you think when you started out that was gonna happen?

JOHN: Yeah, I expected it to happen faster. I thought right away as soon as they'd seen us and heard the first album it was gonna happen. But that was probably naive and we weren't ready for it yet. But we're ready now.

Do you ever feel desperate?

JOHN: Not yet, although I don't feel like waiting another two years to get big. As far as making it, we're trying to still be ourselves. But sometimes you start thinking weird, when they keep telling you this stuff isn't suitable for radio play. But all we really *can* do is be ourselves, so we don't really worry about that much. As far as things like "Don't Come Close" and "Questioningly," we had written stuff like this before but played it in different styles. These are played more or less in the styles they're supposed to be in.

YOU'RE going to Helsinki on Sunday. What's it like over there?

JOEY: It's weird. It's kind of communistic, so they're really starved for rock 'n' roll, so they go crazy.

JOHN: Well, they made an announcement the first night we played, at the Communist Cultural Center, that if anybody stood up or did anything they were gonna stop the show. We saw all these guards standing around, and if any kid would stand up, the guard would look at him and he'd sit down. We told 'em don't listen to these people. stand up, so they all jumped up and ran to the front. They were pushin' this one guard against the stage so I kept leanin' over and shakin' my sweat on him.

When you play places like that do you sing songs like "Commando" and lyrics like "I don't like communists"?

JOHN: Oh, yeah, yeah.

What kind of reaction do you get?

JOHN: They don't understand, they don't know English (laughs). We weren't aware of it at first . . . We'd say things like "Nice to be here, we're gonna do this song," and everybody was just standin' there with their mouths hangin' open.

Do you ever get the feeling that some people in your audience act in ways that they think punks are supposed to act, because they feel that's what's expected of them?

JOHN: Yeah, I'm sure that's what they think. In England they spit at you because they think that's what you want. We don't like that because it's very distracting, and what we do takes a lot of concentration.

Why do you think people do things like wearing garbage bags?

JOHN: I guess it's just fun for them, a trend. I remember when glitter was in it was fun for everybody to do all that stuff. I really like seeing regular all-American fans out there, because when the whole audience is weirdos then you *really* feel like you're a weirdo.

JOEY: Like you got off at the wrong stop . . .

Ever feel like you got a little unfairly roped into the whole English punk rock trip?

JOHN: Yeah, but left out at the same time. We started hearing stuff like "Here's this new thing, punk rock, started over in England," then we'd go to interviews and they'd ask, "So you guys started after The Sex Pistols, how were you influenced by them?"

When we first went over there, those guys in all those groups, The Clash, The Damned, Sex Pistols, were standing out in the alley trying to get into our sound check, and they didn't even have groups yet!

Not that I'm saying we started it, either: punk rock began with Elvis Presley and Gene Vincent, then there were a lot of groups in the '60s, Billy Altman had the original *Punk* magazine out in 1973, and you always mentioned punk . . . but rock 'n' roll since it *started* was for punks. I remember when I was a little tiny kid sitting there seeing Elvis on TV and my father going "That dirty punk!"

I SAW something in "Circus" *magazine where you told Johnny Rotten you thought The Sex Pistols were no good.*

JOHN: Well, he came over to me and said "What'd you think?" and I said "I thought you guys stunk." He said, "Well, I think you stink too."

JOEY: He liked "Happy Family."

Why didn't you like 'em?

JOHN: They were terrible live. Sloppy . . . maybe they got better during the American tour, I dunno, but they were very unprofessional and I'd expected to see a somewhat professional group. I guess I shouldn't have thought that because they hadn't played for a year.

The records sound very good if you take one song out of them here and there; a little monotonous . . . Y'know, they had their backdrop with all this stuff sprayed on, I guess that's their thing, but no drum platform, no lights at all, the PA sounded awful, little tiny amplifiers — it was just a rinkydink show. They should be loud and powerful, I mean they're a good group, y'know?

Maybe they're *supposed* to be unprofessional, but there's a certain standard kids in America expect — a whole lot less people came to see us the last time we played Tulsa because The Sex Pistols had just been there and played like shit.

Did you see anything in NME *that Tony Parsons wrote about you?*

JOHN: Yeah, he should come to see us the next time we're over there and we'll straighten him out. The guy had a hammer and sickle buttons on, he was a commie, and I knew it as soon as I saw him. I had him pegged.

Well, just because he wears a button doesn't mean he's a commie.

JOHN: Well, then why's he wearin' it — for *effect*?

You think everybody that wears a swastika is a Nazi?

JOHN: Umm . . . maybe. Probably. Or at least they want to be a Nazi.

Don't you think kids put stuff like that on just to make people mad?

JOHN: I dunno. I don't like it when I see it. I know a lot of people are offended when they see swastikas, but swastikas are a little more camp than hammer and sickle buttons. I mean, the Nazis lost the war, and there's no threat right now of any Nazi thing, but there is a communist threat.

Well, the English kids have the threat of a right-wing takeover there.

JOHN: Yeah, but do they want the cmmunists just to come and take over?

WAS Parsons on tour with you guys?

JOHN: No, he was with us five minutes. He was supposed to meet us at the hotel, ride with us to the job, be with us at the soundcheck, spend the rest of the day with us and see the show.

He got there, was with us for a five minute ride, disappeared and we never saw him again. He didn't ask us one question, all he heard was conversations between us — that's an interview?

He was insulted I guess because somebody in the car said "Whatta you think of Generation X?" and they said they stunk. The guy harped for that whole page about Dee Dee's tooth chipping in the car; I don't know what that has to do with anything.

Also, that we were staying at the Holiday Inn — *where else* do most groups stay? Also that we were being transported — 12 of us piled into one limousine, which I guess he figured that it'd be better for us to take four taxis, that it'd be cheaper taking four taxis back and forth five times than renting one limousine and squeezing into it.

He twisted everything we had to say, like me saying "Let's get this over with quick and get out of here," meaning the sound check the day before; it was a second sound check in the same place — nobody does that.

Every job we did two hour sound checks because we're very concerned about how we sound, wanna do our best and always give them as much as we can give them.

So he thought we meant let's get the job over with, and thought we were leaving the country with all this money, when actually you go over there and you lose thousands of dollars, and we don't see nothin' anyway.

How much do you make?

JOHN: Right now, $100 a week apiece.

How much do you play?

JOHN: We played 150 jobs last year, this year should be about 180-190.

So you're on the road most of the time.

JOHN: Sure.

So are you gonna be Mark or Marky or . . .

MARK: Marky.

JOHN: Anything. Marco.

JOEY: Mookie.

MARK: Moishe.

Drum.

MARK: Yeah.

So how's your love life?

JOHN: Same as it's always been.

You don't find that sometimes girls like you just because you're in the Ramones?

JOHN: I'm sure they like us because were in The Ramones. We wouldn't have any girlfriends if we weren't in The Ramones.

JOEY: You just have to sift through the crows, y'know . . .

JOHN: When I was in high school I never had a car, so I couldn't get a girlfriend.

JOEY: My dad wouldn't buy me a car. He always said he was gonna buy me a taxicab.

JOHN: But yeah, everybody talks to you 'cause you're in The Ramones. We didn't have no friends when we started the group. That's why we started the group, right? That's why everybody starts playing guitar at one time or another, to get girls.

You just want to be accepted, not even just to get girls, but people I don't think ever really accept you the way you are.

MARK: You see all these people that you haven't seen in years that wanna be your friend because you're in the group, and when the group breaks up they don't wanna talk to you.

JOEY: Tommy's girlfriend broke up with him when he left the group. Went off with a guy from Suicide.

Seger's gone silver!

Hollywood Nights

c/w

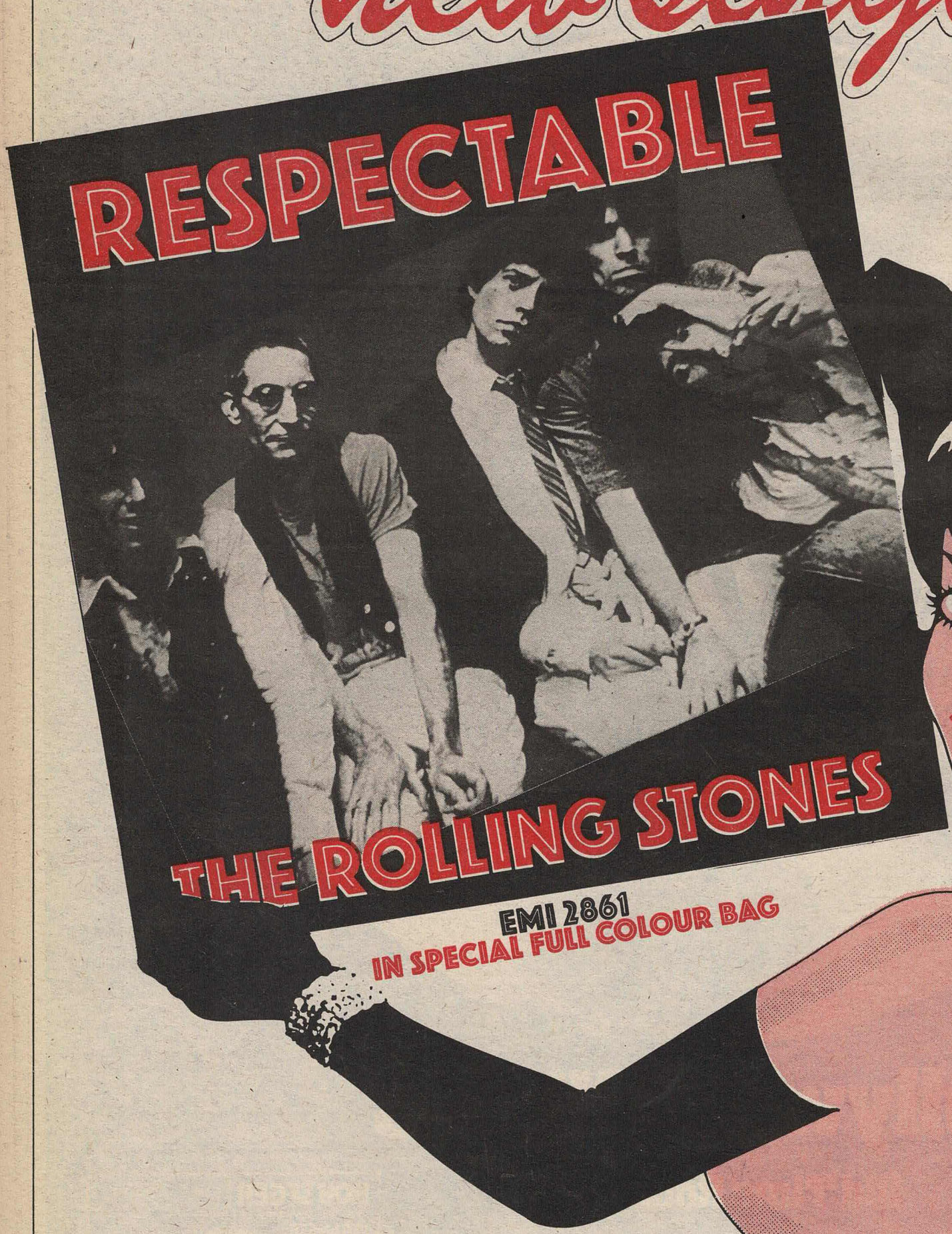
Old Time Rock'n Roll

The new single from Bob Seger available as a limited edition silver vinyl disc in special silver and black bag.

Capitol RECORDS

From EAST 11698 Stranger In Town

The Rolling Stones new single



TAKEN FROM THE ALBUM
'SOME GIRLS' CUN 39108
ON ROLLING STONES RECORDS AND TAPES

THRILLS

FEVER!

THE RECEPTION

AFTER THE BOOK, the play . . . after the film, the obscenity.

I've been to a few record company parties, average creep quotient 80 per cent, and they are usually glib self-congratulatory affairs, but I usually figure if I've bought their records in the past they at least owe me a few rounds. However, the reception after the premiere of *Grease* made even the largest do I'd previously been to look like the pie stall at Waterloo.

The Lyceum Ballroom in the Strand had been specially hired for the night, and the police were shoving back hordes of teenage Travolta-ites outside who were watching in awe as Rolls after Rolls delivered m'lords, ladies and 'celebrities' onto the red carpet.

"While the poor people sleeping with the shade on the light ? While the poor people sleeping all the stars come out at night."

Inside the place was made up like a royal wedding. Red velvet tables with candles, very long tables attended by hordes of high-hatted chefs, decked out with hogs heads with apples in their mouths, sides of beef, large sheep's tongues, hams, unpronouncable French dishes, assorted salads, cheeses and fruits. Legions of waitresses, who were bawled out if not prompt, always ready with more brandy or wine (I'm sure it was an excellent year).

And of course champagne, champagne, champagne.

Trying to bring a little L.A. to London, young debs in Newton-John outfits squealed and lisped, skweeching akwoss to "Nicky" or "Francoise" or "Zoe," acting ridiculously 'effervescent' on the dance floor in attempts to show how 'rebellious' and 'fwee' one can get.

Their male counterparts, obviously aware that the man himself hung large over the night, went through some outlandish gyrations as if always on the verge of going into some substantial dance steps whereas they were just hoping to fool the casual onlooker. As usual, this sad strain of over-thirties were in their pointed collar shirts slashed to the waist (revealing the obligatory medallion and disgusting grey-haired chests), and tight-arsed flairs.

At a table behind me, a group of long-haired men who may well have been one of those Bad Company or Foreigner type groups, asked one of the young servants to bring them one of the large chocolate gateaux cakes from the other side of the hall. After she'd struggled back with it, the group proceeded to squash their hands in it and then try and wipe it on each other.

It seemed everyone knew each other — a kind of decadent twilight society that gathers in exclusive clubs and parties to shut off the world and cling to each other, desperately attempting to retain the old orders and wealth. Old men dribbling through alcholic conversations with their young girl friends, women getting snotty and rude with the bar staff and waitresses, the whole mass slowly collapsing in their wretched drunkeness.

This is no working class bigotry on my part. This obscene affair, costing countless thousands, had come the night after BBC's documentary on the poverty in which the homes for handicapped children find themselves.

You may find that cliched, but if you want to sneer cynically over things like this, I'll break your skull. Promise.

Celebrities included Russell Harty, Llew Gardener and the awful Susan George (who was obviously speeding badly). More may have showed (wisely Travolta didn't), I left after fifty minutes. Outside young girls were still waiting.

"Oi mista, get us in!" two shouted at me. I took my invite from my inside pocket and handed it to one of them —after all, she had probably *bought* the album and the book and would queue to see the film soon. Stunned at her bluff being called, she just looked at it a while and then handed it back.

"Nah, leave it out," she said. "They wouldn't let us in there . . ."

Ain't that the truth.

DANNY BAKER

THRILLS

THE PHENOMENON

IT WAS EVERY News Editor's dream: a genuine shock-horror week.

The Liberal party, already reeling from the serious charges against their former leader Jeremy Thorpe, were further rocked by allegations of sex offences at the National Liberal Club. Both recent Labour and Conservative governments seemed likely to be implicated in the Rhodesian sanctions-busting scandal. A Bulgarian defector was murdered at the Aldwych with a lethal umbrella. Cases of smallpox, typhoid and lassa fever were making horrifying reading. And in Persia the Shit Of Iran was attending to business with what was, even by his standards, rare vigour, massacring thousands of peasants.

With such a cornucopia of sensation to select from, which item did the best-selling national dailies choose as their lead story last Thursday?

That's right — John Travolta.

In their reports of the scenes outside the Empire at the premiere of *Grease*, the papers were single-minded: "FIGHT FEVER" *(Daily Mirror)*; "GREASE FEVER" *(Daily Express)*; "TRAVOLTA FEVER" *(The Sun* — characteristically bereft of even a modicum of originality; that headline had been used by *The Observer* in March and *Time* in April.)

The only one of the tabloids to give preference to politics, the *Daily Mail*, made up for lost column inches by devoting most of pages two and three to the story. Even *The Times* deemed it necessary to include a short report ("Women faint for John Travolta").

Although the recent *Gasbag* correspondent who suggested that the only difference between *NME* and the *Daily Mirror* was 11p could have made reference to *NME's* superior journalism as a further distinguishing factor, the accuracy of his observation was clearly demonstrated — the popular press seem to be taking their "pop" coverage ever more seriously.

Certainly the hysterical reaction of the press parallelled that of the 5,000 fans. Describing the occasion as "a riot," David Wigg wrote in the *Daily Express:* "London has seen nothing like it since Beatlemania," while a policeman quoted in *The Sun* went further: "I have been on duty in the days of Beatlemania and The Rolling Stones — but I've never seen anything like this."

Strange perhaps, considering that Travolta's appeal must be based solely on his *Saturday Night Fever* performance.
(Although it should be remembered that Beatlemania, on a national scale, was also a spontaneous phenomenon). The *Mail* had its own explanation: "The film company had organised a massive publicity campaign. This was the sixth international premiere and there have been violent incidents at others."

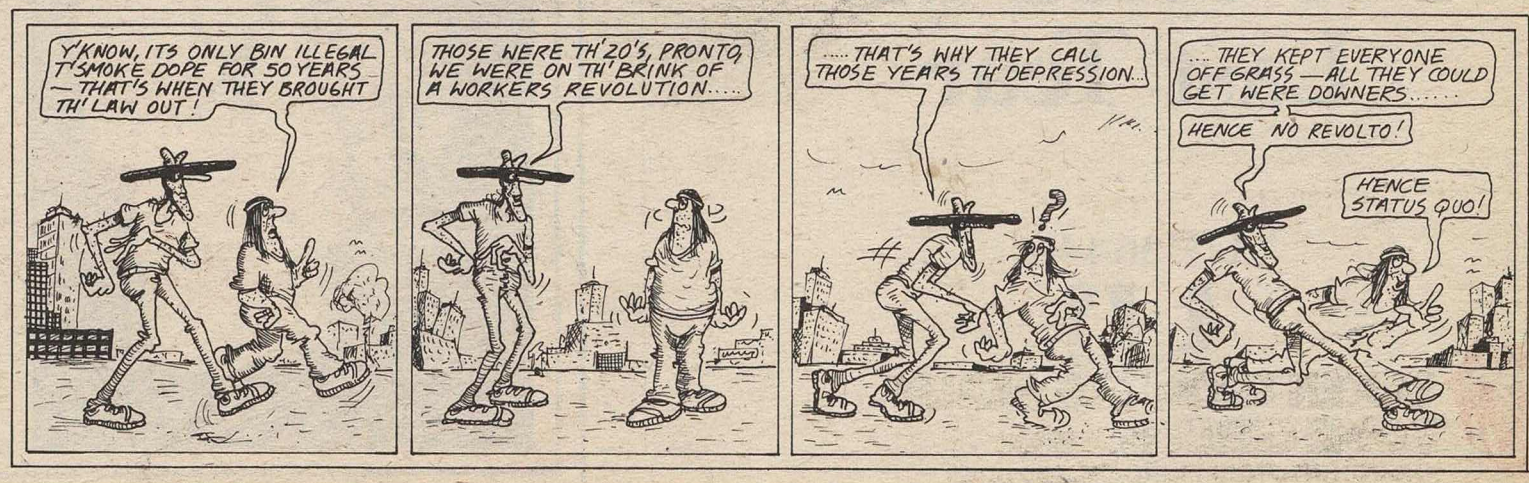
However, the size of the crowd in Leicester Square cannot be explained simply by hyper-efficient PR, nor even by the fact that no film has ever previously had the benefit of a nine-week chart-topping single as advance publicity.

Travolta clearly has an individual charisma which beggars literal description or analysis, and this has been evident for some time. In its Travolta cover story last March, *The Observer Colour Magazine* said: "For the past two years he has been a U.S. teenage idol on a scale that is unimaginable in this country." Jane Fonda asked him what it was like to be a real star.

● *Continues next page*

Lone Groover Fever

BENYON


Y'KNOW, ITS ONLY BIN ILLEGAL T'SMOKE DOPE FOR 50 YEARS — THAT'S WHEN THEY BROUGHT TH' LAW OUT!
THOSE WERE TH' 20'S, PRONTO WE WERE ON TH' BRINK OF A WORKERS REVOLUTION.....
..... THAT'S WHY THEY CALL THOSE YEARS TH' DEPRESSION...
... THEY KEPT EVERYONE OFF GRASS — ALL THEY COULD GET WERE DOWNERS.....
HENCE NO REVOLTO!
HENCE STATUS QUO!

BRINSLEY SCHWARZ

NEW SINGLE

(What's So Funny 'Bout) Peace, Love & Understanding

FROM THE ALBUM
FIFTEEN THOUGHTS OF
BRINSLEY SCHWARZ

'B' SIDE
I've Cried My Last Tear

UP 36446
UNITED ARTISTS RECORDS

Pic: Tom Sheehan

SMIRKS AGAINST REVOLTO

● From previous page

However, although an imported phenomenon, the Travolta mythologising is more deeply-rooted than it might first appear.

A shy 24-year-old from New Jersey, he sprang to prominence in a TV series, *Welcome Home Kotter.* He had a small role in Brian DePalma's *Carrie,* and then appeared in a made.for-TV movie, *The Boy In The Plastic Bubble* (recently shown in the UK), in which he starred opposite a 40-year-old actress, Diana Hyland, who played his mother. Their professional partnership became a private affair, which was cruelly terminated by Diana's death from cancer. After the tragedy, Travolta turned to scientology, and accordingly now neither smokes nor drinks.

While other producers vacillated, wondering whether Travolta's small-screen charisma would transfer to the large one, Robert Stigwood stepped in and signed him to a three-picture deal, of which *Saturday Night Fever* was the first.

IT IS a measure of Travolta's sudden pre-eminence that he is already attracting his own protest movements.

Manchester band The Smirks have organised a pressure group, and held a small demonstration of their own at the *Grease* premiere. The band began their professional career in Manchester at Rafters, a venue now devoted to disco music; and it is because Travolta is considered the most potent symbol of disco's increasing mass popularity that they formed Smirks Against Travolta (though a secondary reason was that the band were irked by the fact that they considered themselves better dancers than him).

Having assembled a posse of London fans, they gathered at the premiere, playing guitars and tambourines and regaling the crowd with songs like "You're The One That I Don't Want." The police, already struggling to keep 5,000 baying girls at bay, first shunted the protesters to a position where they were out of sight of the photographers, and of Travolta himself, and then arrested the band's lead guitarist, Simon Milner, later charging him with obstruction.

The obvious conclusion would be that this was simply a cheap publicity stunt by the band to promote their new album. But they don't have a new album, or even an old one. Apparently, they *are* that serious about upholding busking traditions and live music.

The following day Milner appeared at Bow Street court, and pleaded not guilty on the grounds that 5,000 other people — who weren't arrested — had been causing a more serious obstruction. The case was adjourned.

HOWEVER, TRAVOLTA, who has determined to attend no future premieres of *Grease,* looks set to remain in the public consciousness far longer than today's disco music. He has one of those faces that, as they say in Hollywood, the camera is in love with — and not just the camera, apparently. His next movie, already completed, is a romantic drama, *Moment By Moment,* directed by Jane Wagner, after which he will part company with Robert Stigwood.

In fact Stigma, after his recent achievements, may soon begin to face difficulties. One problem is that, while RSO has been one of the year's most fabulously successful business operations, it remains essentially a small company. It will be interesting, for example, to see whether he can hold on the record industry's hottest property, The Bee Gees, when their contract comes up for renewal.

Stigwood's other problem is that advance reports suggest that the *Sergeant Pepper* film is about to demolish his Midas reputation. This would be ironic, to say the least. Stigwood first earned his spurs as Brian Epstein's right-hand man at NEMS, having been appointed to the company's hierarchy at a time when The Beatles were putting the finishing overdubs to their original, unsurpassable "Sergeant Pepper."

BOB WOFFINDEN

THRILLS

"Hi Bobsy!" — Ms NEWTON — SQUIRREL at large.

TEDDY BOYS' PICNIC

"Come on then — mob me!" BILLY IDOL sneaks into ***Grease*** *the back way and pulls TWO funny faces — versatile lad — for the lenses of TOM SHEEHAN (left) and ROBERT LEGON (below). The lady, we are led to believe, is KAREN O'CONNOR, daughter of dippy Des.*

His new album

the bride stripped bare

BRYAN FERRY

Polydor

ANTI-NAZI LEAGUE CARNIVAL COUNTDOWN

THE SECOND major ANL/RAR Carnival Against The Nazis takes place in London on Sunday.

Since the Victoria Park Carnival in the spring, Rock Against Racism have been involved in setting up 36 local anti-racist festivals, and they estimate that around a quarter of a million people have taken part — proving that this definitely *hasn't* been the summer of hate.

The site for Carnival 2, as it's called, is South London's Brockwell Park, next to Herne Hill British Rail station or a short bus ride from Brixton tube station. The organisers have built a special village for the event — "a political bazaar," they claim, "that will present the views, culture and food of local community and campaigning organisations."

Music will start at 10 am. with trad jazz bands, steel bands, and three sound systems, Crisis, Roots and Kala Preet to rock the body line.

Sharing the bill are reggae bands Misty and Aswad (who incidentally played RAR's first major gig back in May '77) and Elvis Costello And The Attractions, whose management company, Riviera Global, at first turned down the gig but later capitulated at Elvis' insistence.

Sham 69 were originally booked, but pulled out this week at their own initiative, unwilling to risk their more violent fans spoiling the day. Their replacement is not yet known, but RAR have taken a flier by inviting John Lydon's Public Image. The chances of his appearing must be slim, though.

As before, the whole thing is free.

There will also be a march to the carnival with live bands, fire-eaters, escapologists and other floating displays, assembling at Speakers Corner in Hyde Park around mid-day. Amongst the speakers will be energy secretary Tony Benn and miners leader Arthur Scargill.

The purpose of the first carnival was to show a stand of multi-racial solidarity in the face of the NF's heavy candidate count at recent elections. The NF may have been thrashed at the polls, but that *doesn't* mean a stand of multi-racial solidarity is no longer worth showing.

THRILLS

NOW HEAR this! Just pay attention all you children of the New Age, because me and Jerry Garcia here are just about to do you a great service — by tripping off into the Sahara in pursuit of NME's pyramidal prankster Max Bell.

Foolishly, the editor sent Max out to Egypt to cover The Grateful Dead playing in all their mystical splendour within the very shadow of the Sphinx during a lunar eclipse. And now Max refuses to come back. Well, can you blame him? . . .

Nonetheless, Jerry and me are going to try to bring the lad back to some kind of reality and persuade him to pen his thoughts on the entire transcendental affair. Hold onto your head and reserve your copy, because IF Max ever comes back, you'll only have to be in the same room as his Dead feature to start getting contact flashbacks and sandstorm hallucinations.

You have been warned.

G. DEAD bring peace to Middle East. Pic: ADRIAN BOOT.

BEHIND NME LINES

AND A SPECIAL welcome to all you *New Society* readers! Unfortunately Julie can't be with us today as she's spent the past fortnight cloistered away in *NME's* secret underground bunker working on her contribution to the paper's upcoming blockbuster fallout series, for further details of which see next week's issue . . .

But what has *New Society* got to do with all this?

Well, this week's *N.S.* has an overview of the UK rock press in its *Arts In Society* section — and you can tell the state of the others by the fact that writer Simon Frith devotes almost the whole of his two-page feature to *NME* in general and an analysis of the merits of our own and only Julie Burchill in particular.

"Catch her," he concludes, "while you can."

● AND FINALLY: a message to Blondie. Our ant challenges your ant to a duel, OK? Choose your own weapons. (And if you know what that means, you're obviously one of these newfangled *New Society* readers who look at *T-Zers* first, ain'tcha?)

THE MAGIC OF
HERBIE HANCOCK
TURNS BLACK PLASTIC INTO
SUNLIGHT

'Sunlight' is the name of the new Herbie Hancock album. It includes his chart single 'I Thought It Was You,' and a whole lot more of the dynamic, inventive brand of music that makes 'Sunlight' a refreshing burst of fiery energy. So get yourself a copy, and bask in the warmth of Herbie Hancock's 'Sunlight'.

Herbie Hancock
'Sunlight'
CBS 82240
Features the single
'I Thought
it Was You'

82240
CBS
Records
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12" of black vinyl for only £1-99.

Featuring
THE GLADIATORS/U-BROWN/THE TWINKLE BROTHERS
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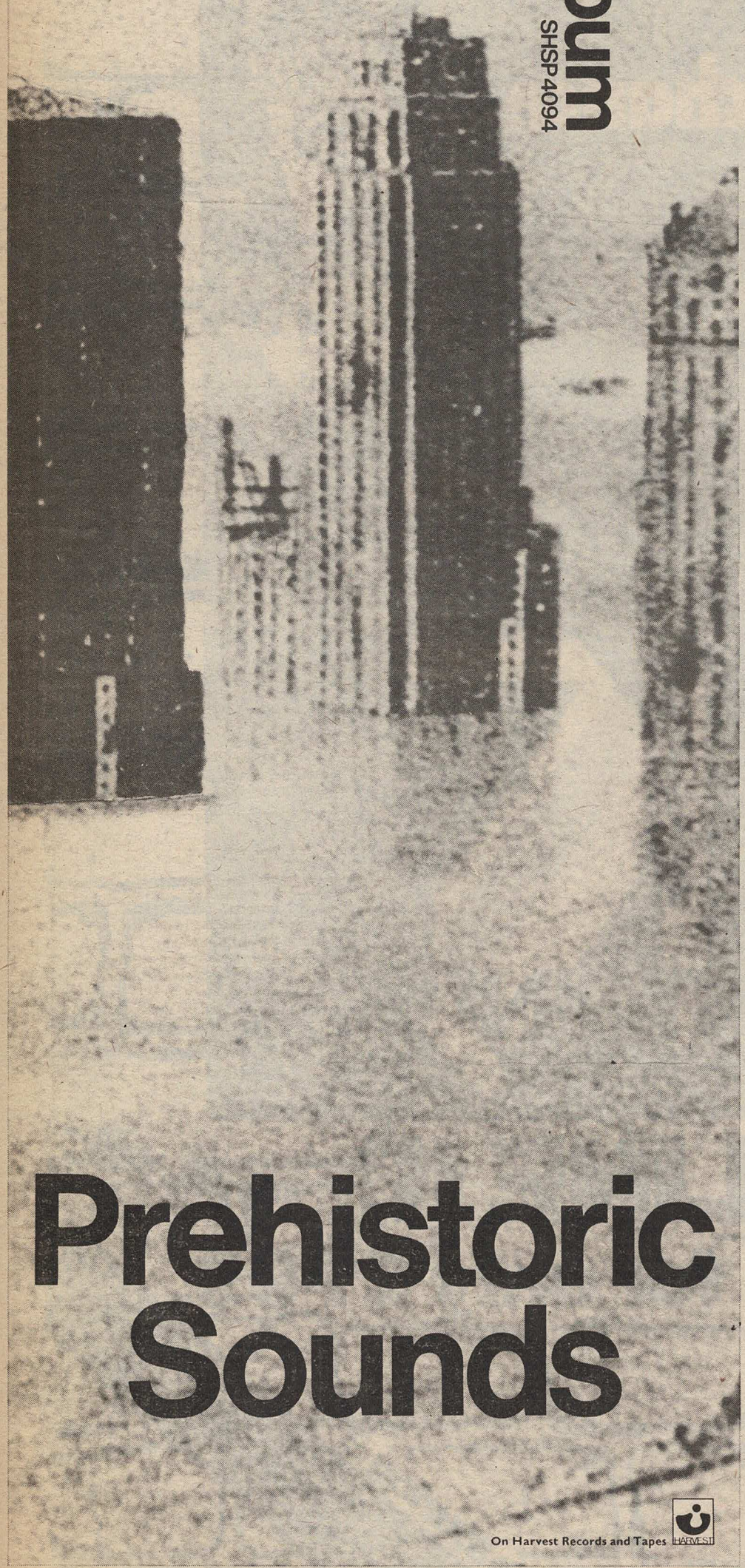
RANKING TREVOR/CULTURE/TAPPER ZUKIE
BIG YOUTH/I-ROY/JAH LLOYD

The Saints

new album

SHSP4094



Prehistoric Sounds

On Harvest Records and Tapes HARVEST

LENE LOVICH smuggles a stiff into Paddington Station.

THRILLS SPENDS A DAY AT . . .

THE STIFF SCHOOL FOR YOUNG GENTLEWOMEN

"STIFF IS THE best record company in the world," said Lene Lovich matter-of-factly. For their sake, I hope the love affair's bilateral.

I first saw the lady in question at the Nashville in mid-1976, strutting, testifying and blowing ferocious sax over the neo-Stax rhythms of a genuine funky soul band. In wraparound print dress, with what appeared to be chopsticks piercing her hennaed, plaited barnet, she was hard to ignore.

As was the shaven-headed rhythm guitarist in shades, fez and culottes. He was Les Chappel, they were the Diversions.

Inexperienced management failed to capitalise on this combination of musical excellence and dynamite visual, so they folded around Easter '77.

Hardly a past to be ashamed of, but she's kept Stiff in the dark: hence the 'enigma' publicity. Post-Diversions, Lene took off.

"I ran away to Europe and worked with a carnival for a while."

Fire-eating?

"Various things. Then I did some artistic horror movies in France, where I got a great reputation for screams. They have a few fans."

Ms Lovich sported a fair-to-middling shiner when we met. How come?

"We were doing a *Hound Of The Baskervilles* thing called *Black Dog*. These dogs came tearing around the corner when I wasn't ready, one of them decided to divert and I just went right over!" (Cue screams).

She continued "scheming across the water" with Les, who gigged around and sorted out The Diversions' "funeral arrangements".

The carnival had reached Finland when a call from disco practitioner Cerrone brought Lene back to Paris, where she put words to his music, including "Supernature".

"I think he's very good at what he does," she asserts.

Back with Les in London by late '77, they false-started as part of The Exiles. Then Charlie Gillett passed a demo to Stiff's Dave Robinson. An exuberant rerun of Tommy James' "I Think We're Alone Now," it became Lene's first single.

They remain happily signed to Gillett's Oval Productions. "Charlie can see potential in things where a lot of people wouldn't."

Of Yugoslav descent, Lene is literally "Stateless" (her album title). Musically, however, some Patti Smithisms are evident.

"Everyone says that, but she's too intense for me. There's a great danger in taking yourself too seriously."

"Home" and "Sleeping Beauty" *are* comparably sensual and aggressive, though, while "Momentary Breakdown" builds on a subdued "Kimberley" bass line. But the mood is more playful, the music wittier, with synthesizers, percussion and voices all colouring rather than cluttering.

Production and seven numbers are by Lovich / Chappell, plus "Alone Now", Nick Lowe's "Tonight" and two crackers by Jimmy O'Neill, once Jimmy Shelter. Sadly, Lene's sax hardly features, but the band are punchy and subtle enough to compensate.

Ms L's tuneful zaniness may just steal the October / November Stifftour with Rachel Sweet, Jona Lewie, Mickey Jupp and Wreckless Eric. If that happens, she'll know how to handle it: after all, there's always the carnival.

HARRY GEORGE

RACHEL

THRILLS

RACHEL SWEET braves the icy blasts — your Rubber City gal of the week!

THAT AKRON ALBUM took its listeners by surprise. Simultaneously old, new and current, it was fashioned — like any good adventure playground — from whatever resources were at hand.

Oozing the highest quota of left-field charm was Rachel Sweet, barely five feet tall and then barely 16 years old. Don't know why she especially should have stood out from the oddities on display — but she did, getting the airtime and turning heads you would have thought unmoved by the modest appeal of her two cuts.

Perhaps it was the combination of an innocent voice singing a worldly song — it made for a seductive equation.

Liam Sternberg, as Pietro Nardini ("one of his many pseudonyms," says Rachel) knew what he was doing when he wrote those pliant little tales of a "Truck Stop Queen" for whom nourishing truckers was a vocation more than a job, and of local girls' hearts toyed and tugged by summer Romeos. When he called Rachel in to add some suitably fetching and poignant vocal icing, Sternberg's aim was accurate.

That was early last year, and Rachel didn't think at the time that anything would ever come of it. Sternberg knew of her singing reputation and initially asked her to come over to his basement studio and add vocals to some backing tracks he had. Now she's in London recording an album with him producing, and will be a part of the forthcoming Be Stiff tour.

It's not just smiling fate, thinks Rachel — who, despite her tender age, is no stranger to showbiz. She reckons it's destiny.

She's been playing tourist for the day, chaperoned by a Stiff-person who has us meet at a gaudy Thames-side pub. She drinks ginger ale. In Ohio you're not allowed to drink until you're 18, coincidentally the age when Rachel will graduate from junior high school. I ask what she wants to do when she leaves.

"Well, I'll be a star by then so I won't have to worry."

How can you be so sure?

"I don't want to sound arrogant, but if you're good then you're bound to make it."

This confidence, not to say cockiness, comes from experience. She's already proven to herself that she has talent. By the age of ten, through family connections, she was jetting off from Akron to New York to make commercials and TV advertising jingles. Amongst the products she promoted were Caravelle Candy Bars, Faygo Red Pop, Frigidaire refrigerators and Dull Bananas (!!).

Soon after that her father, who makes marble sink tops (to judge from Rachel's embarrassment this is some kind of social stigma in Ohio), took her down to a recording studio in Florida co-owned by Mickey Rooney. He liked her voice and took her on a tour.

"We went all over the States in a bus for about ten weeks," she recalls. "I wanted to come on in one of them flashy pants suits. He said no way, and put me in one of those little skirts with a pair of bobby sox. I went on and sang some James Taylor songs, you know, 'Mockingbird' . . ." *(Better watch out next time you meet Inez Foxx, love. — Ed.)*

A year or so later Rachel Sweet was out in Reno, Nevada, doing the warm-up spot for comedian Bill Cosby in a garish cabaret lounge, two shows a night every night for three weeks. By all accounts not a high spot in her career.

Then, at age 15, she went to Nashville and met producer Roy Baker, vice-president of the giant Acuff-Rose publishing corporation. He recorded her singing a country song called "We Live In Two Different Worlds." It made No. 94 in the U.S. country charts. I wonder if she came in for much stick from her school friends for leading such a glamorous existence.

"They're not jealous, not that I've noticed. They're probably more intrigued by it than anything else."

What are her favourite teenage pursuits?

"You mean what do I like to do best?"

Yeah, something like that.

"Oh . . ." she muses, taking a sip of ginger ale, "singing, the balance beam . . . writing editorials for the school magazine."

Are you opinionated then? You seem to be a strong-headed girl.

She grins in acknowledgement. "Oh yes. I'd have to say so."

Her favourite song is "Me And Bobby McGhee", and though she likes country best, she enjoys all kinds of music except jazz. Her favourite singers are . . .

"Me, Tammy Wynette, Elvis. Although I never quite liked his singing as much as I did his performing. I never really saw him perform, but I've seen him in movies and stuff."

Her album will be out in October, featuring six Sternberg originals plus versions of Elvis Costello's "Stranger In The House", Will Birch's "Pin A Medal On Mary" and Dusty Springfield's "Stay Awhile". Assorted Blockheads provide the backing.

"Can I make a parting statement?"

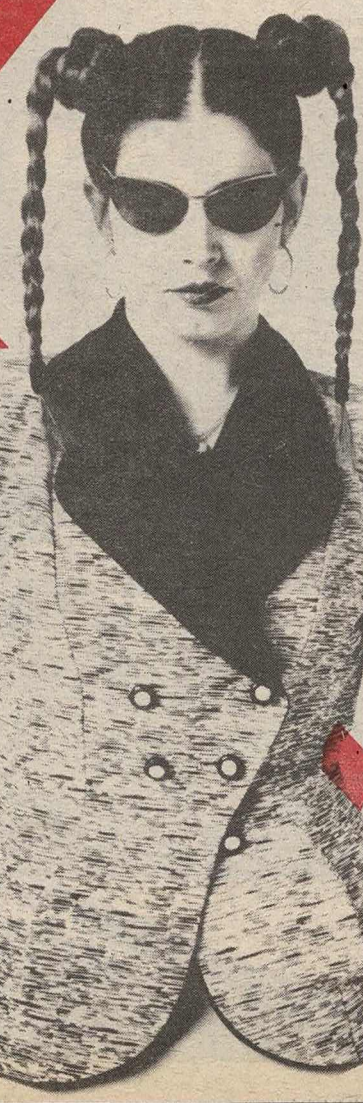
Go ahead, Rachel.

"One: buy the album. Two: it'll be good. And three: there'll be plenty of hit singles on it."

This little girl wants to be seen *and* heard.

PAUL RAMBALI

THRILLS



LENE

SCREEN DREEM

January 21st, 1978

1978 — THE YEAR OF THE ROCK MOVIE

NINETEEN SEVENTY EIGHT, it seems, will see the consummation of the marriage between the New Hollywood and the music business, resulting in a flood of feature films in the immediate future and opening up new possibilities for the years ahead.

Don't say we didn't warn you! And now, from the paper which brought you Britain's first ever feature and pictures on Star Wars . . .

DRACULA SINKS FANGS INTO CELLULOID SUCKERS

THE SPACE and music movie cycles still have a lot of mileage left in them — but already the Celluloid Capital is gearing up for two more waves of movies aimed dead centre at the youth market and both guaranteed to have an effect beyond the cinema screen.

John Travolta with teeth? Well, that is one prospect that possibly awaits us!

Following the stage success of *Dracula* and *The Passion Of Dracula* on Broadway and in the West End, no less than eight vampire movies are currently in production.

Travolta's managers, Bob LeMond and Lois Zetter, have acquired the rights to Anne Rice's truly scary story of a bloodsucker's 200-year history entitled *Interview With A Vampire*. No denying, Travolta is a ringer for the part, but no official confirmation to date.

The other seven movies range widely in scope and approach, from serious big-budget to cheapo strictly-for-laughs.

Frank Lagella will recreate his stage role in *Dracula*, directed by John Badham of *Saturday Night Fever* fame and co-starring Sir Laurence Olivier as Van Helsing, the Big Tooth's arch-enemy.

Roger Vadim is working on a "vampire love story" about a modern woman, Catherine Deneuve, who gets seduced by a vampire. On the comedy stakes there's *Love At First Bite* starring George Hamilton, described as a "romantic screwball comedy" in which a disorientated Dracula gets mugged, raped and harrassed.

On a more serious level, German movie man Werner Herzog is planning a remake of the original silent vampire classic *Nosferatu*, while Ken Russell is in on the act with a Dracula film based on the original Bram Stoker novel.

Low budget items include *Martin*, the story of a vampire who uses a hypodermic syringe rather than his teeth, and *Dracula's Dog*, a bloodthirsty mutt in search of his fanged master.

But why all this sudden interest?

According to one scripter, Robert Kaugman: "Life has become so unpleasant that people are looking for the mysterious, the horror and occult. Dracula répresents the ultimate and eternal escapist romantic masculine image. He is a totally committed character in a world of uncommitted people." Break out the garlic.

THE OTHER big cycle in the movie world stems from another highly popular brand of escapism — comic books.

Spurred on by the success of *Star Wars* (now officially the largest grossing film in cinema history), it will ride on the back

● Continues page 20

The internationally acclaimed 'Year Of The Cat' was two years ago.
Quite a passage of time!

Al Stewart

Now he's back, with another beautiful collection of songs.
And a tour in December.
Until then, at least there's the album you've been waiting for.

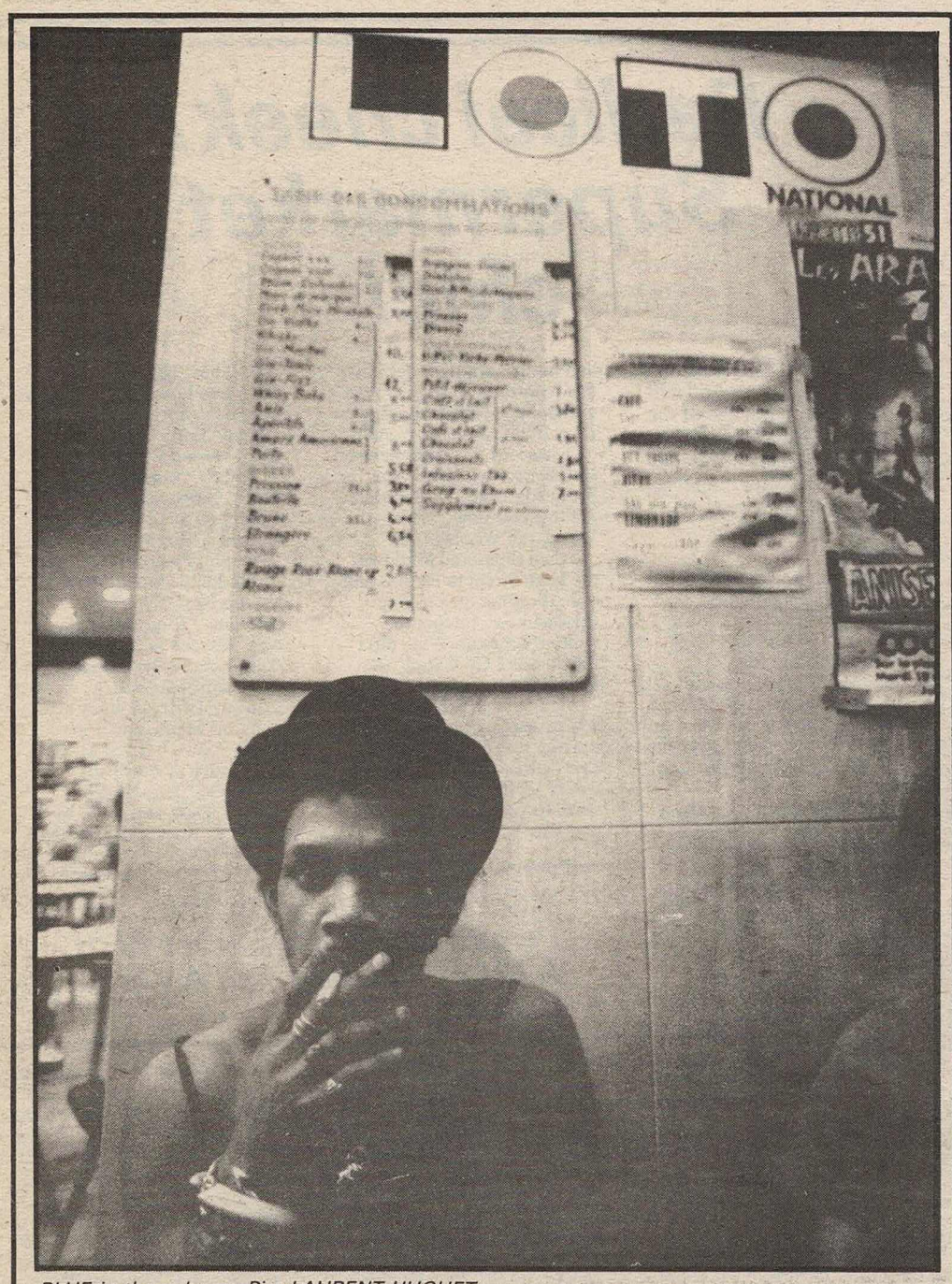
TIME PASSAGES

Record: PL 25173.
Cassette: PK 25173.
RCA

Produced by Alan Parsons
for Kinetic Productions Ltd.

Al Stewart-UK tour dates

December 10th Hippodrome-Bristol
11th Apollo-Manchester
12th Odeon-Edinburgh
14th Odeon-Birmingham
15th Odeon-Hammersmith
16th Odeon-Hammersmith



BLUE in the subway. Pic: LAURENT HUGUET.

STONES HARPIST LOCATED DOWN PARIS SUBWAY

IF YOU'RE into reading record credits you may have been pondering on the identity of one "Sugar Blue", who plays harp on two tracks on the latest Stones album "Some Girls".

Well, if you'd asked any subway rider in Paris he'd have told you.

This last year Sugar Blue has been struttin' his stuff at a prestige gig . . . down the Odeon station subway.

Blue is black, tall, and was born and raised in New York City. His old buddy Memphis Slim told him he'd find work in Paris. And he did — blowing harp on the street with a French girl (the beautiful Cecile) backing him on guitar.

Last winter the Sugar Story made the *Herald Tribune* and was read by one Frank Zappa. So when Zappa arrived in Paris he went to the Odeon station post haste.

The day after, the harpist was on stage at the Pavillon de Paris, jammin' in front of a 10,000 audience.

That was the first big break.

"Zappa," says Sugar a few months later in a warm voice, "that mother has a lotta soul. I felt so close to him on stage, I could feel his heart beating while we wuz playin'!

"He gave me lot of room to play, and when we went out, he just asked me: 'How much do you want?' I sure did not know what to tell him!"

A few days later Zappa went back to the USA and Sugar back to Odeon. Then came the Big Event.

A friend told him the Stones were making a record in Paris, and asked if he wanted to "lay down some tracks".

Sugar thought the guy was crazy. But just to make sure, he phones the number and . . . "That big voice came, you know: 'YEAH?' And I said: 'Mick? Are ya? Mick JAGGER?!' Well, my name is Sugar Blue, I play de blooze, and I'd like to play with you!"

In two hours, Sugar Blue laid "Miss You" with the five Stones at Boulogne. And later on "Some Girls".

What about that great sound?

"Oh man, they've just got a beautiful amp called the Vox Mesa. Keith twisted the buttons. I played . . . Wow! I just had it! Laid it down in one take!"

Later that night, the Stones and Sugar recorded some four or five other tracks, including a very straight blues that Sugar just calls "extraordinary shit".

Did he get paid?

"They gave me 500 dollars, and that was it, thank you very much, goodbye!"

Right now, Sugar Blue has a band together, with Cecile on bass and two other black musicians. They've been playing Paris clubs, getting outstanding responses with a selection of very tasty blues numbers including some self penned compositions.

Anyway, he wants to stay in Europe.

"Everybody in America's doing disco. You know why? Cause blues and jazz were very much revolutionary music. And record companies don't want to push that stuff anymore.

"Everybody told me: 'Son, you gotta play disco if you want that contract'.

"I hate disco. I don't like the disco mix of 'Miss You'. They even took off the sax. I wanna play blues . . . tell them my shit is great modern blues! Different. We swing."

We drink our Perrier and talk about how hard it is to get a French blues guitar player ("Bad news, man! All they know is the English blues rock type of thing!").

Just before returning on stage for a second set, Sugar recounts the third Big Experience. Jammin' with Woody, maybe?

"No man! I just played with Archie Shepp the other day! He made up a jazz/blues for me and said, 'Blow, man, BLOW!' And I blew all I got!"

Seeing the guy live a few minutes later I'd say Shepp got a lot.

PHILLIPE MANOEUVRE

THRILLS

all will be explained next week . . . your surival guide to tomorrow . . . special fallout collectors manual . . . book now . . . repeat . . . this is an early warning broadcast . . . New Musical Express confronts the future . . . a major project . . . all will be explained next week . . . your survival guide to tomorrow . . . special fallout collectors manual . . . book now . . . repeat . . . this is an early

SORE THROAT

ZOMBIE ROCK

&

"I DON'T WANNA GO HOME"

ALBION RECORDS

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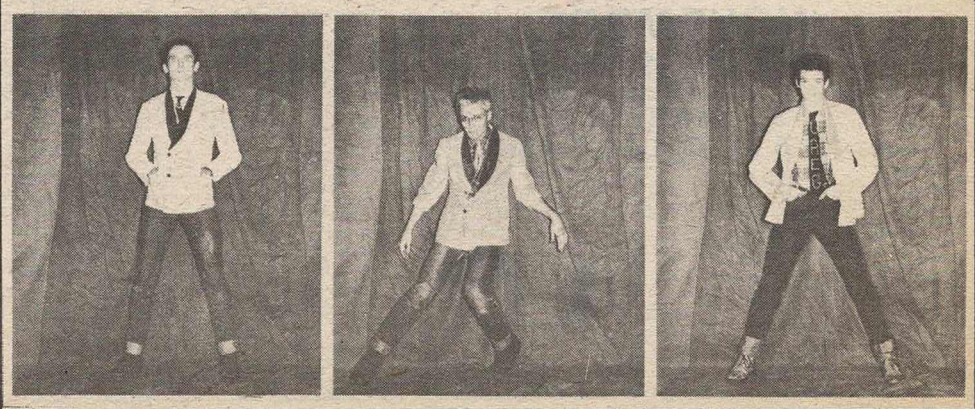
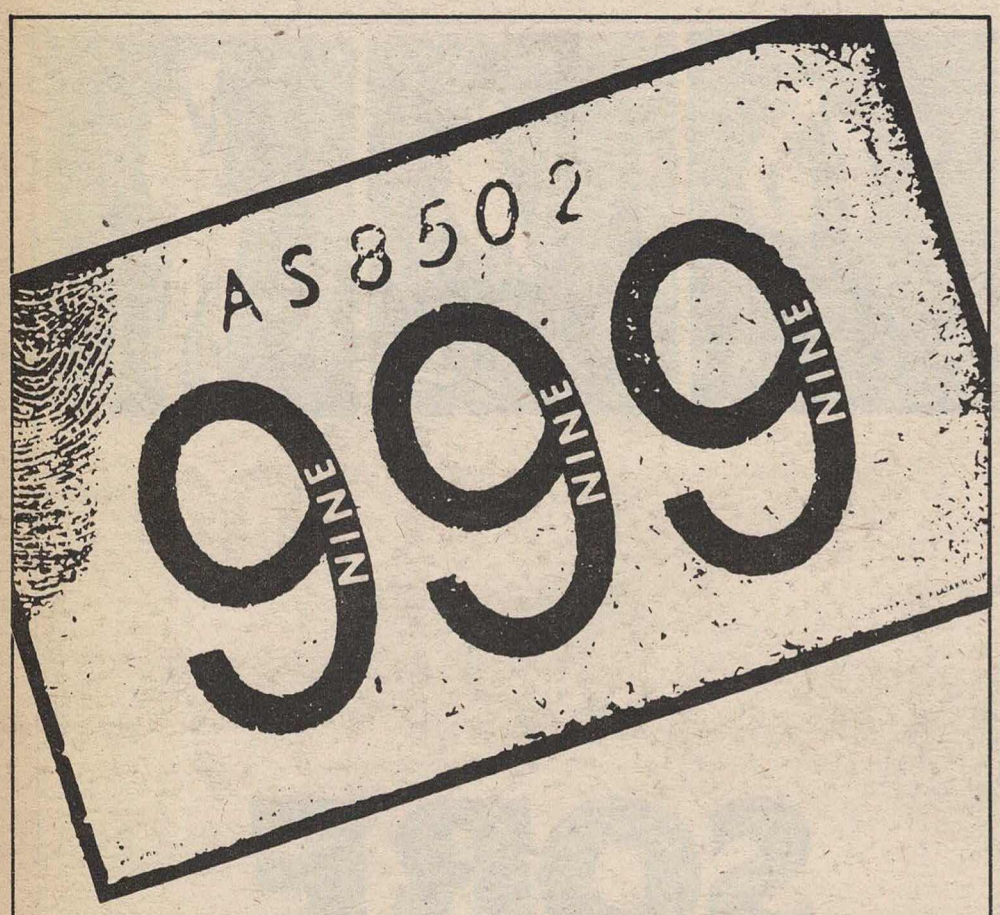




ON TOUR

SEPTEMBER

21 BLACKBURN, King Georges Hall
26 NUNEATON, 77 Club
29 LINCOLN, Technical College
30 LIVERPOOL, Erics (2 Shows)

OCTOBER

1 DUMFRIES, Stagecoach
3 SHEFFIELD,Limit
4 HIGH WYCOMBE, Town Hall
5 NOTTINGHAM, Sandpiper
6 MIDDLESBOROUGH, Rock Garden
7 HUDDERSFIELD,Polytechnic
9 PLYMOUTH, Woods
10 PENZANCE, Garden
11 EXETER, Routes
12 BARNSTABLE, Chequers
13 BATH, University
14 WEST RUNTON, The Pavilion
15 CHELMSFORD, Chancellor Hall
16 SWANSEA, Circles
17 BIRMINGHAM, Barbarellas
18 READING, Bones
20 GLASGOW, Queen Margaret Union
21 STIRLING, University
22 DUNDEE, Samanthas
23 DONCASTER, Outlook
24 MANCHESTER, Polytechnic
25 NEWPORT, Stowaway
26 PORTSMOUTH, Polytechnic
27 LEICESTER, University
28 LOUGHBOROUGH, University
30 KENT University
31 LEEDS, Fan Club

NOVEMBER

1 YORK, Pop Club
2 CARLISLE, Market Hall
3 PRESTON, Polytechnic
5 LONDON, Lyceum

UNITED ARTISTS RECORDS

Radical cheek? Supermarket chic!

LATE '78, Social Security around £20 and in the age of the £5 album you can't afford the tarpaulin grey pressing of The Nihilistics' "Feel So Biological" on Cant Records? There is a solution.

Just relax and devolve down to your local supermarket where you will see revolving racks with albums like "Des O'Connor Sings Max Bygraves". Grim, you say? AT first, maybe — but sift through the dross and you can come up with the occasional nugget that isn't usually reviewed in these pages.

The following is a selection of sounds your *Thrills* reporter picked up in York's local supermarket — all by the original artists and all costing around £1.20. (A word of warning: check to make sure it is the original artist if you're buying from these racks, as many cheap records turn out to be bad cover versions.)

First off I tried Woolworths and found a real gem called "Summer Cruisin'" on K-Tel. For only 89p you can wet your pants again to The Shangri-Las' "Remember Walking In The Sand", or close your eyes, make a broom broom noise with your lips and pretend you're motoring down Sunset Boulevard to "Surf City" by Jan and Dean, "Little G.T.O." by Ronny and the Daytonas, "Pipe Line" by the Chantays, "Palisades Park" by Freddie Cannon, "Daydream Believer" by The Monkees, "Summer In The City" by The Lovin' Spoonful, "The Little Old Lady From Pasadena" by Jan and Dean, "Wipe Out" by The Surfaris, "Sea Cruise" by Frankie Ford, "New Orleans" by Gary U.S. Bonds and nine other cuts of lesser pedigree.

Slightly more expensive but still worthwhile, they also had The Beach Boys "Live In London" on the Music For Pleasure label. It contains 12 tracks including "Darlin'", "Good Vibrations", "Barbara Ann", "God Only Knows", "Wouldn't It Be Nice", "Do It Again" and "California Girls", and though not their definitive live recording, at only £1.49 it's a useful addition to any Beach Boys freak's collection. Also on Music for Pleasure they had stuff by Bolan, Status Quo, Elton John and Joe Cocker. All together now: "That's the Wonder of Woolworths!"

I then sauntered off down the High Street to Prestos and rode the allies on a trolley (kinda like a skateboard without control). What did I find? "Solid Gold Soul" on Pickwick.

A cursory glance by any self-respecting soul buff would tell him that to collect all the cuts on this album individually would set the buyer back a small fortune. For example it contains The Three Caps' "Cool Jerk" which I saw change hands for £15 not long ago. Also included is The Ad Libs' "Boy From New York City" (recently covered by Darts), the original "Twist and Shout" by the immortal Isley Brothers, "Iko" by The Dixie Cups, "Billy's Bag" by Billy Preston, "It's In His Kiss" by Betty Everett, "Mockingbird" by Charlie and Inez Foxx, "Every Beat of My Heart" — Gladys Knight, "Can't Help Myself" — Donnie Elbert, "So Fine" — Ike and Tina Turner, "Oh No Not My Baby" — Maxine Brown, and one to bring a tear to the eye of the All-Nighter crowd: "Long After Tonight Is All Over" by Jimmy Radcliffe. At only £1.20 this album is recommended by ten out of ten housewives — twelve choice cuts and not an ounce of fat or gristle in sight.

A Survival Guide For The Penniless Vinyl Collector With A Big Plastic Bag And A Wire Basket.

Out I go with my plastic bags slung low, on to Tescos — which had a double album, my most expensive buy of the day, entitled "50 Rock And Roll Greats". On Pickwick, at £2.20, it serves as the perfect introduction to early rock and roll. It has eight cuts from Jerry Lee Lewis (Pickwick sure got their priorities right): "Whole Lotta Shakin' Goin' On", "Good Rockin' Tonight", "Great Balls Of Fire", "High School Confidential", "Lewis Boogie", "Breathless", "Pumpin' Piano Rock", and "Milkshake Mademoiselle"; six cuts by Carl Perkins including "Blue Suede Shoes" and "Matchbox". There are contributions from Roy Orbison, Charlie Rich, Conway Twitty, Johnny Cash and Carl Mann, and some lesser known but just as vital tracks such as Bill Justis' "Raunchy" and "Flyin' Saucers Rock and Roll" by Billy Lee Riley. OK, I accept that hard core Teds (and what other kind is there?) will have most of these numbers already — but it's worth the uninitiated shelling out £2.20 to check out their roots, 'cos whatever they tell you, this is where it's all comin' from.

My best find of the day came in the Co-op. Nestling between Pat Boone's "Greatest Hits" and "Disco Star Wars" was The Del Vikings' LP "Come Go With Me" on Contour for only 50p. It's a 1966 compilation of original Del Vikings tracks dating back to 1957 with Chuck Jackson taking lead on the title song and "Whispering Bells". It's undiluted doo-wop — forget the camp nostalgia of revivalist bands and go for the real thing. The over-the-top emotional droolings on "Girl Girl" and "Whillette" will make any rock and roll heart quiver. And don't forget, folks, this album contains 'sincerity' — an ingredient lacking in many top brands.

So I queue at the checkout till, pay my 50p and am just walking off when I hear behind

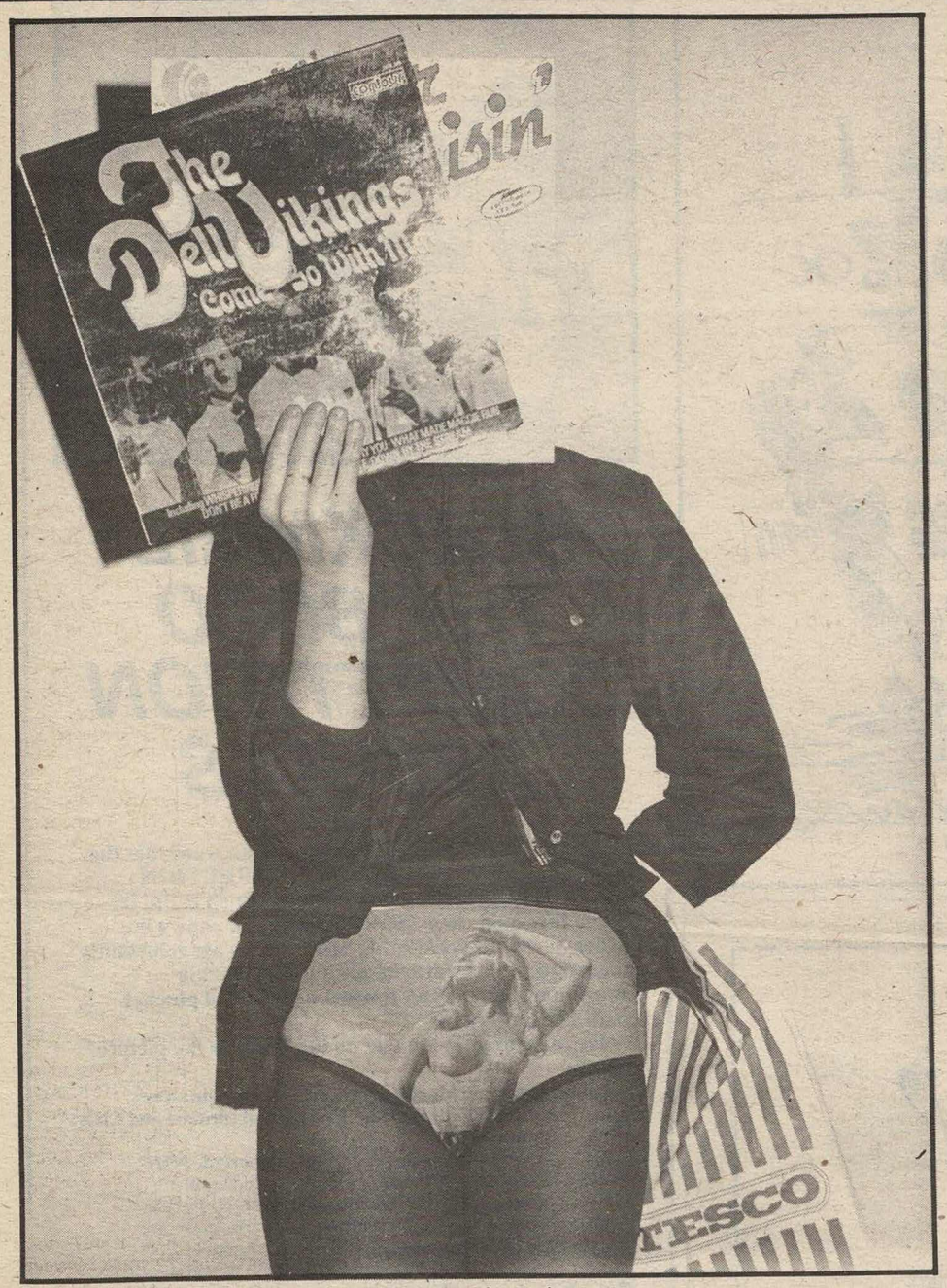
THE RETURN OF THE VAMPIRES

● *From page 17*

of what promises to be one of the greatest movie launches of all time — the release in mid-December of *Superman*.

At a recent meeting at the New York Hilton, the troops of Warner Communications Inc were told of plans for the largest motion picture merchandising strategy ever, backed by an unprecedented $10 million ad campaign.

The movie itself, starring Christopher Reeve in the title role backed up by such mega-stars as Marlon Brando and



Supermarket Chic: nylon kagoule £3.25; nude print underpants 55p; shopping bag 3p; albums 50p and 89p.

me: "Don't forget ya stamps luv!"

The Del Vikings *and* trading stamps? May this be heaven!

Another good place to check out is the Smiths newstall on railway stations, which often have bargain bins containing Smiths record shops stock that doesn't sold well. Again most of it is rubbish, but I found a Delfonics LP on Bell which is worth the price of £1.49 for "La La Means I Love You" alone. It contains eleven songs all produced by Thom Bell, and a nicer slice of early Philly you can't find anywhere.

The Move's "Greatest Hits" was also on sale for £1.35, ten titles with "Flowers In The Rain", "Lemon Tree", "Night Of Fear", "I Can Hear The Grass Grow", "Brontosaurus" and "Fire Brigade" all putting the current 'power poppers' in perspective.

So become a real industrial person OK? — 'cos at these prices you'll have enough money left over for a red nylon kagoule from Taiwan, some nude print underwear or a pair of solid plastic clogs with three-inch soles.

You can then throw away the poor boy '50s Oxfam tat or that romantic Kraftwerk/Devo image of industrial man as a clean clinical clone in a daft white boiler suit standing around in the hard functional lines of a Bauhaus metropolis.

Wear supermarket chic and get instant working class credibility at SWP meetings when your university friends are coming on like Action Men in their Army and Navy Stores para-military outfits or shaved headed Russian dissidents rags!

Oh yeah, and don't forget ya stamps, luv.

STEVE DIXON

THRILLS

J. REVOLTO and OLIVIA NEWTON-VAMPIRE in "Dracula Night Fever".

Gene Hackman, promises a good old-fashioned story line combined with stunning flying effects. What's more, it's just part one. Two movies were shot simultaneously, the second part to released in 1980.

It cost slightly under $50 million for the two, the money raised from Swiss banks and investment companies. Needless to say, Warners are doing everything in their power to make sure such a huge financial gamble pays off in spades.

In the next four months Warner Books will release eight *Superman*-related titles, including a film novelisation with an initial print run of a million, and a book on the making of the film, followed by a John Williams soundtrack album and two singles penned by Paul Williams on Warner Records.

These will all be used to break the ground for the saturation ad campaign tied into some 1,000 products licensed to carry the Superman character.

The movie, which runs just over two hours, will open in London around December 12.

When producer Alexander Salkind was asked how much he thought the film would take at the box office, he said: "I think it will be the biggest grossing film of all time. I know for sure that we'll break every existing box office record on opening day." There's confidence for you.

On the back of this spectacular, studios and producers worldwide are busy signing up the rights to comic book characters and preparing for the billions of dollars of merchandising tie-ins that will result.

In various stages of production are the following big-budget items:—

● *Flash Gordon*, that other costumed crusader of the '30s which made a star of Buster Crabbe. Produced by Dino de Laurentis and directed by Nicholas Roeg on a $25 million budget.

● *Popeye*, live-action not cartoon, rumoured to be starring Dustin Hoffman as the spinach-quaffing sailor with Lily Tomlin as Olive Oyl. It's a musical, scripted by Jules Feiffer and Joe Raposos of *Sesame Street* fame.

● *Conan The Barbarian*, the muscular comic star, will be portrayed on the silver screen by none other than The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man, Arnold Schwarzenegger.

● *Tarzan* — again a live-action with no names announced as yet, but being scripted by Robert Towne of *Chinatown* fame.

Comics have already invaded the small screen, following Marvel Comics' $500,000 deal with CBS for a package of eight characters including *Spiderman, Wonder Woman* and *The Incredible Hulk*. It seems likely that many of these, plus *Batman, Prince Valiant* and a host of other heroes, will transfer from the printed page to the big screen before too long.

Final mention goes to the fact that Floyd Mutrux, director of *American Hot Wax*, is planning a Dick Tracy movie, for which he's trying to collar Harrison Ford for the title role. In case he can't, though he might like to know I'm available.

DICK TRACY

THRILLS

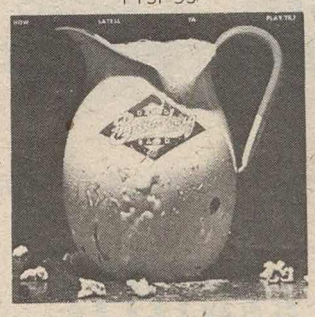
See David Bromberg's life story at the Theatre Royal.

"My music's all I got. It's the sum total. I'm not married. I've got no kids. I spend my life on the road, and I've no hobbies beyond playing guitar, fiddle and mandolin. There's nothing else in my life so don't mess with it."

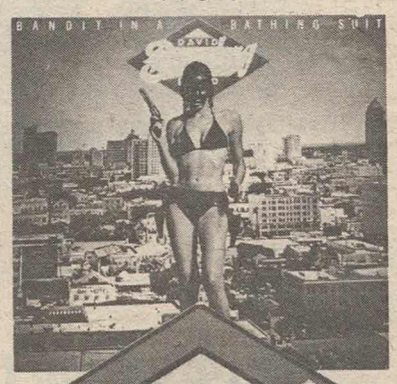
David Bromberg. In concert with his band at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, Oct. 1st.

Then hear his autobiography in three, gripping volumes.

"HOW LATE'LL YA PLAY 'TIL?" FTSP 53



BANDIT IN A BATHING SUIT FT 548



"RECKLESS ABANDON" FT 536

DAVID Bromberg BAND

Fantasy ANOTHER FANTASY TURNS TO FACT EMI

LOWRY

"I sometimes long for the good old days, before the military coup. We never used to have this much trouble in the studio with The Sex Pistols."

BLACKMAIL THE BOZO COMPETITION RESULTS

AS WE GO to press there is still no word that the famous wealthy bozo . . . CORRECTION . . . rock superstar has donated so much as 5p, let alone fifty quid, to a charity of his or our choice in order to stay our chattering lips — so we are reluctantly forded to reveal that said miser is Mr. Ritchie Blackmore, circa 1963/4, when he was lead plucker with The Outlaws.

He, of course, is the one on the fiddle in the picture above.

Grouped around his camp pose are, left to right: Ken Lungren (rhythm guitar), Mike Underwood (drums) and Chas Hodges (usually bass).

No less than 24 sharp-eyed, or long-memoried, *NME* readers sussed out our mystery man — including a representataive of the Ritchie Blackmore/Deep Purple Appreciation Society (whatever next!), to whom we are mucho grateful for reminding us that back in those days Master Blackmore was known as Bluebell! ("Incidentally," they add, "we're not bozos running this club. Rainbow are turning out junk, and we know it!")

Sad to say, we only had three £3.50 record tokens to share amongst you all, so they're off to the first three names out of the hat: Kingsley Abbott of London, S.E.18; B Forkin of St Helens; and Adrian Heath of London, N20.

Later in this week's funpacked *NME* (page 35) you will discover that the lad with the banjo is also belatedly making a name for himself. And if the incorrect answers to this little quiz are anything to go by, it is he, Chas Hodges, who should have been the emergent star from The Outlaws all along — more duffers picked him as the key man than plumped for the fiddle player. Trouble is, a third of the incorrect entrants thought he was Fee Waybill, while the rest swore blind he was Steve Jones!

Blackmore was variously named as Jimmy Page (by four independent witnesses), Robbie Robertson, Iggy Pop, Malcolm McLaren and Sidney Vicious; Lungren got three votes as Paul Simonon and one as Elton John; and Underwood, who's now with Strapps incidentally, drew two John Travoltas and a Rick Wakeman. Oh, and there were unspecified single votes for Graham Gouldman, Bram Tchaikovsky, Glen Matlock, Ron Wood and David Bowie.

Quite a collection, huh?

Anyway, if you didn't get it right, don't despair. Next week, by overwhelming demand, we're running another great *BLACKMAIL THE BOZO* Competition!

Dare you miss it?

THRILLS

A head start

MAIL 12/9/78

MOTOR-CYCLISTS who are protesting about wearing crash helmets do not realise the foolishness of their actions. My son had a very serious head injury 14 years ago, from which he has never fully recovered. The fact that he was wearing a helmet saved his life.

I have been a moped rider for many years and certainly do not feel very glamorous wearing a helmet but I know it's for my own safety.

(Mrs) H. A. PURSEY,
Woodgrange Avenue,
Enfield.

That explains a lot about Jimmy Sham! Sent by Paul Williams of Lampeter.

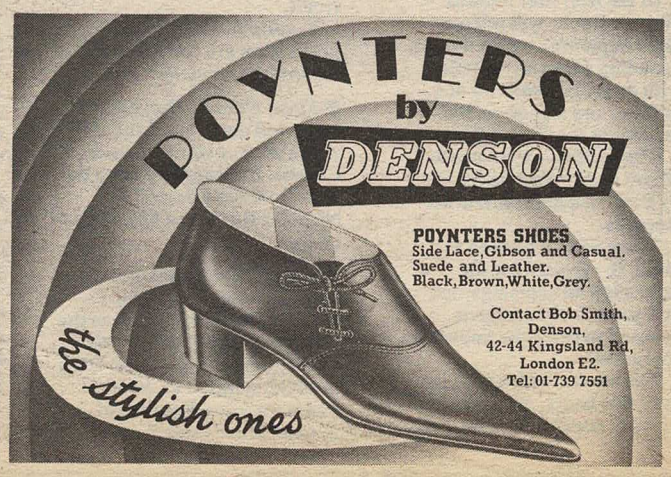
THE END

'L.A. CONNECTION'
THE NEW SINGLE FROM
Rainbow
Rainbow
Long Live Rock 'n' Roll

TAKEN FROM THE ALBUM 'LONG LIVE ROCK 'N' ROLL'

FIRST 20,000 IN RED VINYL WITH A SPECIAL BAG

polydor



MARSHALL, HAIN

THEIR NEW ALBUM

FREE RIDE

THEIR NEW SINGLE

COMING HOME

THEIR AUTUMN TOUR

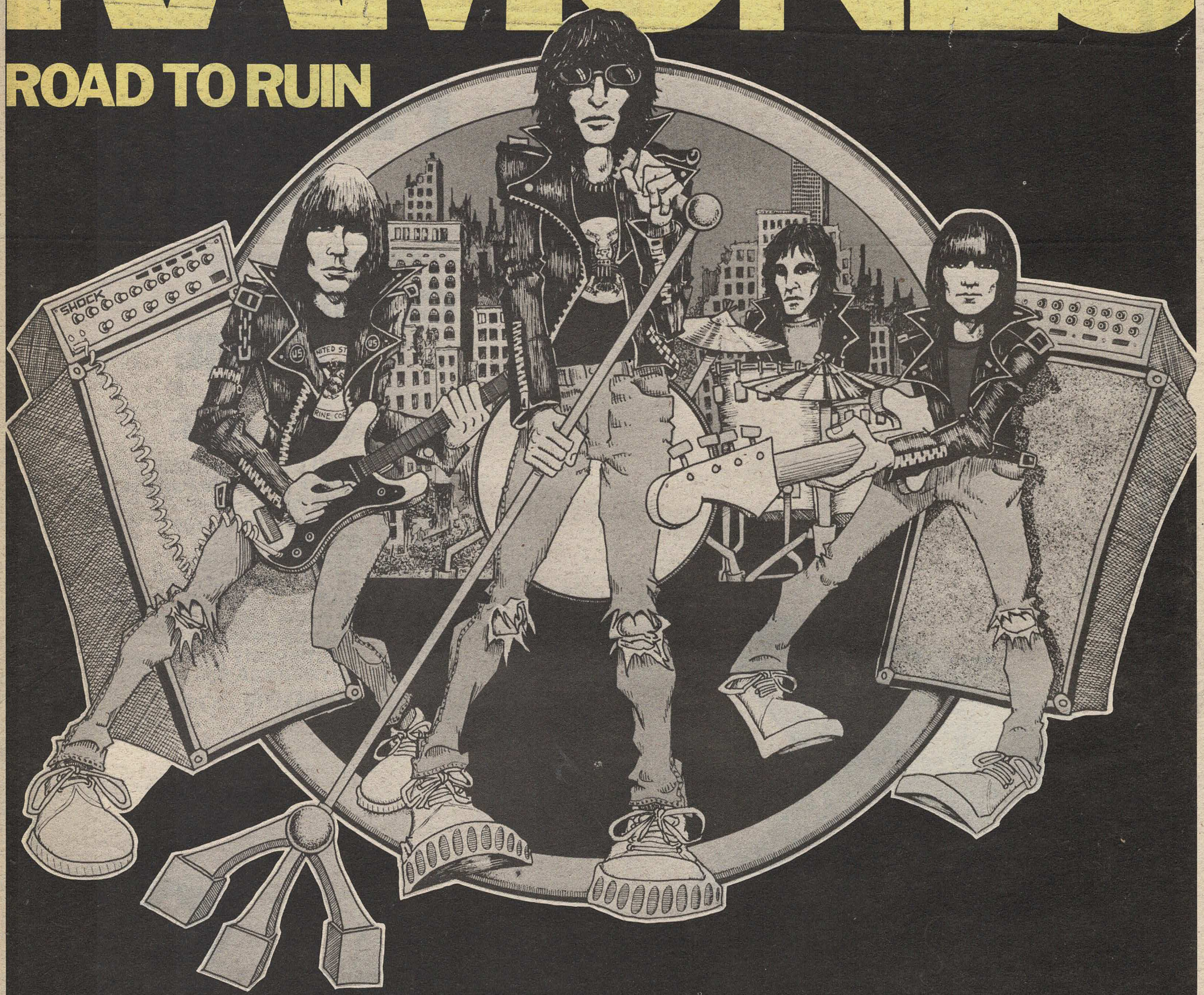
Sept. 28	**BATLEY** Crumpet Club
Sept. 30	**WEST RUNTON** Pavillion
Oct. 1	**BRISTOL** Locarno
Oct. 2	**CARDIFF** University
Oct. 5	**BATH** Pavillion
Oct. 6	**READING** Hexagon
Oct. 7	**ST. ALBANS** City Hall
Oct. 8	**HAYES** Alfred Beck, Middx.
Oct. 10	**NEWARK** Palace Theatre
Oct. 11	**MANCHESTER** Apollo
Oct. 12	**SOUTHPORT** New Theatre
Oct. 13	**WITHERSEA** Spa Pavillion
Oct. 15	**LONDON** Drury Lane

HARVEST

ON HARVEST RECORDS & TAPES

RAMONES

ROAD TO RUIN



THE RAMONES TAKE YOU DOWN THE ROAD TO RUIN

September 21 Plymouth Metro · 23 Ulster Hall, Belfast · 24 State Cinema, Dublin · 26 Locarno Bristol · 28 Newcastle City Hall · 29 Free Trade Hall, Manchester · 30 Odeon Theatre, Birmingham.
October 2 Odeon, Hammersmith · 3 Cardiff University · 4 Leeds University · 5 Warwick University · 6 Edinburgh University · 7 Queen Margaret Union, Glasgow.

Available on Sire Records SRK 6063
European Representation, Barry Dickens for ITB

OPEN THE BOX

AND LET 'EM OUT

THE DUST HAS settled on that particular phase, and it's quite cold now. Sooner than almost anybody expected, the realisation that everything worth saying had been said dawned on the youth who were doing all the talking. A rejuvenated sense of chic, a new fashion-consciousness — it's hardly the legacy some hoped to bequeath. Or others inherit.

Initially it was imperative to formulate and present an easily assimilated and as united a front as possible. Lest things became a little too diverse and complex to comfortably keep the lid on. The scare was on. Press and publicists, either through wilful ignorance or well-intentioned error, renewed their lease on the most accessible get-out clause. The soft option was, as ever, to categorise an open door that let the light out, a loop-hole to wear as a halo. So what if the concept was dangerously broad, the sainted saviours still end up with shit on their shoes.

The bands who suffered the most were bands who had the bare faced cheek to be deceptive. The bands, who at first sight *appeared* to slot nicely into the coalition, but on closer inspection confounded the general principle. Which meant the works could get seriously gummed up. Which could've made things needlessly difficult. Which meant evasive action had to be taken. A sharp, no nonsense put down. Expose the bounders for the sham and underhand masquerade they must surely be. Alternatively, ignore them completely and hope everybody else does likewise.

A text book case it would seem are 999, a band who came to the surface more or less via the eye of the storm early '77. A cursory surface inspection by the professional observer would reveal four young men, conforming fairly rigidly to the current vogue, though perhaps artfully more conservative. While not taking things to the irksome plastic and cosmetic extreme of their more head-line conscious colleagues, 999 are close enough to the contemporary norm for them to be dropped into the ready made tick tacky box, which is always easier to get in than out.

"What I say and the way I dress / it's got nothing to do with the need to impress. / I've got an appetite to hold on tight. / Thinking aloud it may hurt. / I'm on the alert . . ."

"Titanic (My Over) Reaction"

No, the image is easy meat. The shit doesn't really hit the fan until you try to tie the image to the music. The music, after all, is just not up to what the visuals would suggest. Not different enough to prompt any aspiring champion (on the look-out for a cause) to breathlessly herald the clammy-handed ascension of the fourth generation.

Shallow, imperceptive criticism is, without doubt, a greater danger to a young band's morale than bum instruments, a hostile audience, loser management deals, religion, stale beer, bad gear, the clap, right-wing extremists, cash flow problems, crowded cafes, Idi Amin, *The Sun*, and the return of capital punishment — a fact 999's Nick Cash accepts philosophically.

"Punk, new wave, power pop, we've been called all those. Which in a way is a good thing — we don't want to be easy to classify."

SHREWD AND friendly simultaneously rather than by turn, Nick Cash is a very careful and in control person. I'm here to do a job, and this he knows.

If situations were no more than the sum of their parts, this confrontation could have easily degenerated into a sour edged stand-off. However, as I said, he's a very in control person, and besides, he's not about to make any mistakes at this stage in the game. With four singles and a relatively successful debut album behind them, and the all important follow-up ready to launch, now is no time to juke the entire operation.

With a quaint old world charm it seems now, that almost belongs to another world, I remember my predecessors would recount with reverence the 'dues' that some John Doe rock star had paid. The paying of dues. Karmic consequence. It used to be a very popular qualification, a convenient back line of defence for self-conscious nouveau stars who were not yet elevated to a position where the slings and arrows couldn't reach. You know the line: *"Hey man I've got a right. I've suffered for chrissake. I've paid my dues."*

For what it's worth in 1978 Nick Cash has paid his dues. In and out of bands since he was 15, he almost struck pay-dirt despite himself, playing guitar in Kilburn And The High Roads. A desire to concentrate more fully on a song writing partnership he'd been cultivating with former school friend and fellow guitar player Guy Days, coupled with a feeling of general dissatisfaction at the way things appeared to be heading in the Kilburns, gave him reason enough to leave.

JOHN HAMBLETT dials 999 and shouts instructions

Then, like a two chord riff that won't go away, and which must sound depressingly familiar to hundreds of would-be song-writers came:

1. Hawk your precious songs round the record companies. Offensively polite. Life on the receiving end. Frustration at the inevitably ineffectual strokes you knew you were in no position to pull anyway. Professional disinterest backed up with meaningless apologies.

2. Form your own band. Because that's the only way to get things out in the open.

Thus in the grand old tradition 999 came into being. Ironically the songs in which no record company was interested in 1975/76 — including United Artists, with whom 999 are now signed — made up the bulk of the material on their pilot album, completed during the winter of '77. At first 999 were Nick Cash and Guy Days (a handsome young man in the classical fashion. Relatively quiet. Not aggressively silent, just confident in Cash's ability to handle the situation). Both were guitar players on the look out for a rhythm section.

Enter Pablo Labritain, a drummer. Perhaps the most overtly dedicated member of the band, Pablo is as active in the physical side of band promotion as Cash is with the verbal/aesthetic. He's happy to do the leg work, eager to please, body and soul in the here and now.

Enter too Jon Watson — tailormade to fit every adjective used to describe the physical manifestation of the bass player's psyche. Unmistakably of the genre.

TAKING FULL advantage of the unimpeachable 'safe ground' that hindsight offers up is not a stunt used exclusively by rock journalists. All paid watch-dogs indulge enthusiastically. When the heat's on the wise ones sit in the shade and watch and take notes as the young and the wild lick at the candy in the gutter. The wise ones end up with icing, cake, *and* the mixing bowl. Most recently the wise ones have broken cover to tell us all exactly why the fuse didn't burn all the way to the motherlode this time. And why certain groups actually did manage to survive the maelstrom if not with flying colours, all of them, then at least with brains (and bank balances) intact.

The qualities they talk of are projected vision. Tenacity. Musical talent — most people now find themselves able to admit that after all it is (batting eye-lids and nervous giggle) still quite important. A sales pitch. A marketable vision of the Modern.

Most of the stock answers could be applied to 999, with varying degrees of accuracy.

999 music is well structured urban rock. Inner-city obviously. Its root sources are diverse enough to make the listening process interesting, but not so opposed as to render it directionless pulp. It's rhythmic rather than textural. Its modernisms are adapted only where they can be used constructively. The first album, in presentation at least, conformed to the prevalent musical ethos. The songs were all short and mostly fast. It was not, though, as radical — musically or lyrically — as was confidently expected from young men with short hair cuts and high rise backgrounds to match. Mainly it was just catchy — this at a time when commercial potential was a commodity most bands were loath to admit to having any of.

(Record companies, of course, never let the prime objective slip from them. Obscure is fine boys, radical is simply marvy, just so long as it sells. That's all we ask.)

"Our aim has always been to become as good as we possibly can at what we do. Which is not to say musical competence is the most important factor; you can watch a group of musicians on stage, and they might be brilliant, but if the spark's not there . . . nothing. That spark has to be there to cause the reaction, and the reaction is the important thing to us. That feeling when you're listening to a band and you know there's something inside you trying to get out. You've got to get up and dance. I mean, there are some records you just can't listen to sitting down. That's what we want.

"As long as you can play well enough to put your ideas into practice, that's all you need."

Realising the importance of the vital chemistry is fundamental. The desperate struggle to produce next year's thing should not be allowed to obscure that fact, as unfortunately it sometimes does with bands trying *sooooo* hard to drag the future backwards, to merge now with when, creating in the process nothing more than electronic slums. It's the musical equivalent of an architectural folly, only minus the aesthetic commitment.

"Our new album ('Separates') is definitely a progression from the first, rather than a departure," says Cash. "But that's not to say I know how far we've come. One, two, maybe even three steps forward, I don't know."

I listened to the album a couple of times at their publicist's office, obviously too brief an encounter on which to base any constructive criticism. However, a couple of points did stand out:

a) The band have taken matters into their own hands and become a little more adventurous. Apparently feeling safe enough at home base to explore further afield, they're adopted a left wing approach to what is basically a conservative song structure. Stretching out rather than taking off.

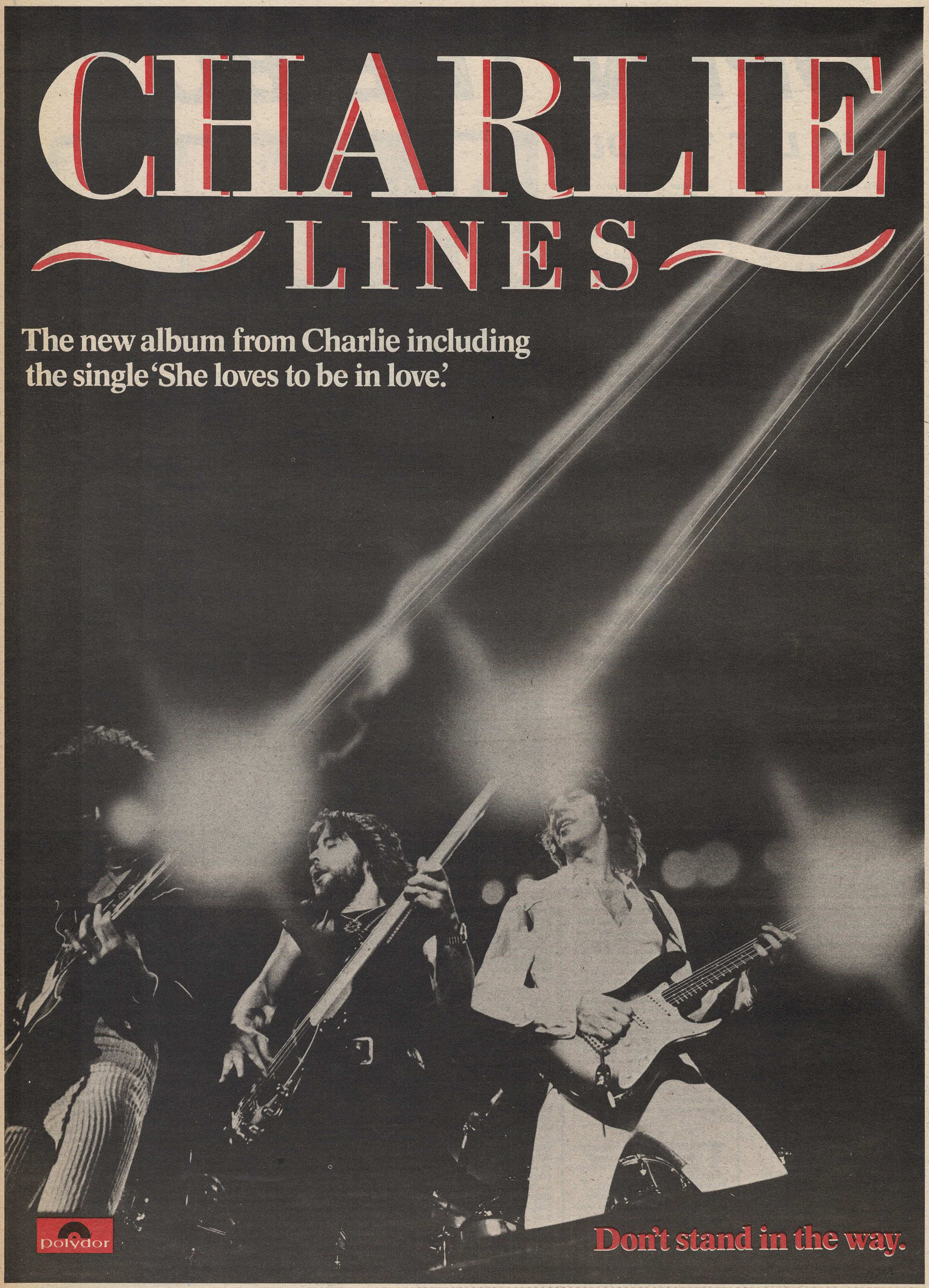
b) The songs are still catchy. Investigative commercialism. (One point Nick Cash was most anxious that I make was that the band are currently negotiating with United Artists in the hope that they'll be able to release a free single with a limited number of albums.)

■ Continues page 61

999: (L—R): Jon Watson, Pablo Labritain, Nick Cash, Guy Days *Pic: PENNIE SMITH*

CHARLIE LINES

The new album from Charlie including the single 'She loves to be in love.'



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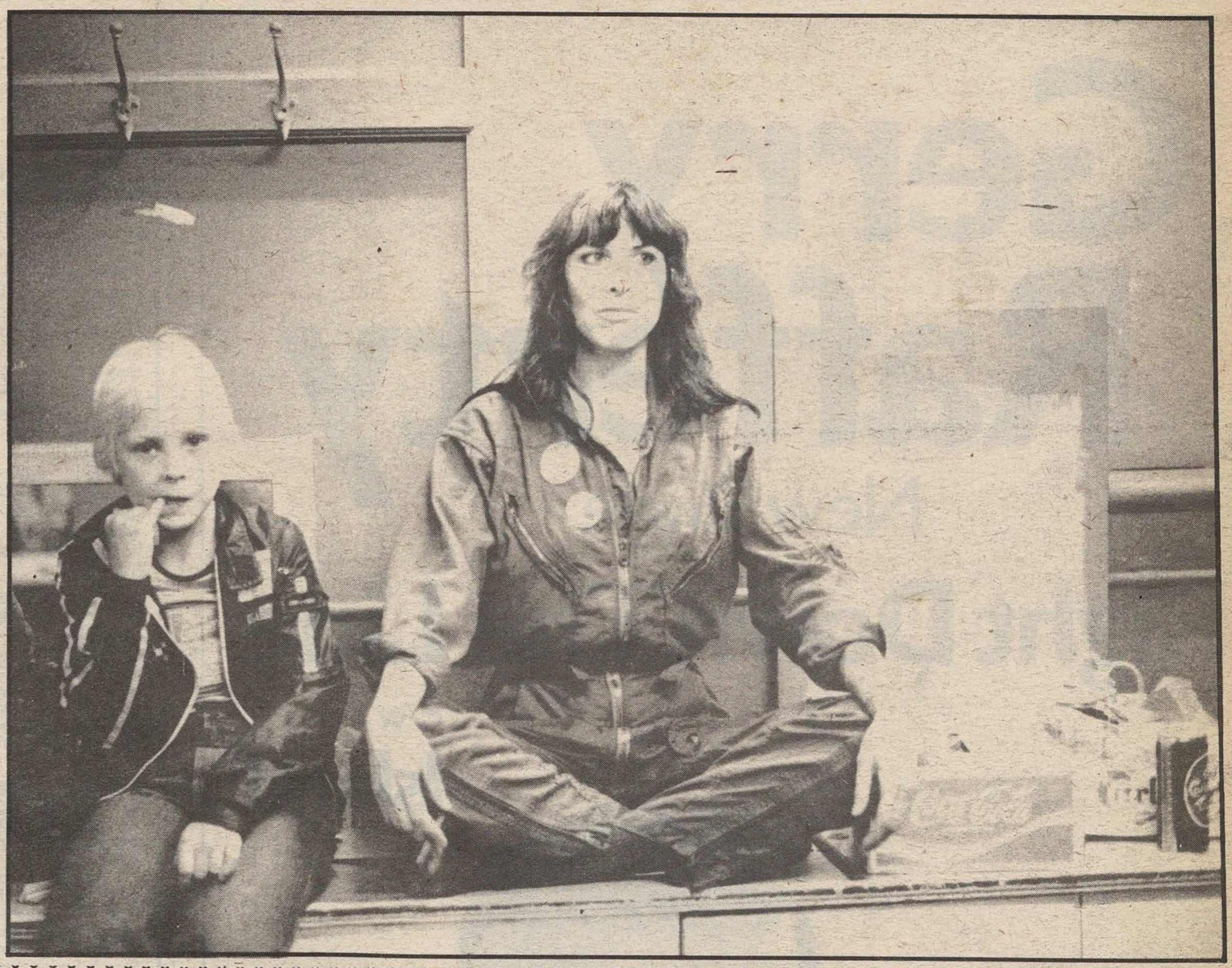
Don't stand in the way.



ANNETTE PEACOCK
A ROCK & ROLE ALTERNATIVE

Interview: IAN PENMAN
Photographs: PENNIE SMITH

"I THINK what happened was, after I left New York all the anger and the toughness and the hostility seemed to dissipate — and in the friendliness of the English countryside there just didn't seem to be any reason to be angry anymore, so it went quite philosophical and peaceful and romantic . . ."

And in conversation she is all three.

Annette Peacock now lives in Camberley, Surrey. Her precious, patchwork cottage hides in six unattended acres. These are her chosen alternatives to the oft-idealised claustrophobia of N.Y. State.

In New York, the latter half of the '60s, she was playing and composing prolifically — sad, daring, deep-end jazz freedom, an essential part of the avant-garde.

Feelings change. She fell in love, out, and the music evolved — from introverted instrumental to the catholic moodiness of rock — a method centred in lyrics as opposed to the lyricism of jazz, brushes with Bowie and Eno en route.

"X Dreams", on Aura, 1978: pop avant-garde music, open, seductive, and intelligent. And in conversation she is all three.

"WELL, I'M constantly experimenting with the amount of freedom that the audience will allow me. It's this dichotomy between where I feel comfortable and what the audience is receptive to and will accept. It's a very delicate balance.

"You *can* do just exactly what you wanna do musically but you're limiting yourself to a very small audience.

"One thing which has made it very difficult to keep the continuity of making records — if you're not part of a movement, then it's very difficult to find an outlet in terms of the business machine which distributes your music."

How different is it working in rock music?

"Well, that first album ('I'm The One' 1971) was incredibly disciplined, because I hadn't really up to that point written anything that was in time, with strict chord changes — I'd been writing exclusively for the jazz avant-garde musicians.

"When I was doing avant-garde I could make up all the rules. The important thing with that is to have a continuity, a unity of feel to it, an aesthetic balance — but you can take as much freedom as you want.

"But now I'm working with forms that already exist, right? You're trying to be imaginative and creative and discover how much freedom you can take with those traditions.

"I want to gradually work with the freedoms that the audience are willing to accept and then take them along. Eventually you may get to the ideal — which is a free song form."

"X DREAMS", side one, is three songs which confront, accuse, seduce via, successively, deep metaphysical and physical blues, post-"Station To Station" hard and hollow funk, and suggestive, clinging, cross-sexual balladry.

"My Mama Never Taught Me How To Cook" and "Dear Bela" are frightened and independent love/sex songs, both self-less and hungrily personal. Oh at long last — to hear the pain and processes of the singer, *not* the songwriter!

A hypnotic, taut-stomach, near-hysterical carnal escalation of sexual tension — so seldom caught, especially by rock music.

Each word is trapped, considered, raped, a range of possible emotions reflected — a method more in line with the jazz revolution of the '60s: Coltrane, Ayler, Coleman fighting with what lay beneath the surface harmony. So it's a fusion record — perhaps the *first* fusion record . . .

"REAL AND Defined Androgens" — the middle, long, threatening piece on side one: harsh, shifting intonation over a tinny low-funk nightmare.

"*The magazine in the other hand portrays the / Airbrush dream of perfection / A connection which demands that the soul of femininity supplant itself into the / Shell which offers itself to the / Fantasy . . . But the man deceives himself with the seductiveness of the media / Until to live within a distortion becomes a thrill / And the responsibility to reality is TOO REAL to be a turn on / BURN ON . . . And oiling / His machine, he works it / Hard / committed, he / Rides himself to foam . . .*"

"Well, that song is using masturbation as a symbol, to describe man's nature objectively, as a creature, without imposing any personal kind of identity on it.

"It's the whole thing, uh, what's happened with sexuality today as a result of capitalising on it — in terms of *selling*, and making money — just as a form of capitalism. Which has destroyed in a sense what it really is all about —'cos it's about a way of getting high, right? It's a contact, it's a dual unity. You can't buy it — you're lucky if you can experience it.

"It's so much easier to work in terms of your fantasies, instead of with the reality of the real person. So some people get into masturbation to such an extent that they can't relate to another person.

"It's making love like Woody Allen said in *Annie Hall:* Be careful, y'know, because you're talking about making love with someone I love!

"It's distorted. The fantasy becomes more real, the reality becomes *too real* to be a turn on.

"After you understand a man — this creature, it's like the myth of Sisyphus — he's always rolling the rock up the hill and it comes back down again . . . And it's the same thing with a woman basically, because a woman has these same kinds of desires, so we're both, man and woman are both *'Slaves to the ceaseless releases we reach / But will never possess.'* — it keeps on going.

"So if you understand that then you look at each other . . . The woman can finally say, well, she doesn't use sex as politics to manipulate a man and control a man.

"It's really a song for women to understand men."

"IF IT'S about the truth, you can't present one side. The two sides are complementary and antagonistic.

"It's all about the same thing — love and relationships, just standing outside and looking from different perspectives. I don't just say one thing about it, I *can't* just say one thing about it — there's not only one truth, there are many truths."

"X Dreams" is a deliberately two-sided (and unified) album. Side two's four songs are more personal, involved, subdued.

They are songs written clear, with the knowledge that the doubt and pain cannot be excluded, and cannot be manufactured. And the 'two sides'? Love and sex, objectively and subjectively, the effect of two different environments on one person . . .

"You can't just have blind faith any more today with the way things are moving. Parents don't stay together, your friends don't stay together, so how are you gonna go into a relationship? You can't say, 'Yeah, this is forever,' but you can't be so disillusioned that you've lost all your faith. 'Too Much In The Skies' is about changes that are happening between man and women — because women are getting much more determined and self-sufficient. Men are becoming much more dreamers, aren't they?

"With women taking over some of the responsibilities, roles have changed — so it's always this conflict where a woman is determined to be attractive to a man who's a little bit of a dreamer, but she has this conflict that 'If I can get it together, so can you!'

"So what she does is she usually throws him out — she can't deal with the fact that *she* is the strong one in the relationship, because she knows by her nature that she is supposed to be taken care of.

"But for the very qualities that she is attracted to this person for, those are the qualities that stand in the way of them continuing their relationship . . .

"As the roles are changing now it's very difficult for a man — because of his nature, to dominate. Because he *knows* he is strong in ways that women are not, and he wants to feel this supremacy in a sexual kind of way. Even if it does not manifest itself in other ways, at least in a sexual kinda way.

"He's got to come to an understanding that he's got to allow the woman that freedom — and although men will say to you over and over again, 'I want you to be free to create', they have this anxiety y'see, because if there's something that you're doing that they can't do, or you're doing the same thing and they're competing with you . . ."

"Never had no one to say 'Yeah! You're right! You're beautiful and free / It gets me high to see you fly . . .'"

HAVE YOU received much encouragement?

"I've never been encouraged . . . I find the reverse. What happens is — if a man wants you he won't encourage you toward any steps that'll take you in another direction; and it happens that way with women too, they won't encourage a man to manifest his dream 'cos they're afraid that, y'know, he'll leave her behind.

"If you wanna do something and you feel highly motivated, a woman that's devoted to you exclusively becomes a liability; because every time she does something for you it involves attention.

"You want a relationship where you're gonna drown each other in your love for each other and you can't survive in the world because you've got your arms wrapped around one another like a story from Plato's symposium.

"That song ('My Mama Never Taught Me How To Cook') is saying, y'know, that a woman's destiny is to create! At this point in time she can't make 11 and 12 babies — she's gotta find alternative ways to create. It's in her nature, just like it's in a man's nature to be a certain kinda way . . .

"So if she turns to doing something, to art or music, a man should not interfere with that because he is stifling her very nature which she cannot come to terms with."

"I mean it's ideal if you're with somebody that you wanna be with — then you get a real balance in your life, and from that, from that kinda strength of two people being together, those two opposites, you can create *anything* — that's a strength, that's not a weakness. It's just a question of being with the right person."

A simple case of yin and yang.

SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY

Interpretations:
The Paul Bley Synthesizer Show (Milestone)
Open, To Love — Paul Bley (ECM)
Paul Bley With Gary Peacock (ECM)
Ballads — Paul Bley (ECM)

Collaborations:
Improvisie — Paul Bley / Annette Peacock / Han Bennink (America)
Unity — Paul Bley / Annette Peacock (Polydor)
Revenge — Paul Bley / Annette Peacock (Polydor)

Solo:
I'm The One (RCA)
X Dreams (Aura)

Gerry Rafferty

New Single

Right Down The Line

c/w

Island

From The Album

City To City

UAS 30104

UNITED ARTISTS RECORDS ®

UP 36445

THE YACHTS: Look Back In Love (Not In Anger) (Radar). Young men make vibrant, spacey pop music for you to tape and play when you travel by scooter. Bouncy-bouncy-bouncy, with that well known articulate organ sound that makes The Yachts what they are. Moderate. But it's clean, MODERN FUN and there is no mention of VD at all and XTC would be proud of them and it's in a sea of blue vinyl with a message from Sam Kydd on the cover, so who cares about the music. You're buying a tin of beans. Been fishing?

THE PIRATES: Shakin' All Over (Warner Bros). Elderly men make music to tape and play for when you travel by train. Chug-Chug-Chug and no chance of a derailment. Song written by Ted Heath during his soft liberal period. Is the word 'macho', 'mandy' or 'masticate'.

DAVID JOHANSEN: Funky But Chic (Blue Sky).
JOHNNY THUNDERS: You Can't Put Your Arm Around A Memory (RR).

Two 'leaders' showing us where to go next. Huh!! Johansen's pathetic sliver of exaggerated camp is something I'd expect from Carl Wayne on *Seaside Special*, Chanter Sisters and all.

Thunders goes vaguely poetical and moody, retaining that cool, loose cigarette out of the corner of the mouth funkiness that is his forte, slopping Young, Dylan, Melanie, Spector, Mike Harding around in a bowl and almost spewing up. The A-Side uses The Only Ones' Peter Perret on guitar and the Hot Rods' Paul Gray on Bass, the sluggish and disturbed B-Side "Hurting" uses Phil Lynnot on bass. You're meant to respond accordingly. *Snouds* will probably find it 'valid' but they've yet to lose their virginity.

ALBERTO Y LOS TRIO PARANOIAS: Heads Down Mindless Boogie (Logo). Sadly uninspired, insipid parody of The Barron Knights, still living in the past. Title track heavy metal, B-side pink, C-side punk (a replay of the pink side only with Fuck instead of Thank), D-side a berdum dee dee interview between 'Bob Harris' and 'Roddy Llewelyn'. Chris Lee really wants to be a journalist. I really want to be an idiot. I've got strings to hold me down.

ROLLING STONES: Respectable (Rolling Stones Records). The Stones, meanwhile, are a part of the huge swindle that's dragging everything within sight into the vague desires and fights of the long ago '60s. Look at Jan Wenner in *Rolling Stone*, panicking, and feverishly hanging onto his youth and some semblance of idealism or radicalism, penning what is little more than an editorial dragging all the '60s kids right into the '80s , panting, ranting and coming all for a bunch of pretty smart actors.

The Stones are minor rock'n'roll academics. They don't mean nothing, shouldn't but God will they ever be allowed to rest. It's O.K. to cleverly mimic, find new roles, project them, perpetuate the hooks, myths and meaning, but no-one under 24 wants to hang on to what they're meant to represent. It's bad enough that we must scuttle about under the dark cloud of ponderous importance and influence.

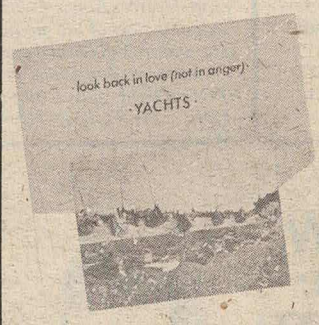
The Stones do deserve something. They deserve to be happy that they are the equivalent in the '80s of Chuck Berry in the '70s. Washed out, dead beat, with fond memories. But naah, helped by an elderly, scared media hanging o-o-o-on, they're there and it looks like they always will be. I'd agree with Justin Hayward that "Respectable" is matter-of-factly autobiographical, but that's a cheap way out and falls in line with the universal modes of thought about reason, rebellion and aah-reputation. All it is an impassioned commercial rock number, Boomtown Rats without the boom, pace or fun.

SORE THROAT: Zombie Rock (Albion). Yet another production by Martin Rushent, whose best work remains his aiding of mid-period Shirley Bassey. Sore Throat are one of those moderately anarchistic mildy theatrical club combos, with honourable musical regurgitation skill, a passion for 'humour' and gentle 'parody' — like Gaffa or the Real Ones (The Fabulous Poodles), who all share an adulation for the late 50's structures. This number is exactly as the title would indicate, and that's very dull. You won't remember it from *"Revolver"*, but I do 'cos my budgie hung itself while it was on. My budgie hated the '50s. And the 60's. As for the '70s . .

TREVOR RABIN: Getting To Know You Better (Chrysalis).
RAZAR: Idle Rich (Charisma).

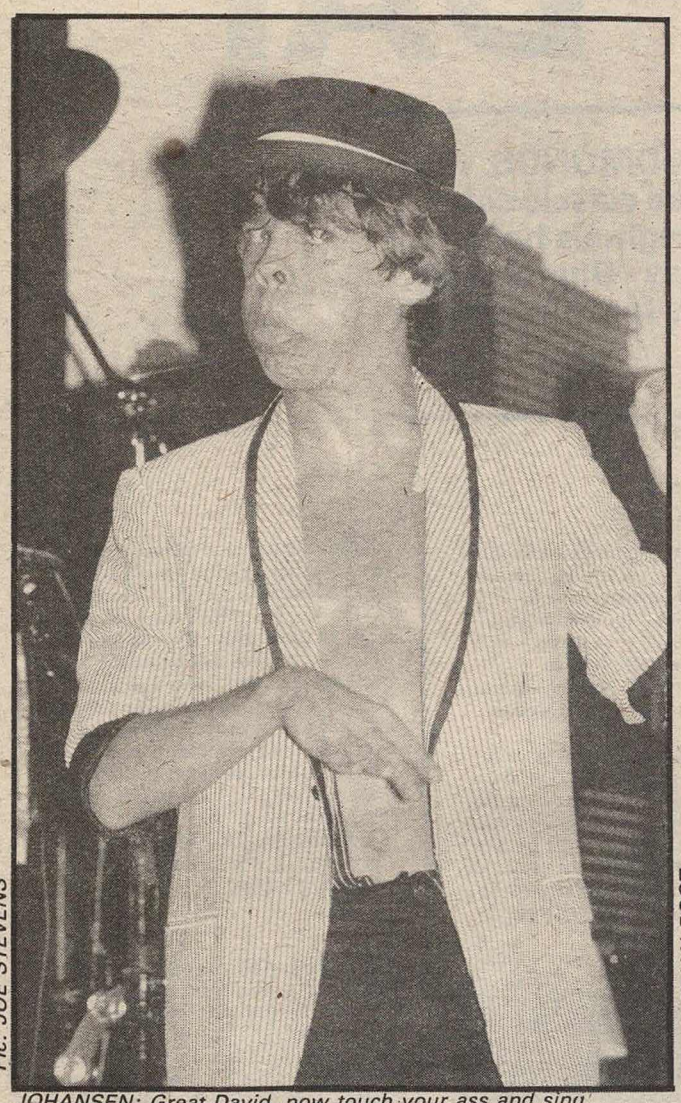
Chrysalis's modern music man makes music that's a cross between The Rich Kids, Bad Company, Uriah Heep and The Glitter Band. But the lad's pretty and seems to have some good poses, and the packaging's colourful and so *modern*. Oh yes, modern music for today's sharp affluent bubbleicious chomping kneepadded kids with pounds to spend!

Charisma's modern music group make music that's a cross between Woody Woodmansey's U-Boat, Slik, T. Rex — and Bad Company yet again. Solicitor Mick Ralphs' influence comes to the foré. Raz are really ugly but the packaging is *NOT MODERN* so, who-ah, no chance. Modern plus any combination of pretty, ugly, useless, silly, eccentric and nostalgic. That's the new way! Let's be modern in 1980!



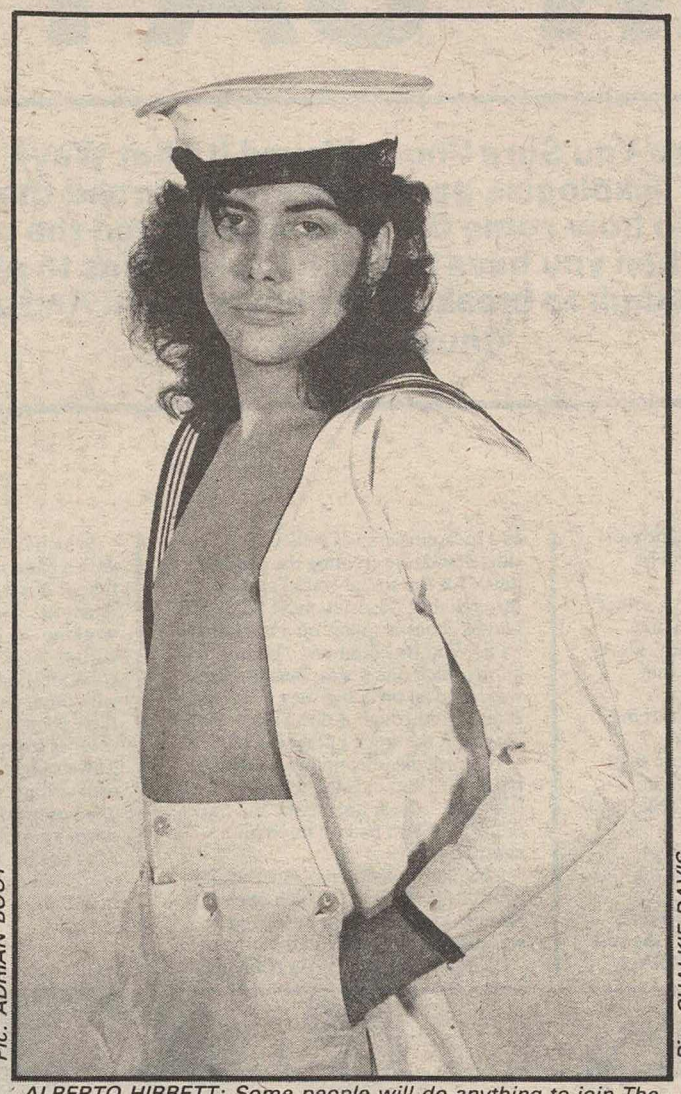
BRAM TCHAIKOVSKY: Sarah Smiles (Criminal). This is as modern and visionary as anything on Stiff Records. A wilfully low-key rock tune shot meaningfully from the hip,

SINGLES



Pic: JOE STEVENS

JOHANSEN: Great David, now touch your ass and sing



Pic: ADRIAN BOOT

ALBERTO HIBBETT: Some people will do anything to join The Yachts.

Pic: CHALKIE DAVIS

JAGGER: Join 'em? I own several.

BAD WEEK FOR MEN IN HATS

missing its target. Its target is to steal its way into your heart, to change your life, to make you happy. Impressed, huh! People care about you! 'Seriously' it slides about tidily and atmospherically, a proper suggestion of a real constitution of the debut Motors album, which really wasn't a swindle.

KILBURN AND THE HIGH ROADS: Billy Bentley (Warner Bros). The label subtly broadcasts 'featuring Ian Dury'. Dury is an intolerably overrated music hall performer, who shrewdly lives in the rock business 'cos rock audience are a well known bunch of suckers who fall for anything with just a modicum of eccentricity Roy Hudd backed by the re-vamped Roxy Muzak would lead us into the '80s. This unearthed ditty has all the components of Dury's recent success — Cockney intimacy, pumping rock'n'roll, light swinging jazz — in premature attendance.

CARLENE CARTER: Love Is Gone (Warner Bros). You're meant to be impressed that Ms Carter was stretched, moved or inspired to utilise British musicians The Rumour for her current album (from which this is lifted) and Bob Andrews and Brinsley Schwarz to produce it. Surely if you want to make smooth, ineffectual rock-country that's just where you go. Dolly Parton will be next.

GORDON AND JULIE: Gordon's Not A Moron (Pogo). This has nothing to do with Rabid, but probably a lot to do with Jonathan King. It's a moribund, humourless Jilted John cash-in, the anonymous culprits typically misunderstanding the genius that went into the original they so superficially plunder for a feeble 'next instalment'. Two mistakenly cast Cockney characters vengefully chat about John's inferiority and such above a simplistic sharp guitar back-up. Vain attempts are made to come up with moments of inspiration but the whole thing drowns in its own ultimate disinterest and ignorance.

JENNY DARREN: Heartbreaker (DJM). Darren has failed to learn the lessons of Brooks (MOR it) or Bell (TV theme) so still clenches the teeth, screws her face, and boogies on and on and it's a crying shame. Her new album is called "Queen Of Fools". Quite so.

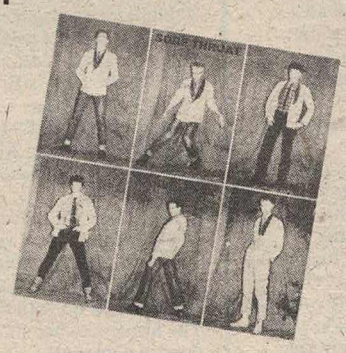
MARSHALL HAIN: Coming Home (Harvest). Marshall comma Hain. Betya never knew that. A well-moulded pastoral ballad. There is much 'intelligence' at work here. They could probably have made the new Stones album, or Jonathan King could have probably made this. Or Nick Lowe. Or Martin Rushent.

ELAINE PAGE: Don't Walk Away (EMI). The nationals made a magnificently misplaced furore over this remarkably unremarkable lady when she was chosen for the *Evita* lead-role. A star is born no less. Crap. On this outing she sings more nervously and strained than Twiggy or Cheryl Ladd.

CAPTAIN AND TENILLE: You Never Done It Like That (A&M). A man and woman who've had the sense to update their sound, whereas The Carpenters never bothered and whatever happened to them. Not as artificial as Abba, but the rhythm half sounds like a drum machine. Co-written by Neil Sedaka, currently modelling Tony Blackburn dummies in Alaska. A giant of a man. Mick Jagger, not Neil Sedaka.

Says Reviewer PAUL MORLEY

THE KING SINGERS: Strawberry Fields Forever (EMI). You wouldn't believe the ingenious tricks used for the packaging of this record. For the collectors among you, the vinyl is RED. Really!! For the gourmets there's a scratch'n'sniff stawberry on the front cover! For the voyeurs, the middle portion of an undressed lady with a pile of strawberries flavouring her rude part forms the cover. And for itellectuals, producer Greg Lake has his name in letters as big as the Singers. The song, apparently written by the '60s Devoto and Shelley, Lennon and McCartney, is actually rendered with more control, style and vision then all ELP's albums shoved together, with Barclay James Harvest and The Moody Blues' collective



works thrown in. Yet it still made me come out in a rash.

ALAN PARSONS PROJECT: What Goes Up (Arista). If Alan Parsons was called Henry Alan Parsons, and his group called the Project Of Youth, they'd be known as 'Happy'. The single is a heavy combination of effete European electronics, George Benson, 10cc and Paul McCartney — in fact, all the bad things in life. I threw it away but it still hasn't come down; someone up there must like it. That's why the world's in such a mess.

JOHNNY MATHIS AND DENEISE WILLIAMS: Until You Come Back To Me (CBS). Soft, 'orrible, unemotional, lovers (S.O.U.L.) muzak equivalent of Peters and Lee. Resting a while on their stools, they do what comes naturally until the fade arrives. Tony Blackburn's type of noise. Giant of a man. Neil Sedaka, not Tony Blackburn.

FRANKIE MILLER: Darlin' (Chrysalis). Odd title for a Miller song — B-side "Drunken Night In The City" is what we expect from the old card. What a lad, hey. One of the greats. The single sounds like Dr. Hook and his Medicine Show backed by The King Singers. The song is written by Oscar Blandemeyer, but it's not bland, it's turgid.

NOEL COWARD: Mad Dogs And Englishmen (EMI). This nimble-footed statement is something the modern musicians represented on this page would do well to borrow from in terms of wit, grace, economy, flow and melody. Yeah, as refreshing and as fulfilling, as timeless and as important as a Tom Robinson ballad. Giant of a man. Jan Wenner, not Tom Robinson.

SAILOR: Give Me Shakespeare (Epic). Yellow Dog now do this sort of throwaway clever pop more crassly than Sailor, who thus may have trouble sneaking back into the charts. If they don't get into the charts I wonder if they'll split up. I wonder what each individual member will do to occupy himself. I wonder how Freddie Garretty's getting on.

BOZ SCAGGS: It's Over (CBS).
STEPHEN STILLS: Can't Get No Booty (CBS).
SEALS AND CROFT: You're The Love (Warner Bros).
ROBERT PALMER: Best Of Both Worlds (Island).

How to get rid of boring neighbours (even boring neighbours would exit faced with all this) or hints at future Motors sounds. CBS return to plundering Scaggs' mellow-mellow "Silk Degrees", but this uneventful little pebble hasn't the variety or smoothness to fool enough people and chart.

Stills blesses us with an unwelcome, unnecessary return. His effort is short on melody, rhythm, feel and taste.

Seals And Crofts' tranquil seven-inch is flaccid, timid and taken from an album unfortunately titled "Taking It Easy".

Palmer's three-track 12-inch EP is an expensively packaged sample of his wares — the warm, clogging "Best Of Both Worlds", "Sneakin' Sally Through The Alley" and "Pressure Drop" providing good reason to resist the seductive marketing devices.

ROY ORBISON: Ooby Dooby / CURTIS LEE: Pretty Little Angel Eyes (Charly).
JERRY LEE LEWIS: Whole Lotta Shakin' Goin' On / WARREN SMITH: The Golden Rocket (Charly).
HANK MIZZELL: Jungle Rock / WARREN SMITH: Red Cadillac And Black Moustache (Charly).

Three 'Double Headed Monsters'. The Orbison is too imitatively choreographed for Mud fans, the Lee too rough for Darts fans. The Lee Lewis you know — it's okay. Smith's "Golden Rocket" is ordinary, while his "Red Cadillac And Black Moustache" is too convincing and evocative for Costello fans. Hank Mizell's avant-rumble tipple is the nearest thing to an 'acceptable' modern day 'commercial sound'.

K.C. AND THE SUNSHINE BAND: Do You Feel Alright? (T.K.).
EARTH, WIND AND FIRE: Got To Get You Into My Life (CBS).

The K.C. record is no use to me. Ever since that fight I had with Ed Banger, when he mercilessly crushed my kneecaps, I've never been able to dance.

The Residents' follow up to "Duck Stab" and the re-released "Satisfaction" is "Got To Get You Into My Life" an incoherent shambles that sounds like their usual stuff played backwards. It'll be their own damned faults if it's a hit. *(This appears to be an obscure in joke — Ed.).*

JUNIOR CAMPBELL: America (Private Stock). Ex-Marmalade man proffeses deep affection for his adopted homeland but judging by the emotion put into this single he's not *that* keen on the place. Makes Vince Hill sound vital.

NEVER SAY DAI

Mister DAVE 'Are You Sure Chuck Played It That Way?' EDMUNDS, the celebrated Welsh lickologist, persevered and learned those classic solos note for note. So how come the guys who played the originals have FORGOTTEN?? When you have to teach Carl Perkins to play "Blue Suede Shoes," well, it's enough to break a poor boy's heart. And as for that asshole Chuck Berry . . .

IT'S THE raw fabric from which dreams are woven.

Happened, it did, the last time Carl Perkins was in this country. He was booked for a videotaping at the Nashville for use on Melvyn Bragg's *South Bank Show* on London Weekend TV and the guy from Jet Records — to whom the renowned Mr. P. is signed these days — thought it would be a kick to phone up mild-mannered guitarist Dave Edmunds to put a band together for the session.

After all, this was a job for Superfan.

So Edmunds assembles the band, and he gets his old mate Tommy Riley (fine drummer and original member of Love Sculpture, last heard of with Memphis Bend) in on the deal, 'cause Tommy is so hip to old Sun records and Perkins' records in particular that he's even memorised the mistakes, which makes him the ideal man for the job.

"He's really a lovely man, Perkins is, very courteous and Southern," relates Edmunds over a massive sunny-afternoon flagon of cider, "and he says, 'We'll do 'Blue Suede Shoes'."

"So he goes, 'Well it's a-one for the money *bam!* two for the show . . .' and me and Tommy, who were *raised* on Sun Records, look at each other, and I say 'Errh . . . excuse me . . . hang on . . . Carl, you remember on the original version you did it was "One for the money *bam bam* (pause) . . . two for the show"?'

"He gives me a puzzled look and I said, 'Yeah, you did, honest!' He said, 'Oh, it was a mistake.' *Christ.* Ten million bands have *copied* that mistake. 'Still," says Carl, 'we'll give it a go.'

"Okay. Machine running, red light on. 'Well it's a-one for the money *bam bam* . . . (very long pause)'. We're saying *Go on go on* . . . 'Carl, you go, "One for the money *bam bam* (pause) two for the show . . ." '

"And then it suddenly hit me. *God, I'm telling Carl Perkins how to sing 'Blue Suede Shoes'* . . ."

DAVE EDMUNDS knows how to make rock and roll records. He can make all sorts of rock and roll records: Sun rockabilly, Phil Spector symphomania, Beach Boys, Everly Brothers, Chuck Berry, Chantells doowop, Ry Cooder *folkloreik,* anything.

He can make them by himself, layering vocals and instruments one-on-one-on-one, lovingly, obsessively building up logically until — hey presto! — he's produced "Baby I Love You" or something absolutely perfectly.

While he's doing it, he'll be manipulating the studio board, placing the mikes just right, recreating exactly the Chess studio in which Chuck Berry cut "The Promised Land" or Sam Phillips' bunker in downtown Memphis where the young Presley laid down "My Baby Left Me."

His vocal tone, phrasing and inflection can shift until he *sings* just like Presley or Berry or both Everlys or Carl Perkins.

Alternatively, he can round up mates like Nick Lowe, Billy Bremner, Terry Williams, Steve Goulding, Paul Riley, Billy Rankin or Tommy Riley, and relying instinctively on their musical intelligence and skill he can turn them into whatever band he wants to hear.

And whenever he gets it on, either on his own or with his superlative Rockpile or with other friends, Dave Edmunds can make records that sound just like . . . records.

It's an odd craft, and a disturbing one, since none of Edmunds' home-made records bear more than the faintest traces of their origin. None of them are fussy or sterile, cold or academic.

The weird, scarey thing about Edmunds' work in this vein is that they all sound like a band . . . or even an orchestra. They all *work.* "Subtle As A Flying Mallet", the *solo* album recently reissued by RCA, is one of the spookiest things in all of rock and roll, and this spookiness is — if anything — compounded by the total unspookiness of Dave Edmunds himself.

ROCKPILE: (from left) Lowe, Bremner, Williams, Edmunds.

He's wandering down the road now, strolling through the afternoon sunlight somewhere in Maida Vale clutching a couple of bottles of cider. He's just got back from holiday in Hawaii and in his blue jeans and green T-shirt he's lean and tanned; a much healthier specimen than the studio-pale, faintly tubby drunk occasionally on view at Dingwalls. He's smiling and alert and amiable, and I realise that this is the first time I've ever met Edmunds when we've both been sober.

He's a friendly man, Welshman of sorts, somewhere in his '30s.

Listening to his records, you'd expect a being with the *hubris* to challenge the gods; meeting him, you're struck by his devastating normalcy. I once met a kung fu man who studied under the same *sensei* as Bruce Lee for 13 years: unless you saw him do his stuff you wouldn't look at him twice in the street, guarantee it.

Edmunds is the same: the quiet, unassertive ease of a man who knows his own skills and isn't impressed.

Pete Townshend knows Edmunds' skills; but in characteristic Townshendian manner, he fingered the Welsh wizard's dilemma with unerring accuracy.

Says Edmunds: "I got to know Keith Moon when we were filming *Stardust* (the David Essex movie in which Edmunds played a minor role as a rock musician as well as singlehandedly creating the original music for the sound-track) and through that I'd got to meet Pete, and played acoustic guitar on a track from "The Who By Numbers". I don't know which one it was, because there was no vocal on it and they were just running it through. I don't know if they kept the track I played on."

It's both disquietening and oddly typical of Edmunds that he never bothered to hear the album and find out if The Who had retained his contribution.

"I wouldn't recognise the track if I heard it. It was just a bunch of chords. No-one knew it except Pete, and he was just teaching it to all the others.

"I'd just had 'Subtle As A Flying Mallet' out, and he wanted to hear it. I just happened to have a copy with me . . ."

Just like that?

"Yeah, it was just like that. It certainly wasn't by design. He just sat there and listened to the whole lot and then he said, 'Yeah, very interesting. You know what you're doing? You're just celebrating your influences and not getting *involved* with it or including yourself in it.'

"I'm just a fan. I've always felt more like a fan than a musician. And I thought he was right. He put it very well. It was just a celebration. I was doing 'Let It Be Me' and sounding just like the Everly Brothers — or certainly very close — and 'Da Doo Ron Ron' and 'Baby I Love You' and 'Leave My Woman Alone' and it did sound incredibly close to the originals.

"Pete said, 'It's a very nice *exercise* and you pulled it off very well, but you're still not including *yourself* in the whole thing.' Which is now what I'm trying to do with this new album. The influences are still there, but they're new songs."

For all its accuracy, Townshend's criticism of pre-"Get It" Edmunds was not wholly unique. One particularly cogent criticism of "Subtle" upon its original release was made by none other than *NME* neo-editor Neil Spencer, who pronounced the album great listening for "30-year-old retired teenagers."

"Usually the criticism I've had has been pretty accurate. Ninety-eight per cent of the time I've gone along with it myself."

Which is why Edmunds is recording with a band now, eschewing covers in favour of original material and — under the stimulus received from working alongside Nick Lowe — is writing more himself, both in collaboration with Lowe himself and with others; creating as opposed to recreating.

He is continually amazed by Nick Lowe's knack of spur-of-the-moment songwriting, of seeing something out of a bus window or something, jotting down a couple of lines on the back of a fag packet and turning the whole lot into a song in less time than it would take Bob Dylan to change his guitar strings.

A new skill to master, a new trick to learn. Superfan won't rest until he can do it all, and it infuriates him when he sees Old Masters display less respect for their own music than Edmunds himself.

Case in point: Charles Edward Berry.

"Chuck Berry is the classic for ruining all your . . . for shattering all your dreams. I saw that guy when he first came over here, and I'd learned all . . . you know they're all pretty similar, his intros and solos? . . . and I'd worked out which intro goes with which song, the slight variations between 'Bye Bye Johnny' and 'Johnny B. Goode'. He didn't do a solo on the original 'Bye Bye Johnny' so *I* never used to do a solo on 'Bye Bye Johnny'. I had it all worked out.

"When I saw him at the Capitol in Cardiff, it *destroyed* me. He had a real naff band behind him, and he had it all mixed up. He didn't know *what* song he was doing, playing the wrong solos, going from one song to another . . . and he's even worse now, He just has no regard whatsoever for his own music.

"I've been asked to produce him, but if he has the same attitude to making records that he has towards live appearances then I just don't want to know. But if he was into doing new songs that sound like the Chess stuff, I'd get Memphis Bend: Tommy Riley, Geraint Watkins . . . apparently, he's got some new stuff and he's just signing to Capitol. It would be great if he's up for really *working* on it, but . . .

"He's such an *asshole.*

"When Rupert Perry (of Capitol) was asking me to do it, he was advising me not to at the same time. I don't want to do it if it's going to be duff just because it's Chuck Berry.

"I mean, *great!* He's the poet, he made all those marvellous incredible, ridiculous records that influence everyone, but that doesn't give him license or permission to be a complete arsehole and have everyone falling over themselves to produce him."

Well, maybe he figures that it's his music and his songs and he can play 'em how he wants to.

Edmunds laughs. "Well, let 'im but *I'm* not going to be involved. Still, it's a shame, it's tragic . . ."

THERE ARE very few modern rockers able to take the music of the '50s and place it firmly in context with the '70s without compromising either way. The Pirates can do it, George Thorogood can do it and you can bet your leather jacket that Dave Edmunds can do it.

How does it feel?

"I think the nitty-gritty, the spirit of rock and roll is timeless; it's only the styles that go in and out of fashion. The productions of some of those records, the spirit that's there on the classic 'Whole Lotta Shakin' "s and what-have-you's . . . that spirit is just immaculate. It'll never die.

"But I was never a Teddy Boy," he grins. "I was too young. I was about 12 or 13 when all that started, and I soaked up all that music, that's all. I retained it, along with things that happened along the way,"

What was the first tune you learned to play properly?

"I haven't yet."

Okay, so what was the first one you managed to fool other people into thinking that you could play properly?

"Oh, I was The Kiddy in Cardiff because I could play the solo on Buddy Holly's 'It's So Easy', note-for-note without a single bum note. I wonder if I still can. Then I got onto Chet Atkins and got to learn all his stuff, finger-style, playing two tunes at the same time. That was a good show-stopping party-piece."

So what did you think of the '60s?

"I resented it a bit when The Beatles came in doing all that. I was in a band called The Raiders, doing all American stuff, and when all those Mersey groups came in doing all that stuff like 'Some Other Guy' and I had all the original records, but then I was won over by The Beatles like everyone else."

Edmunds was less impressed by The Rolling Stones, however.

"I think they're over-rated. They've done a few classic singles — 'Honky Tonk Woman' and 'Brown Sugar' were great, but I think I'm a better Chuck Berry-style guitarist than Keith Richard is."

Again, it's typical of the Edmunds perspective that he should assess the Stones purely on their ability to reproduce *Berry's* sound.

But then that's Superfan talking: from demanding to hear it "just like that record" it's a mere short step to *playing* everything "just like the record" and then making a record "just like the record." Edmunds wants to be able to play every lick he's ever grooved on "just like the record."

"I think the biggest mystery in rock and roll guitar playing is the beginning of the second solo on Presley's 'Hound Dog' and it's well known among guitarists who are interested in that era. It's a chord or something, and Scotty Moore just goes

Pic: CHALKIE DAVIES

By CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY

whalam-blam-bam, and in an interview someone asked him what he did and he couldn't remember.

"Not even *Scotty Moore* knows.

"It's just the spirit of it. That's why I want to be able to do all those things that they've forgotten . . ."

NOWADAYS, EDMUNDS treads a path that is trickier, but more rewarding. "Tracks On Wax", while superficially less instantly attractive than "Get It" (on which he blended his expertise with the old into his grapplings with the new), is the work of a creative rock and roll musician rather than the world's most resourceful two-legged jukebox.

Though not entirely unflawed (the inclusion of "Heart Of The City" — an Edmunds mix of the same Rockpile performance of the Basher anthem with Dave's lead vocal overdubbed in place of Nick's — was a short-cut scam instigated by the evil Jake Riviera, and "Thread Your Needle" lacks lustre), it undoubtedly goes a long way towards answering the perennial criticism that despite Superfan's awesome superpowers he has nothing of his own to say.

By applying his massive skills to new songs, Edmunds is taking his place in the modern world: one foot in the '50s and the other in the '70s.

However he finds little to knock him out in the music of the last few years — he's never listened to much of Bowie or much New Wave, and the most impressive bands he's seen of late have been Cheap Trick and The Dixie Dregs — curious as the latter choice may seem.

On the basis of the 'Pile's last brace of gigs — Knebworth and Hemel Hempstead Pavilion the following day — they would seem to be cooking on all burners, despite a live sound at the latter gig that, one regrets to say, did *not* come on "just like the record".

The playing and singing was as great as it ever is; however, Edmunds' stage presence is peculiarly introverted and static despite the clean-machine dynaflow picking emanating from his 1959 Gibson 335. One's eyes are continually drawn to the lurching, outgoing, thumbs-up figure of Nick Lowe over on the end, even when it's the stocky blond Edmunds in the middle who's punching out the explosive pickin' and singin'.

Except for once.

Superfan's doing his specialty version of Chuckleberry's "Promised Land", see, and he moves into the solo, head down, half-crouched, totally lost in his guitar and the music, one arm flaying the guitar, like ringing a bell only better . . . oblivious. Completely oblivious, and at the same time communicating better and more truly with the audience than at any other time, communicating as well as he does in the studio, making records that sound "just like the record."

YOU CAN talk all kinds of trash about Dave Edmunds, go on about "limitations" and "very-nice-but-so-what?" and "lack-of-true-creativity-and-originality' and all other kinds of bullshit business, but you won't find me buying.

Dave Edmunds is one of a kind, his fannish enthusiasm is so overwhelmingly infectious, and his aim is true. If "Tracks On Wax" is any kind of real pointer to his future, then he's no longer gonna be the world's greatest pasticheur, but an inheritor who's going to use every ounce of his legacy to invest in the future.

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POWER IN THE DARKNESS

AVILABLE ON CASSETTE

POWER IN THE DARKNESS-ALBUM

DAVE (left) and CHAS. Pic: DENIS O'REGAN.

WHAT WE WANT IS ROCKNEY

...an ethnic feature which eschews 'plastic fantastic kharzis', refers frequently to 'geezers', and acknowledges virtue by repeated use of the colloquialism 'bleedin' great'. Subject: CHAS and DAVE. By CLIFF WHITE

I SEEN IT like it woz really real, this 'ere big ol' fashioned boozer. None of yer plastic fantastic kharzis but a *real* pub, know what I mean? Like it might be dahn the road from Uncle Albert's gaff, 'im wiv the gammy leg and chilblains.

Any'ow, ahtside some bleedin' joker had only gone an' writ in great big writing WOT WE WANT IS ROCKNEY all over the wall, which woz like an advert, see, coz inside there's these three geezers got this great fing going, gittin' everyone else goin' an' all, know what I mean, like? hur hur hur, singing all these songs wot was a bit of awright, the real McCoy they was and, 'ere, 'old on, it's your round ain't it? . . .

Right, ta, same again . . . and rock 'n' roll an' all, all mixed up togevver, so's one minute they're singing abaht our local patch, got it right off to a tee an' all, coz they're only natural lads from round 'ere somewhere anyway, and then they're doing a bit of the ol' "Great Balls Of Fire" or summink like that, and it's all sorta like the same really, if you get my drift.

'Course, that's why it's called Rockney, innit?

Bleedin' great they are too. One fing though, like I told yer, there's three blokes but they're called Chas and Dave. Bit of a puzzler that, innit? Same again?

WELL, TO get that sorted out straight away; drummer Mick Burt is 'the group' to Chas Hodges (piano, vocal) and Dave Peacock's (bass, vocal) frontline attraction.

Sometimes this group will be unexpectedly augmented by guitarists Albert Lee or Geoff Whitehorn — mates of the trio who are apt to drop in on the fun when they're not gigging elsewhere — but 99 times out of 100 it's just writer / singer / players Chas and Dave holding their own inimitable dialogues in words and music, with just the right amount of owsyafather on the ol' skins to keep things lively.

With the exceptional rapport these lads have got, forged over years of close friendship and diverse musical experience, that's all they ever need. Anything else, however tasty, is just bunce.

Lend an ear to their latest album, "Rockney" (on their own Rockney label, distributed by Lightning), which isn't fully representative of what they're like on stage — either in its range of material or its deliberately mellow production — but is nonetheless a choice piece of vinyl.

Just when you might be thinking, "What's all the fuss about?" you'll find yourself hooked.

"Rockney" is the fellas' second album as Chas and Dave and third as a writing / performing partnership (their first, when they were called Oily Rags, was only ever issued in America, circa 1973/4). But they've been mates and pro musicians for nearly 20 years, occasionally crossing paths professionally, mainly pursuing parallel careers through assorted groups until they finally decided to join forces.

In *NME's* local hostelry it was Dave who began sifting through their background while Chas sorted out the froth on top of his Guinness.

"I come from Ponders End, Chas comes from Edmonton, which is only a couple of miles away. But where I lived there weren't no music, Enfield was always like a bit of a snob area, so everyone went to Edmonton. They had all the lively pubs down there, like The King's Head and The Britannia. They was great places to play in the early days.

"At that time (1960 on) I was playing bass in a group called The Rolling Stones. Brian Juniper's mum thought up the name. We all thought it was daft so we eventually changed it to The Raiders.

"Funny thing is, we was always into Chuck Berry and stuff like that, so I was a bit choked when the other Rolling Stones come out doing Chuck Berry songs; I thought we was the only ones around doing it.

"After that, about '66 or '67, I joined this soul band, The Goodtime Band."

Meanwhile, Chas had been enjoying a taste of the big time — well, a slightly larger time — as bassist with The Outlaws, a group who achieved a fair old reputation with rocking instrumentals ("Swingin' Low", "Valley Of The Sioux", "Ku-Pow!") and as backing band for Mike Berry ("Tribute To Buddy Holly") but is now probably best remembered for including one Ritchie Blackmore, guitarist and nutter of this parish.

"Yer, well actually it was Billy Gray And The Stormers first," Chas corrected me, "long before Ritchie joined us. We had a totally different line-up then, which gradually changed over the years. I was the only one who stayed with it all the way through 'til the group folded.

"Our first break, I suppose you can call it that, was passing an audition for Butlins; we played at Filey for three months. When we got back the band split up, but this fella who was managing Mike Berry had seen us down The King's Head and he come back and said, 'I got this singer who needs a backing band; d'ya fancy getting the boys back together and coming along to see Joe Meek?' We went down and Joe likes us and he called us The Outlaws and that's how we that started.

"The first thing we recorded was a cover version of The Shirelles' 'Will You Love Me Tomorrow?' with Mike Berry, then we had 'Swingin' Low', which got to about No. 40 in 1961. I was pretty casual about it at the time 'cause Joe Meek said it would be a hit and I thought, werl, 'e knows about these things, know what I mean? I thought that was how it was gonna go on but we never got any more."

No more hits (except on Berry's Buddy Holly tribute) but they did get the chance to play around Europe, including the obligatory gigs in Hamburg, and tour Britain on package shows with the likes of Brenda Lee, Gene Vincent and Jerry Lee Lewis — with whom Chas achieved an adolescent ambition by backing The Killer with The Outlaws in May 1963 and touring with him again in November '66 as bassist with Cliff Bennett And The Rebel Rousers.

He was also co-bassist, sometime-pianist / backing singer on Jerry's album "The Session", recorded in London in 1973. When he's in the mood — usually about half an hour before closing time — he can pump out the most exciting versions of Jerry's hits this side of Ferriday, Louisiana.

To cut two, long, involved careers down to one inadequate summary: in 1966 The Outlaws disintegrated and within a month Chas was auditioned and accepted as bassist for The Rebel Rousers (first with Cliff Bennett; later Roy Young) who also included drummer Mickey Burt; meanwhile Dave switched from soul to country and joined The Tumbleweeds. Then in 1969 they finally got together professionally for the first time in their own short-lived country-rock group, Black Claw — with Mickey on drums and Harvey Hinsley (another ex-Outlaw, now with Hot Chocolate) on guitar.

Chas: "That was the start of it really, our partnership. But I had to leave in the end, there was just no money in it."

Dave: "We had a music stand for a mike stand and no proper tackle, no gear, but it was great while it lasted. Harvey had a steel guitar that he'd made hisself and all the instruments had names; that was 'The Little Blue Bastard.' Then there was 'The Little Yella Git' and the violin was 'The Little Brown Squeaky Bleeder'."

Chas: "It was the most horriblest thing I ever had to do, leaving that band. Cause it was the happiest band I'd ever been in up until now."

IT WAS during this period that the duo palled up with Albert Lee, who was still with Chris Farlowe but fast developing a taste for country-rock himself.

When Black Claw was starved into submission, Chas teamed with Albert and others in the much-praised but commercially unsuccessful Head, Hands And Feet (three albums; a tour of The States; disintegration) while Mick retired to set up a plumbing business ("Which he's still got going; he's richer than us now") and Dave went back to The Tumbleweeds before joining The Mick Greenwood Band, with whom he also toured America.

"Then', explained Dave, across his third pint of light brown dishwater, "Chas calls me up one day and says, 'Why don't we get back together and write a few songs?' I thought, I do fancy that, it's about time."

"So right, we'll write a few songs," says Chas, "but what we gonna do to earn a few bob in the meantime? Dave knew a few people on the pub circuit by then so we just started gigging as a duo, and I rang up Steve Rowland . . . I knew him 'cause he produced the Jerry Lee Lewis London session . . . to see if he liked our stuff.

"At that time we were just seeing what came out of our heads. A lot of it was sorta country but we started putting in some Cockney stuff.

"The first ones that really worked was 'One Find And Another' and 'Lazy Cow.' Steve liked all of what we'd done and got us on a session with Teresa Brewer, produced by her husband Bob Thiele. Bob thought our stuff was great an' all so we did the session and Teresa recorded them." (The mind boggles).

"The album came out as 'Teresa Brewer In London With Oily Rags,' which was a name Bob thought up for us.

FOLLOWING THEIR own Oily Rags album with Thiele, in 1975 they got a British deal with Derek Lawrence's short-lived Retreat label, distributed by EMI; recording sessions with Big Jim Sullivan and, for the first time, as Chas and Dave on their own "One Fing And Another" album.

The LP has since become something of a collectors' item and will probably soon be re-issued by EMI, but at the time of release it was poorly promoted and largely ignored. Like when, with Mick back on drums, they toured with 10cc:

Chas: "We'd get to the theatres and they'd have all the posters up and a geezer selling records, so we thought everything was going alright. Then on the last day of the tour he says, 'I'll tell ya what'd be a good idea. Give us some of your records to sell as well.' Turned out he'd only been selling 10cc's stuff."

Trouble was, EMI — with whom they signed when Retreat folded — didn't seem to know what to do with these two unlikely bleeders so although the "Rockney" album was originally recorded for the corp, there was so much toing and froing and nothing definite every happening that, rather than get lost in the vaults again, Chas and Dave finally managed to get the tapes back and release it themselves (with financial help from an unspecified source).

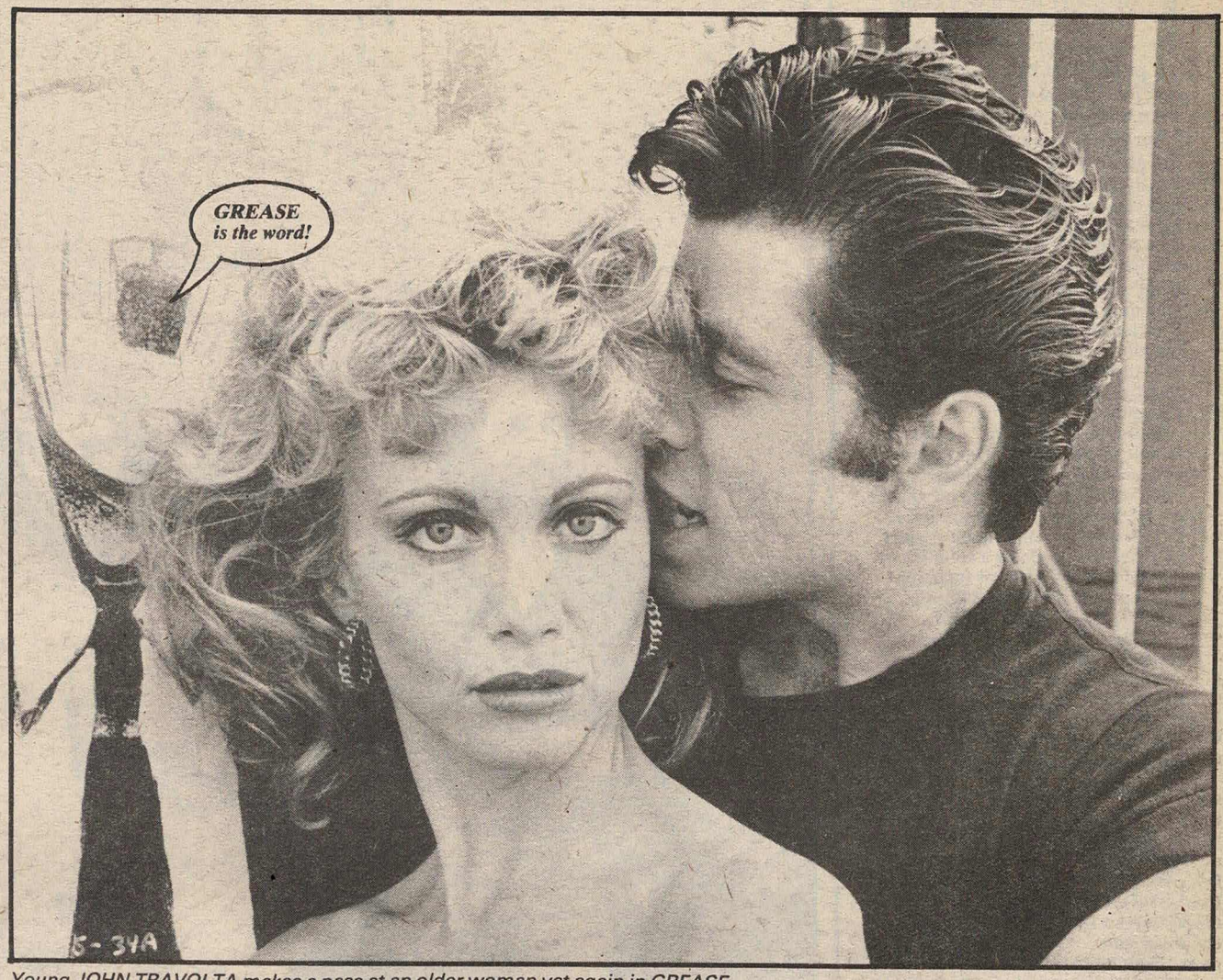
"Now that we got it out ourselves there's been a few people started to take notice of us at last. 'Course we've been getting compared to Ian Dury a bit, I suppose that's to be expected, but we're not really anything like the same. Anyhow, we'd never heard of him until the first time we went on Charlie Gillett's *Honky Tonk* programme.

"Right now we ought to get ourselves about a bit. What with the latest album and EMI talking about re-releasing 'One Fing And Another' on Harvest and our next one, which we're planning to do live-in-studio, to show more what we're like on stage . . . werl, summink's bound to turn up. Innit?"

SILVER SCREEN

GOOD GREAFE!

Joltin' TRAVOLTA: "You don't get rid of me that easy, bub . . ."



Young JOHN TRAVOLTA makes a pass at an older woman yet again in GREASE

Grease

Directed by Randal Kleiser
Starring John Travolta and Olivia Newton-John
(CIC)

NOT ONLY is it 'the word', *Grease* is the registered trademark, *Grease* is the RSO machine, *Grease* is the hype, is the hype that's been swiped, tra la. And it sucks, right? Wrong.

Admittedly, it never approaches the wit or perception of that other '50s montage monster *American Graffiti* — it has no aspirations in that direction anyway — but it sure beats the crap out of the mechanised dross of *Happy Days* (not difficult) and as an adaptation of a successful stage musical it works surprisingly well, and often.

Surprisingly, because ninety per cent of all musicals are so manky. Surprisingly, in much the same way that *Saturday Night Fever* was a minor pleasure on its own terms despite the attendant brouhaha. And still more surprisingly, because the dire opening ten minutes erroneously intimate that *Grease* is going to be a huge gift-wrapped dud on the scale of Richard Nixon's cheque to the Inland Revenue. But just as Tricky Dicky adroitly skipped tax evasion charges, so *Grease* slithers on inexorably, leaving oily-skinned film critics drooling egg white.

What did they expect, for Stigwood's sake? Intelligence? Integrity? What they get is an engaging guy of traditional musicals, conservatively done, like *How To Succeed In Business Without Really Trying*, and absolutely no pretention.

So although *Grease* is in no was as ambitious, or

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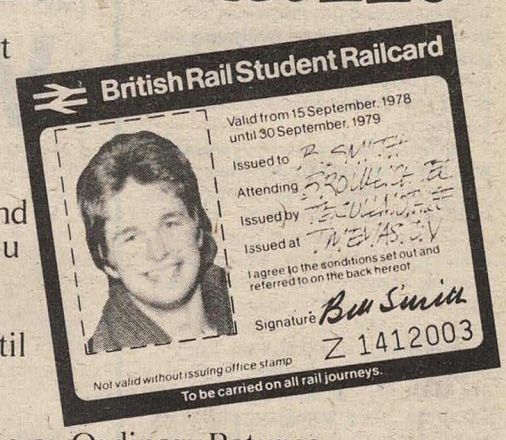
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interesting, as that other '50s B-movie pisstake *The Rocky Horror Show*, its success rate is far higher because it aims low and reaches the target. The fact that it's got a halfway decent score helps, too.

The biggest rib-nudger comes in the dopey prelude (for which Allan Carr has foolishly taken credit), where the saccharine awfulness of "Love Is A Many Splendored Thing" accompanies Martini shots of the Normal Couple (Olivia and Mr Travolta, obviously) as they gambol in the sand, whisper sweet nothings and watch, glaze-eyed, breaking surf. All that's missing is a train entering the tunnel or a crumbling smokestack, but you wince just the same. There follows the tackiest set of animated credits I've ever seen in a 'major' movie — Richard Williams where are you, and why won't Hollywood employ you?

When the film proper commences, Rydell High School appears to be populated by the oldest set of tearaways since Marlon Brando mumbled at his biker cronies in *The Wild One*, and the spirit sags further.

Not for long, though. As soon as the first number bursts forth — the bright, breezy "Summer Nights" — a grin arrives, which will be more or less constant as the adolescent (ha ha) meatheads go about the serious business of cheeking teacher, dry humping dates, exploding Zippos, groping at the Drive-In, cruising for a bruising on foreign turf and generally having a good time on their brothers' IDs (two chocolate malted and an Eskimo Pie please, Vi).

"You sure are a cheap date," says Putzie to the girl in plaits who declines a bite of his burger.

"Chicks are only good for one thing," says Doody, menacingly. "Yeah," says Sonny. "But what are you supposed to do with 'em the other 23 hours and 45 minutes of the day?"

Well, everyone's famous for fifteen minutes, but some of this dialogue should last a good deal longer.

The ingenuously sloppy choreography is as fetching as John Travolta's hopelessly lop-sided smile, and falters only when it attempts to be slick ("Greased Lightnin' "). John's feet are in fine fettle and it matters not a jot that Olivia is a lame hoofer since everyone looks at *him* anyway.

There's no disputing it — whatever it is you need to be A Star, Travolta's got it. What *Grease* has got is at least six first-rate songs, a genuinely excellent performance from the delectably stocky Stockard Channing, enjoyable daft dialogue ("Bite the weeny, Riz." "With relish."), crisp cameos from some '50s 'celebrities' (notably Frankie Avalon, Sid Caesar and Eve Arden) and functional direction from TV-graduate Randal Kleiser which allows everyone to get on with everything, no fuss.

Of course it's ludicrous fluff — even the car does a *Chitty Chitty Bang Bang* at the end. But you can go buy the popcorn during the obligatory lovelorn ballads. And you'd have to be grumpy as a High Court judge not to come out smiling.

Monty Smith

Between The Lines

Directed by Joan Micklin Silver
Starring John Heard, Lindsay Crouse and Jeff Goldblum
(Essential Cinema)

EVER WONDERED what life was really like at *NME?* Well, you won't get all the answers from *Between The Lines*, but certainly some of them are there. Two characters I recognised quite clearly — the paper's rock journalist, who's a complete sponge, and its advertising manager, prim, proper and paranoid.

The film concerns the twilight times of an erstwhile underground paper in Boston, the *Back Bay Mainline*, and is set in 1973 — after the radical explosion of the late '60s had waned, and before Woodward and Bernstein had given every journalist an ounce of justification for thinking he was going to change the world.

It seems that the paper's original radical stance has been somewhat diluted, so that it is now virtually an institutionalised part of the city's media — so much so that it is on the point of being swallowed up by a small-scale Rupert Murdoch.

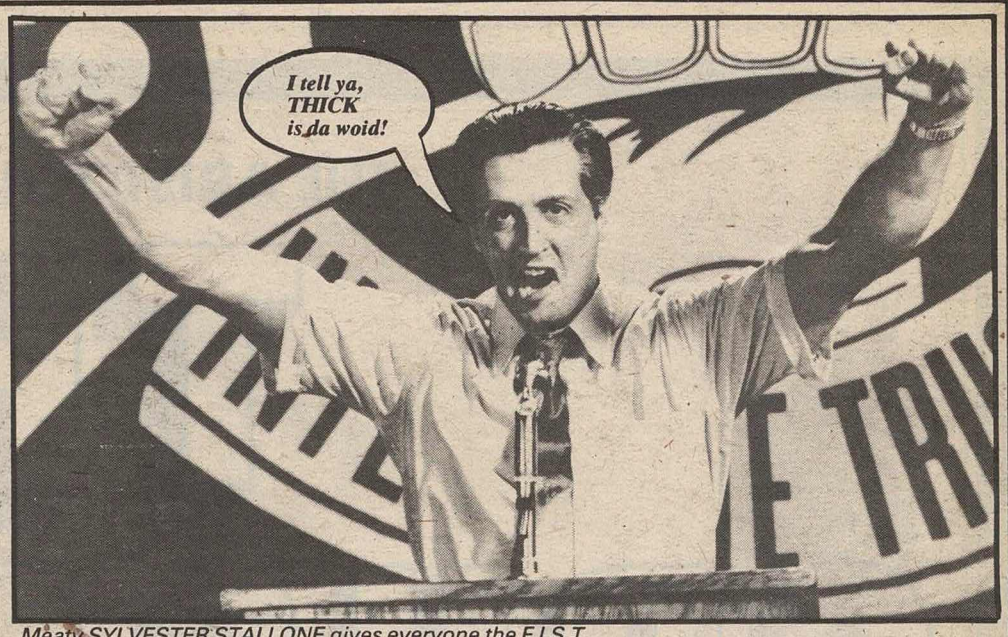
However, *Between The Lines* avoids portentous issues, and concentrates on the everyday activities of the paper's staff, a closely-knit group who make little distinction between their working and social lives; even the office boy (Michael J. Pollard — the years since *Bonnie And Clyde* have been lean for him) sleeps beneath the office pinball machine.

Because the characters are so credible, and because it has a warm sense of humour, and a lively atmosphere, the film is immensely enjoyable. There's even an added bonus as some of the action takes place at a promo party for the best rock band of the '70s (Southside Johnny and the Asbury Jukes, but you knew that) and, though the footage of the band on stage is disappointing, the music isn't; the soundtrack also includes a song from Graham Parker and the Rumour.

But *Between The Lines* is less than it might have been, and less, I think, than Micklin Silver intended it to be. The core of the narrative — the takeover battle for the paper and the way in which those on the outside of society learn to live on the inside — is tackled neither in any depth nor with any freshness of approach, and a kind of dramatic sub-plot, which concerns the old chestnut of corruption in the music industry, merely seems to have been added to provide some gratuitous violence.

However, such shortcomings should not be emphasised. What should be is that the film is thoroughly entertaining, and contains much acute observation of members of my particular generation.

Bob Woffinden



Meaty SYLVESTER STALLONE gives everyone the F.I.S.T.

F.I.S.T.

Directed by Norman Jewison
Starring Sylvester Stallone, Rod Steiger and Peter Boyle.
(United Artists)

DESPITE ITS title and the presence of Sylvester "Rocky" Stallone, *F.I.S.T.* isn't about the noble art of blockheads. F.I.S.T. is the Federation of Interstate Truckers, and the plot — based loosely on a bad novel by Joe *Rolling Stone* Eszterhas — tells how poor boy Johnny Kovak (Stallone) becomes a union organiser during the Depression, gets involved with the Mafia, muscles his way up to be boss and is finally blown away before he can spill any beans to the Senate committee that's investigating his underworld connections.

It's one of those films that earnestly tries to kid you it's about Real Life (issues like poverty and corruption looming large), but really it's an oldtime Hollywood melodrama, stuffed full of simplistic morality and large doses of sentiment.

Even the plot is implausible — a couple of incident-packed months on either end of a twenty-year gap during which nothing much is supposed to have happened.

Plus, the film's political scenario is dismally inadequate. It's not just that it sees workers as brave, simple-minded fellows, or that it dodges political questions with moralistic platitudes (he who lives by "the push" dies by "the push")but the chief flaw is the way in which the romanticised machismo of the hero dominates both history (as seen by the film) and the stucture of the film itself.

Stallone, see, is the *star*, and the focus on Kovak leaves little room for the film to explore the social and political issues it seeks to raise, and little room for the other characters to develop from their roles as mere ciphers in the film's ethical scheme of things (the Honest Buddy, the Corrupt Boss, etc.).

Rod Steiger has piddle-all to do as the crusading Senator — a criminal waste of a great actor — while Stallone himself lumbers around the screen, tensing his muscles each time he has to act A Moral Dilemma, and desperately exuding *presence*. Da Method lives. Or is it just the Hulk in a sharkskin suit?

***F.I.S.T.* has Heart, but the Head was left in the prop room by mistake.**

Graham Lock

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"THE WILD GEESE" AA
ALSO STARRING JEFF COREY · FRANK FINLAY · BARRY FOSTER · RONALD FRASER · KENNETH GRIFFITH · JOHN KANI · DAVID LADD · ROSALIND LLOYD · WINSTON NTSHONA · JACK WATSON
AND STEWART GRANGER as Matherson
SCREENPLAY BY REGINALD ROSE · BASED ON THE BOOK BY DANIEL CARNEY · PRODUCED BY EUAN LLOYD DIRECTED BY ANDREW V. McLAGLEN
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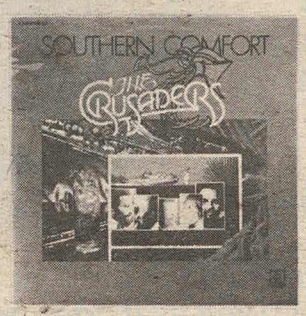

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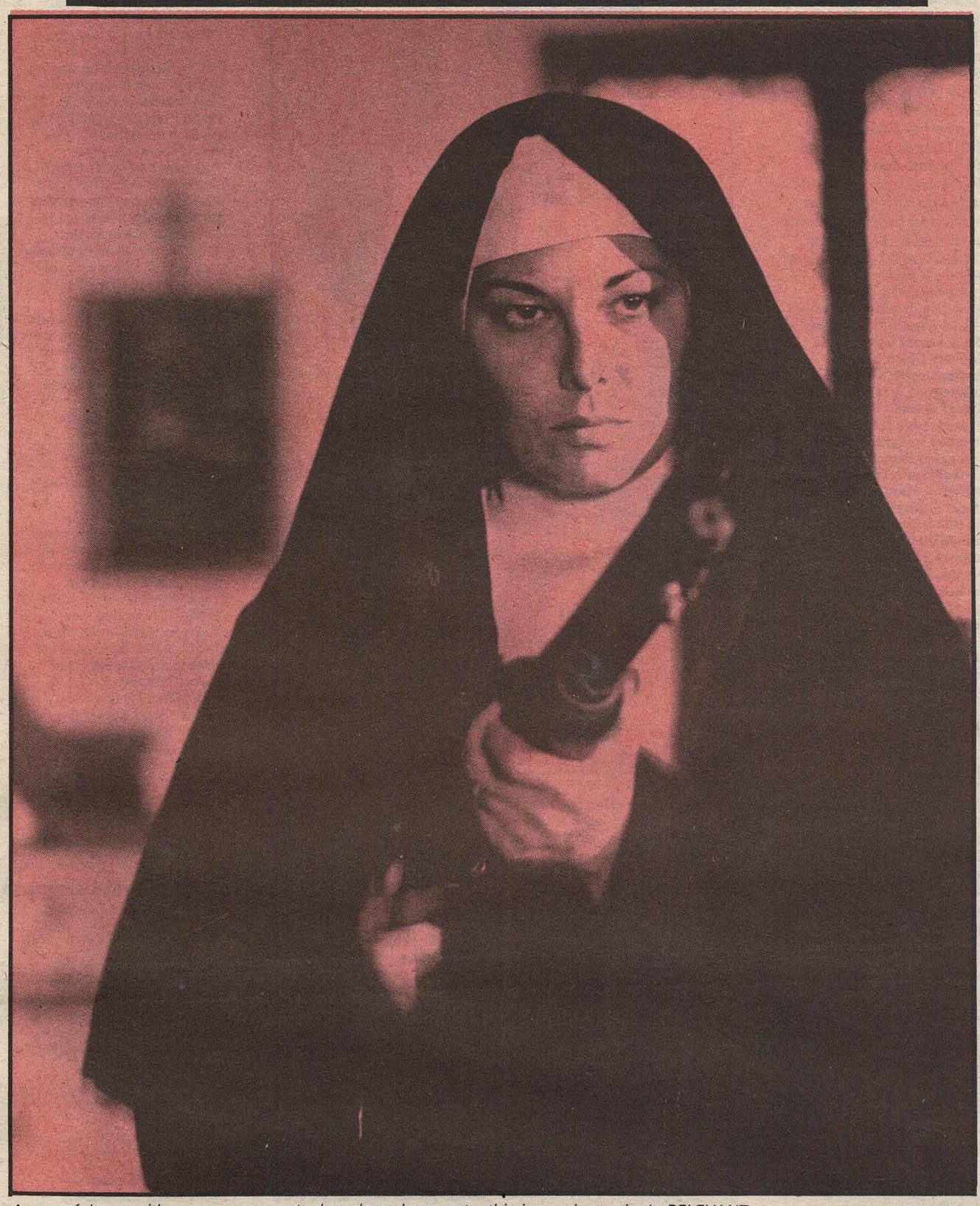

A vengeful nun with a gun — conceptual readers please note, this image is startingly RELEVANT

Sex & Guns & Sex & Rock

DERRINGER
If I Weren't So Romantic, I'd Shoot You (Blue Sky)

IT IS not the reaction to sexist rock which is hysterical — it's the stuff itself. Most men in rock have an incredible, almost megalomanic notion that the mingy bit of scrag-end dangling down their inside leg is a GUN which shoots SILVER BULLETS. Really!!!

I have yet to come across a woman who has such a hysterical or retarded picture of herself, no matter how anti-sexist or self-righteous she may be. But most men are bionic in their own tiny minds, be they reactionaries, homosexuals or radicals.

EVERYONE these days is sneering at "hysterical feminism", but the hysteria with which sexist rock is received in intelligent quarters is not even the smallest fraction of the male hysteria (however cool or controlled it seems) that goes into making the offending article. Sexism, along with fascism, is the end product of a scared, repressed, old-mannish (gay bachelorish?) mind.

That bit was for The Stranglers, The Dead Boys, The Ramones, Rastafarians and so on forever, but it also goes for little Rick Derringer in a big way.

He is not the biggest (tee hee) offender, but because of his desperation to be a household rock name, he's the most blatant utiliser of the pistol-power myth (McLaren was another one with guns on his mind) in a long time. Both sides of the album sleeve depict a rifle range target, glaring red and white. On the front there's a backdrop to a small smoking revolver bearing the name "Derringer" (of course) and on the back the 'drop is wrecked, shot to pieces. The gun is gone.

This sort of thing comprised the backbone of 99% of white male rock before 1977, and still plays a massive part in the story lines of rock and roll songs — sleeping with girls, running off into the night and thinking "Ha! Ha! Ha! Won't she be upset!!!" Well, I think that's PATHETIC. Oh look, I'm getting all hysterical again — not like that cool Rick! His first words are *"It ain't funny but it sure is fun! I'll pull the trigger of the Devil's gun! Too bad you been had but it sure is fun!"*.

And on and on through both sides — conning / driving / guns all mixed and messed up, Rick playing the crazy kid even at this late stage. His voice is steeped in frail All American bully boy vacancy, be it singing dire Warren Zevon's dire "Lawyers, Guns And Money" or blaring the Bernie Taupin / Alice Cooper title track. This song is actually the worst: *"You're so damned hard! But I'm so soft-hearted"*. Ballads.

Elsewhere, the remaining two-thirds of Derringer (bassist Kenny Aaronson and drummer Myron Grombacher) show that they know how to hook much better than their boss. Their songs "Tonight" (especially) and "Attitude" are fine, disposable rock.

Derringer's own "E.Z.Action" sounds like The Eagles gone all silly and macho over jailbait; his "Monomania" is 10cc even worse that they were, while "Midnight Road" sounds sometimes like the Yorkie bar advert and sometimes like that great reggae version of "Midnight Rider" some black singer did back in 1975. "Power Of Love" simply makes a maudlin person ache for the mess a Yankee guitarist can get himself into.

Basically, it's all gun music, but at the volume of a Saturday Night Special — those dinky little miniature pistols scared American women are wont to put on their shopping list. It's very lightweight heavy rock, bearable if only Derringer wasn't so worried. Last chance rock?

The best bit I've saved till last — a song called "Sleepless", the result of putting lyrics by American fad Patti Smith to music by ex-one-night-stand Derringer (God, I bet they had fun, her with her interest in soldiers and him with his interest in guns!!). This is great, anyways — Patti Smith writing rock and roll swing songs instead of *Private Eye* parodies of modern poetry about war and violence (see "Easter").

This is unrequited sex, bad love-bug-done-bit-me speed stupour stuff, her real territory. Stuck on a male impersonator who don't do no one right, kids? Sufferalonga THIS!

"Oh, you know at midnight / I turn off the night-light / And bawl at the moonlight / To let me be / But like a stolen dog / A stolen dog at midnight / He finds his way / His way back to me!"

I wish it was out as a single.

Finally, a *Health And Beauty* note! I remember seeing pictures of Rick in the NME when I was 14 as he messed around at some NYC party and helped the Winter Brothers across the road and well!!!! I suppose none of us are getting any younger and prettier.

Still, I *was* shocked to see that Rick's got more chins than Patti's got notches on her gun!

Julie Burchill

LARRY CARLTON
Larry Carlton (Warner Brothers Import)

LARRY CARLTON, super side-man should need no introduction. The weeping, fluid style that Carlton rings from his 335 has become a definitive sound on albums by perfomers as diverse as Joni Mitchell, Ray Manzarek, Steely Dan and the Crusaders, the latter providing a backdrop for the precocious sophistication of the young Carlton eight years ago.

This album proves that Carlton now 30, is as much a rock and roller as a jazzer, his influences are varied but he also has a personalised good taste allied to a staggering command of the fretboard. Carlton trademarks are tonal effects, sustain, high action attack.

Previous solo work on Blue Thumb pales by comparison. This time he glows with confidence and inspiration and relishes the freedom of a basic four piece. He offers six originals and two vocal cuts. He engineers, arranges, produces, sings and plays guitars. References to range or depth of the textures can tell you nothing about the moments where he soars, the solos that justify the word solo, the spontaneity which comes at the second when a musician osmoses awareness.

Try the rarefied atmospherics of "Room 335" (as in the magic talking axe) and contrast it with the manic rock virtusoso of "Point It Up" or "Don't Give It Up" and you'll see how Carlton stamps a dynamic super-riff authority onto everything he plays. He's twenty times more inventive and vital than Clapton, immeasurably more approachable than McLaughlin. A hold on cold steel and blues, jazz funk and boiling country rock — all accomplished through the flexibility of his two fingers and a pick method.

Carlton nods at his prime influence, Louie Shelton, on the latin rhythms of "Rio Samba", cascades and whirlpools of clean precision. His own performances call from the best in his band, Abe Laboriel on bass, Greg Mathieson on keyboards, Paulinho da Costa on percussion and Jeff Porcaro, Porcaro's contributions are incredibly fine, driving the backbeat with a thousand different combinations.

These combinations are ferocious, sexy, restrained and propulsive by turn. Nobody cares about tedious crossover any more, least of all Larry Carlton. He's already arrived.

Max Bell

TONY BIRD
Tony Bird Of Paradise (CBS)

A CURIOUS album. Tony Bird is from Southern Africa, a white singer/songwriter who performs the occasional protest song and a number of love ballads in the style of the acoustic Dylan. He has charm, warmth and and irritatingly whining voice. This album — his second — has nice, jazzy arrangements, attractive haunting music and dreadful lyrics.

"Bird Of Paradise" and "There's A Bright Dawn" are banal optimism, and a lot of the other songs are just banal. But "Black Brother" is a pointed address to those blacks who serve in the South African and Rhodesian security forces; and the love songs are interesting. "Nothing But Time", for example, mixes a striking sensuousness with trite romanticism, while the slight, jaunty, affectionate "She Loves Someone" is almost minor perfection.

The music — accoustic guitars, sensitive horns and flutes, gentle Afro-rhythms — is seductive but, given the album's flaws, this pleasure is all too transient. Despite the exotic touches, this Bird is just another fair-to-middling singer and songwriter.

Graham Lock

GAP MANGIONE
Suite Lady (A&M)
ROY AYERS
You Send Me (Polydor)

HAPPY, AIRY, integrated, impersonal. More traces of the Great Modern Disease. Fusion or Neurosis?

Chuck's brother Gap Mangione's product is a late '70s equivalent of James Last packages, complete with badly made up glamour girl dreamily dominating its cover. You cannot defy its cloying optimism, nor defend its unsubtle usage of set modern methods. Resourceful, catchy melodies, here painlessly formed by Mangione's regulated piano or synthesiser runs, high register romanticism of small impact made worse by the tidy, portentuous surroundings.

The rythyms are restless and clinging, the music vaguely derived from The Modern Jazz Quartet, Delius, Herbie Hancock and Stevie Wonder; these influences of shape and flow, refinement and melody, energy and direction, control and exuberance are barely discernible. But just enough to prove it could yet get worse.

'It' being that 'music' of which Herbie Hancock is now a leading light, and a music Roy Ayers would call 'ubiquitous'. With this brisk, boppy selection, Ayers could well follow the Master into even the UK charts. Side two's opening eruption "Get On Up, Get On Down", from it's title right down to its almost legendary bass line, is straightforward chartstuff.

A man who made a moderately useful name in modern jazz with extrovert, incisive if unprofound vibes playing of a definite but convincing descent from Lionel Hampton and Milt Jackson, Ayers has been sucked into producing pretty 'impressionist' songs or chunky boogies, both with moments of that 'ubiquity' he could only have got from Herbie Mann.

"You Send Me" hints at how bad 'it' could get. Its horizons are horrifying. As with Benson the 'jazz' has all but disappeared, leaving a scoured soul muzak the primary ingredient; the framework is songs, with Ayers rugged voice deep and bright, leaving enough space for safe improvising.

Two slaves to the modern ways. What was it Genet's slave said? "We try hard to stand and rot. And believe me it's not always easy. Life tries to prevail". Swing it, Daddio!

Paul Morley

VARIOUS ARTISTS
Rare Gems Vol. 1 (TK)

RARE YEAH, but gems . . . well, maybe one or two. Still, any album which boasts tracks by the likes of Robert Nighthawk, Otis Spann, Big Joe Williams, James Cotton and Little Brother Montgomery, plus guest appearances by a youthful Paul Butterfield and Elvin Bishop, is certain to cause a stir in blues circles.

Recorded live during the early and mid '60s in the clubs, dives, and even the streets of Chicago by Norman Dayron, this selection doesn't feature the included artists at their best — but there's still plenty to enjoy. The quavery guitar of Robert Nighthawk on "Murderin' Blues", a soulful Otis Spann overcoming ham-fisted drumming on "Hotel Lorraine", the ragtime echoes of Little Brother Montgomery's piano style in "Ain't Nobody Here But Me" and "Buddy Bolden's Blues".

Fascinating too, listening to Paul Butterfield blow harp to Big Joe Williams' 9-string, and Elvin Bishop support James Cotton on the gently bouyant "So Glad You're Mine".

A casual, intimate, bare album which will intrigue the blues fan, but not really startling enough to demand a wider appeal.

Graham Lock

JANIS IAN
Janis Ian (CBS)

INDIFFERENT PACKAGING and contemporary musical pleasantness. Soft and slow late night possessive surroundings for the "well educated adult" who wants to smooch not jive. The flatter, straighter parts of Armatrading, the earnest, melancholic parts of Carol Bayer-Sager. The line is from King to Simon to Previn to Mitchell. The line covers a lot of ground; Ian's somewhere in the middle.

There's no musical vision. The arrangement is predominantly gently syncopated guitar, bass, drums, piano, with occasional well-positioned strings and bass. Some light, refined jazz touches. All very sophisticated.

There's enigma in the lyrics. This isn't just (artificially) tasteful and intimate pop. At least, I don't think so. This is full bodied singer-songwriting. This is the work of a sadder and wiser "poet" (remember "17" and such stuff as "New Christ Cardiac Hero"?). The tone is doleful and distant. Here are twelve dreams, lost dreams, lost loves and fantasies of dry disillusionment. This is a joyless and humourless selection, bar the odd private half smile, that belies the light resilience of the music.

Ian's existence is dismal and faded, full of deluding nostalgia and wilful loneliness, never self-piteous but soberly resigned. Her lyrics are sharp and energetic; but the arrangements on the record never do them justice.

Only the unaffected fluency and fluidity of "Some People" and (her own) "Do You Wanna Dance" sound properly evocative. The rest of the arrangements border on the TV overload, closer to Midler than Mitchell. Vocally, Ian is no giant of technique, but a disciplined interpreter of her own songs, which can be enough. Ultimately the record is an uneasy alliance of commercial desires and a strong personal statement.

Paul Morley

Reggae Seen As Muzak And Music

THIRD WORLD
Journey To Addis (Island)
CIMARONS
Maka (Polydor)

FOUR YEARS ago the Cimarons opened their debut album "In Time" on Trojan with a great rendition of the title track from the O'Jays classic "Ship Ahoy" of the previous year. Ironically it's another Gamble and Huff song from that same album that's given Third World their current disco and radio hit "Now That We Found Love", included on this their third album.

Third World's release of last year was a marked improvement on their extremely overrated debut set with its over-blown versions of "Sata Amasa Gana" and "Slavery Days" also that abysmal track "Cross Reference". Yes, "96° In The Shade" actually featured the form of music that up until that time had escaped Third World — *reggae*. Through the likes of "Tribal War", "Feel A Little Better", "Human Market Place", "Rhythm Of Life" and the title track itself, they proved they had a uniquely laidback reggae groove that was a satisfying alternative to the heavier end of the roots spectrum. It was one of my favourite records of '77.

Alas, they have decided to return to the rip-off territory of earlier days. On "Addis" we have a bland fusion/confusion of soul, funk, jazz and least of all reggae. Big deal? Who said Third World were a reggae band anyway? Unfortunately the consequences of ODing on the Commodores and Earth, Wind & Fire approach has its disadvantages — namely a resultant hotch-potch brand of brain-numbing muzak that's so boring it's headache inducing.

Pic: ADRIAN BOOT

Two Third Worlders — which way did the music go?

I've made real efforts to listen to this album in order to do the group justice, and I'll even concede that it's insultingly pleasant, cliche-ridden, dispensable, soulless, vacuous and dull.

The title instrumental "Journey To Addis", is an adaptation of Don Drummond's "Addis Ababa", and is supposedly the highlight of the album. It most certainly is not, since it merely drones along in pseudo-crossover jazz fashion, ultimately infuriating in its empty, directionless self-importance.

In fact I'd say this record is of no use to anyone, not even those who bought the single — unless of course they want a whole album of the stuff which, even using that lowest common denominator, this record doesn't deliver.

At least half of the fourth Cimarons album gives Third World some real competition. But thankfully five out of the ten songs are decent, thus saving it from outright disaster or dismissal. In the wake of their second album "On The Rock", a special blend of original reggae, I expected the Cims to deliver more. To some extent they have, with songs like "Civilisation", "The Word", "Give Thanks And Praise" and especially "Willin' " and the current single "Mother Earth".

Unfortunately, the overall impact is ruined by the inclusion of less worthy songs like "Natty Time" and "Truly". All the five good tracks have memorable tunes, featuring the strong voice of Winston Reid who also wrote "The Word" or Carl Levy's deeper growl as on the militant "Willin' ". The best song is the extremely underrated "Mother Earth", which makes full yet subtle use of dub effects to great advantage.

An album for fans only, since the band have still — after all these years — to combine their potentially strong ideas. But in the words of "loosenin' Out", *"Ain't no use to sit there and only criticise, no bother criticise, leggo criticise".*

Fair Enough

John Gray

OZARK MOUNTAIN DAREDEVILS
It's Alive (A & M)

AFTER FIVE albums and a three-year-old American hit single, the Ozark Mountain Daredevils have decided it's time to hit the world with another live double. And, much as I distrust such indulgences, I have to admit this one's better than most.

True, it sags and flags on occasion, but there's a vitality and spirit of celebration to the music which almost pulls it through. Right down to the final moments of side four, the album is trying to live up to its name. In fact, that's my favourite side — the sweet county pop of the hit "Jackie Blue" gives way to two tracks of mildly exhilarating rock'n'roll and the final, jubilant "It's All Over Now".

What really carries the album are some fine arrangements and the group's own versatility. While it would be harsh to say "It's Alive" is a bunch of inconsequential tunes saved by excellent cosmetic surgery, its certain these songs won't light any fires or break any hearts.

A good, workmanlike performance with enough charm and variety to please the fans, and possibly attract the less-committed country rock listener. Good ole boys having a good ole time.

Graham Lock

More Notes About Jazzing And Jazz

HERBIE HANCOCK
Maiden Voyage
Speak Like A Child
ANTHONY WILLIAMS
Life Time
WAYNE SHORTER
Schizophrenia
Super Nova
CHICK COREA
The Song Of Singing
McCOY TYNER
Tender Moments
CHARLES MINGUS
Town Hall Concert
JEAN-LUC PONTY
Canteloupe Island
(All Blue Note United Artists)

THE BLUE Note school of experimentation is represented by Anthony Williams' "Life Time", Herbie Hancock's "Maiden Voyage" and Wayne Shorter's "Schizophrenia" and it's interesting to note that of the personnel involved, only Sam Rivers on the first album remained on that quest. He's outstanding and saves an otherwise rather clinical situation by sheer force of feeling.

"Maiden Voyage" is the best thing Hancock has ever done, wonderful tunes, beautifully interpreted by Freddie Hubbard and the criminally underrated George Coleman, and the main reason why jazz fans piss and moan about Hancock's subsequent direction. Intimations of that can be found on "Speak Like A Child"; even the cover art has deteriorated.

"Schizophrenia" features some fine writing by Shorter, his own gargoylish barbaric tenor — surprise, this, for those who teethed on Weather Report — and the amazing drums of Joe Chambers. Shorter's "Super Nova" is interesting, full of textures that Shorter and Zawinul later employed with greater pith and less personnel. Shorter on soprano, three guitarists, thumb pianos and Chick Corea on drums and vibes.

Corea's album, "The Song Of Singing", comes from around the Circle period but minus Braxton. He was a more muscular player, more adventurous in his treatment of his tunes both harmonically and rhythmically, and Dave Holland and Barry Altschul keep him happening.

McCoy Tyner's "Tender Moments" is delightful, and his compositions are so well served by the ninetet — saxes, flute, trumpet, trombone, French horn, tuba — that you wonder if he did the right thing going for his current dark trance. These are certainly some of the most inspired soloists he's had, and they leaven the Tyner style without watering the wallop.

Charles Mingus' "Town Hall Concert" is something of a shambles. Mingus thought it was a record session, but neither the audience nor United Artists seem to have been aware of the fact. Consequently the sound is often poor with fine section work squandered, and applause breaking up sections meant to be continuous. No personnel details are given, so here goes: "Clark In The Dark" features Clark Terry, "Epitaph Part I" has a Dolphy-Mingus duet followed by Terry and Quentin Jackson, "Epitaph Part 2" has Ernie Royal and Jackson. "Freedom" features Mingus' anti-segregation poem, "Don't Come Back" has Buddy Collette and used to be called "Nouregg", and "Finale" features Pepper Adams and Terry.

Jean-Luc Ponty's "Canteloupe Island" is from the electric violinist's period with Frank Zappa, and finds him in company with George Duke and Wilton Felder on numbers like "King Kong" and "Idiot Bastard Son". Not my bag.

Brian Case

MICHAEL ROTHER
Sterntaler (Sky Import)

REMEMBER NEU?

Diskomotorik before disco became fashion.
Speed-thrashing, modern night music.

Michael Rother was in Neu. Now he makes solo electric music albums with Jaki Leibezeit, who drums in Can if the mix isn't so lousy that he can't be heard. Rother has taken it through his first solo, "Flammende Herzen," and tones it even finer in "Sterntaler", his second. His music is lyrical, finely traced and subdued. This is modern European music; listen to the synth on Magazine's "Definitive Gaze" — it's not their own.

Rother's compositions sound like gorgeous distillations of Coltrane modal impressionism, the player improvising slightly off-synch with himself through cubed echo-delay.

Nobody's listening, but that doesn't really matter. (The sound of the Autobahn when there's no one on it, anyone?). This is passive, resonant, neon-whistling music for disco-lovers who stay at home. The song titles are in German and I have no idea what they mean, but I've an idea what each of them means. Get the picture?

Michael Rother. You're not even listening to his revolutions. Don't tell me, you just bought the new Dylan album?

Ian Penman

MADLEEN KANE
Rough Diamond (Decca)

SWEDEN'S answer to Donna Summer, Ms. Kane is the kind of body that publicity men (and adolescent boys) dream about. Dress it up in furs and leathers, and it could probably sell anything short of World War Three. Decca, judging by the lavishness of the accompanying booklet which sells Madleen's hardware in six languages, obviously hope that it will sell albums.

Personally, I have my doubts. I'm sure that everyone with the possible exception of black vinyl fetishists will see "Rough Diamond" for the inconsequential trash that it is. It purports to be white disco, but the only thing that redeems the record are the taut orchestrations for which Thor Baldurson admits responsibility. He's done a good job in terms of technical competence, but soul Swedish-style is really no soul at all. In the midst of all his concoctions, Madleen whispers and whimpers somewhere between Jane Birkin and an asthmatic Marlene Dietrich.

The track-listing claims there five songs on this record. I could only spot two, the one called "Rough Diamond/Let's Make Love/Fever/Touch My Heart" and one other, the 'seduction classic' "C'est Si Bon".

At a tender 19, though, this is only the second gaff of Madleen's career. Having already 'passed up the opportunity to star in a Jack Nicholson picture', Madleen should be older and wiser the next time she needs to pull out the big one.

Emma Ruth

This writing is a second TEAZER advert for a forthcoming album release. It's designed to arouse your curiosity EVEN MORE by the STILL dubious device of giving you ANOTHER little bit of information. So here it is - the band comes from SWINDON.

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(CWK 3001)
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"The Radio Stars Holiday Tour is a genuine must for anybody in love with the raw essence of rock music..." Sounds.
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RADIO STARS
Radio Stars Holiday Album (Chiswick)
THE RADIO STARS "Holiday Album" is weighed down with excess baggage.

Things to be jettisoned include synthesisers, repeated choruses, instrumental breaks, a couple of silly bits and about half the songs.

First disposable track is the group's new signature tune, which is neither funny nor catchy and carries too much lardy synthesiser. Other disposables are the trivial "Sitting In The Rain", the first three tracks on side two — including a totally redundant version of "Nowhere Man" — and the closing "Goodnight", a pointless but mercifully brief joke which rips off The Beatles twice (their own "Goodnight" and "Blue Jay Way").

On side one, "The Real Me" is effective pop, while "Boy Meets Girl" and "Baffin Island" would be if they were cut by half. The latter is padded out to an absurd extent by a dull guitar break and the unimaginative device of repeating the chorus ad nauseam.

"(I've Got Dem Old) Sex In Chains Blues (Again Mama) Part 1" has an entertaining attempt by Andy Ellison to sound raunchy, plus mildly amusing lyrics about Joyce McKinney, but it's spoiled by two ridiculous interludes in which somebody mutters to electronic squeaks.

Side two has another nice pop song in "I'm Down", a new version of "No Russians In Russia", still fast and funny but without the cutting edge of the original, and "It's Over", the one track on which the synthesisers are fully justified.

A Spectorish wall-of-sound, enhanced by sobbing saxophone, sighing, grunting and all the delightful paraphernalia of pop melodrama, complements perfectly an unpleasant tale of teenage love and death — though I doubt whether Mr. Paranoia would have allowed the awkward structure, which has all the verses at the beginning of the song and the choruses at the end.

Quite why Radio Stars have declined so spectacularly from the promise of their first album is a mystery. Traces of the wit and pace from "Songs For Swinging Lovers" still occur intermittently, but that album's attack and discipline is glaringly absent. Instead, there are the very stodgy, grandiose doodlings which the New Wave set out to discredit.

The quality of that first album gives hope that this is just a temporary aberration — maybe it really is a holiday album, and they'll get back to work on the next one — but the signs are that a decline into gross indulgence, a la 10 cc, is equally likely. Or could this be the Stars idea of progress?

Like the man said, one step forward two steps back.

Graham Lock

RADIO STARS' Andy Ellison Pic: DAVE SIVIOUR

One step forward, two steps back

THE HOLLIES
The Best Of The Hollies' EPs; The Other Side Of The Hollies; Evolution Butterfly; Hollies Sing Dylan; Confessions Of The Mind (Parlophone)
AFTER THE success of The Hollies' "Twenty Greatest Hits", someone at EMI appears to have flipped his wig, releasing no less than six more albums by the band.

Two of them are further compilations with dubious sales appeal. Since it must be news to most people that The Hollies made great EPs and B-sides, it's hard to understand why anyone should bother to collect them together.

Inevitably, the best tracks from the EPs were those which also went out as singles, among them "Here I Go Again" and "Look Through Any Window". But if you've already got the greatest hits set, it's not clear why you need this.

As for the B-sides, let's just say they're undistinguished. The melodies are mostly thin, and even the harmonies lack their A-side edge.

The other four albums are re-releases from The Hollies' heyday. But once again, this is a band with no great reputation for albums.

"Evolution" and "Butterfly" are both from the psychedelic era, and The Hollies looked and sounded daft as acid-dropping hippies.

Predictably, they just tarted up their usual song format with "serious" instruments like violins and woodwind, and added tapes played backwards.

In those days, Graham Nash was still with them, and some of the more twee lyrics should have tipped us off about what to expect from Crosby, Stills, and Nash.

A sample chorus from the aptly titled "Water On The Brain" on "Evolution"; *"Drip, drip, it's driving me wild."*

Post-Nash, The Hollies were somewhat stuck for ideas. Singing Dylan was one idea which they had, and it was a bad one.

Dylan himself was sugary enough with songs like "I'll Be Your Baby Tonight". The Hollies simply drown the song in syrup. Hideous.

By "Confessions Of The Mind", things were really getting desperate. The production was more immaculate than ever, but The Hollies were running out of memorable songs.

It would be kinder to remember them as a great '60s singles band, instead of dragging out all these musty skeletons from the closet.

Bob Edmands

FORCE OF MUSIC
Freedom Fighters Dub (Ballistic Records)
THE ROYALS
Ten Years After (Ballistic Records)
NICE TO see these two Roy Cousins manifestations being given the escalator by United Artists and, unfortunately, all but nice and nowt else to behear.

"Ten Years After" (embarrassing title) I wish I could fully endorse, but no rooting for this "Pick Up The Pieces" follower, I'm afraid; if it's not strictly a washout, it's indeed a wash. Four of the eight tracks have been engineered *'disco style'* but the durn dubs are done up so *drab* that they're strictly routine slap-footfall, all static and no electric.

A few "Ten Years After" themes splinter up on the Sahara-arid "Freedom Fighters Dub" — a pleasantly plain but eventually forgettable shift-and-splice instrumental Cousins project, recorded at all the best studios, but at best studious.

Two good things: "My Sweat Turns To Blood" off "Ten Years After" is gold (red and green) star, stirring stuff, and the George Jackson quote on the Force Of Music album — *"I may not live but another 5 minutes, but it will be 5 minutes definitely on my terms"* — well now, that's what I call a relevant accompanying quote. If only the music had lived up to it.

Ian Penman

DOLLY PARTON
Heartbreaker (RCA)
MIXED FEELINGS about the new Dolly Parton album, from her pose as a sanitised sex object on the sleeve to the stylish mishmash of the music inside.

C&W is still her roots music, and the ghost of pedal steel haunts a lot of this album — indeed, it's on those tracks that Dolly Parton's class and authority shine through most clearly. Tracks like "Nickels And Dimes", a typical Parton song of childhood, and the slow, almost regretful "It's Too Late To Love Me Now".

These two, together with the title track, a strong pop ballad on which Dolly sounds a little like Maria Muldaur, and the raunchy "Sure Thing", are the album's successes.

The rest I'm not so sure about. It's partly down to specifics — the half-finished feel of "Baby I'm Burning' ", the studied cuteness of "The Man" etc. — but it's also a feeling that Dolly has become a victim of her aspirations.

She flirts with C&W, pop, funk and disco, *then* throws in a couple of MOR tracks, including a dreadful duet with some guy who sounds like he's singing through clenched teeth. Plus, the omnipresent horn and string arrangements just clutter things up, and detract from her singing.

That sleeve bothers me, too. Not just the asinine picture, but the credits go through the whole boring scene of listing countless nonentities for numerous obscure functions, right down to "vocal coaching staff", would you believe? An attempt at spurious respectability? I dunno, but I think Dolly Parton is in danger of getting lost in her own diversity.

Graham Lock

HAMIET BLUIETT
Resolution (Black Saint)
HERE'S A case of too many cooks, all of them bunging in garlic and garnish as if in terror of redundancy. Take "Flux" for example, a pretty lyrical flute excursion which is soon capsized under the weight of the two drummers, Billy Hart and Don Moye, who put out enough energy to fuel Coltrane's Ascension outfit.

"Happy Spirit", over 14 minutes long, has a grandly sweeping theme which is soon reduced to morse bulletins, with Bluiett's baritone ditching melody for wild and frustrating extremes.

The other side is more like it, with "Head Drake" outstanding. A straight-forwardly Boppish theme, it allows space for everyone to operate their trajectories, and there's a nicely judged texture as the baritone growls under the sonorous bass of Fred Hopkins.

"Before Yesterday" kicks off deep in the rain forest with sodden squawks and brittle clicks. and is held together by Hopkins' compelling riff. "Spring Joy" ought to be unstoppable, but Bluiett starts in extremis and stays there. He's a fine musician, but this album passed me by.

Brian Case

PABLO CRUISE
Worlds Away (A&M)
PABLO CRUISE are an American beach-club group: pain is a snapped sandal, divinity a new perm.

They lurk. They are beautiful. They don't seem to move. They are the kind of West Coast Kia-Ora which *The Old Grey Whistle Test* sucks up. They are a *Charlie's Angels* multiplication of latterday Boz Scaggs, lacking his irresistible air-conditioned night-life ingenuity. On the cover the well-tanned, Hawaii-shirted foursome grin awkwardly after the sinking sun. Not my kind of people at all.

They seem interested in synthesisers, sunny harmonies, and sun-tans. They don't seem interested in the world, or even in retreat from it. They are worlds away.

Ian Penman

TOWER OF POWER
We Came To Play (CBS)
TOWER OF Power just get worse and worse.

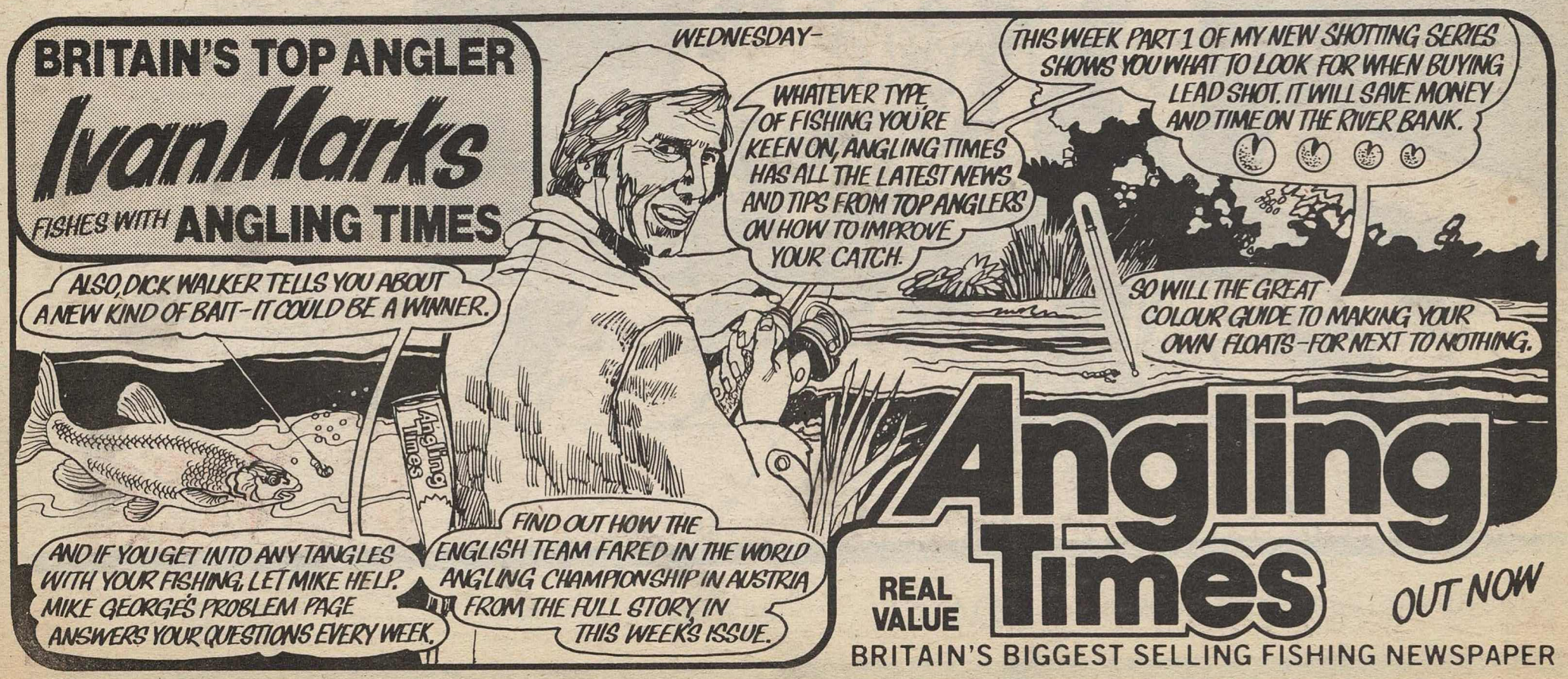
Once upon a time Oakland's funk orchestra had an energy that I couldn't refute. They were an urban renewal, black and white men putting it in the same slot.

Then Warners gave them the shaft: back to making pizzas and moving pianos.

CBS' benevolent home for out-of-order rock musicians gave them a berth. I took a rain-check and find that the climate in Oakland is still pretty lousy. Steve Cropper also continues to tarnish his reputation. He makes the Power (sic) come over like The Cate Bros in an empty disco. Without the people nobody would be dancing. Better for them if I don't single out any prime offences. Advice to Bruce Conte is take your guitar and move over The Bay.

Even the horn section, hitherto worthy of an appreciative nod (come on, that last Little Feat ain't quite the turkey you were led to believe) now sound bored, dragging through the motions. Believe it, this album sucks. They came to play, huh, but the ball game was cancelled.

Max Bell


BRITAIN'S TOP ANGLER
Ivan Marks
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WHATEVER TYPE OF FISHING YOU'RE KEEN ON, ANGLING TIMES HAS ALL THE LATEST NEWS AND TIPS FROM TOP ANGLERS ON HOW TO IMPROVE YOUR CATCH.
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JAZZ

Gorilla Noises & Mains Hum

Free musician **DAVID TOOP** fingers the West while Lol Coxhill unleashes a gorilla tape in the toilet

DAVID TOOP. Pic: PAUL BURWELL

By BRIAN CASE

He had just had his yellow fever jabs in preparation for an expedition to the Amazon, and he was wearing the habitual sulphurous shades and a tracksuit top with a Screaming Jay Hawkins buzzer. We sank an inoculative pint in The Engineer opposite the London Musicians' Collective, and David Toop explained his motives for this reckless trek to the tropical rainforest.

"I've constructed a whole approach to doing things, a whole series of reference points which are inevitably vicarious because I'm urban, and sitting in the middle of this whole information flow. For me, it's important to actually put myself on the line."

He grinned in a self-effacing sort of way.

"Actually, you never do. Not now, because you're going to meet the 20th century wherever you go. There's no paradise any more, and it's absurd to look for it."

His interest in ethnic music goes back a long way. He has recently issued an album on his own Quartz label, "Sacred Flute Music From New Guinea: Madang".

"There's always a music you want to hear and never quite hear. That was the music I'd always wanted to hear."

How had he got into it, I asked?

David Toop cast his mind back over the intervening years which, by now, were not only barnacled with his own hand-made flutes and whistles, animal decoys, dog whistles, water whistles, noisemakers, found objects, panpipes, dead animals, bullroarers, whistling pots, tubes, snail and sea shells, sand and water, broadcasts, performances, exhibitions and publications, but also now formed merely one arm of a galactic universe of dialectic. At his stage of the game, points of departure come hard.

"Hmm," he said. "I think I started off being interested in it because it was new sounds. The different structures interested me, and eventually I got interested in the relationship of the music to its overall context — its social and environmental context. All the constituents of the audio-spectrum are somehow framed within the social context, made meaningful within it.

"There's a strong inter-relationship between the musical culture and the verbal culture and the environment, a cosmology that it seemed to me our music didn't have."

We adjourned to the LMC headquarters, climing the iron staircase to the bright, spacious premises which hosts much sumptuous and original music, and much sectarian acrimony. Something of an unreconstructed swinger and effortless dumbo, I usually enter the portals in trepidation, and go home quivering between cowed and stimulated, the beret a-buzz with stern resolves which tend to dissolve with the nightcap cocoa.

"I now think," said David, unlocking the padlock, the manner diffident, the mind rigorous, "that perhaps our music does have that significance, but it's very veiled or very peripheral or very unrealized or very untheorized."

He moved to the summation. "Ethnic music: first, the structural differences gave me a perspective on the history of Western music, and then the different relationships of music to the total environment, and in the end I developed a cultural politics.

"In the West it inevitably comes down to economics. It's the most influential factor on making relationships between types of events, and music is particularly prey to that because it's very much a consumer activity. The relationship between performer and audience and money strongly defines music's social function.

"I'm really interested in re-defining the roles of performer and audience, and most of the things I do when I play make that relationship ambiguous and reflect upon it. A lot of the things I'm involved in are either successful or failed attempts to find new ways of articulating space through sound. Western role definition starts from a very strict formalized positioning — the music comes from certain people in a certain space which is inviolable. That isn't a feature of Western folk music, incidentally," he said, before pulling back the camera, "but that formalism is part of the superstructure of political and social roles in Western Society."

How, specifically, did he try to erode those stereotypes?

"Firstly, breaking up the performance space itself. I'm interested in extreme high

■ *Continues page 49*

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YACHTS WEIGH ANCHOR

SEPTEMBER
21 - NOTTINGHAM, Sandpiper
22 - LONDON, Hope & Anchor
23 - LONDON, Nashville
24 - SOUTHEND, Shrimpers
28 - BRISTOL, Poly
29 - BURTON ON TRENT, 76 Club
30 - BIRMINGHAM, Barbarellas

OCTOBER
1 - LONDON, Nashville
2 - BATH, University
5 - ABERDEEN, Fushion Ballroom
6 - GLASGOW, Strathclyde University
7 - MIDDLESBOROUGH, Rock Garden
8 - LONDON, Nashville
11 - NEWPORT, Stowaway
12 - HIGH WYCOMBE, Nags Head
13 - LONDON, Bedford College
14 - PORTSMOUTH, Poly
15 - LONDON, Nashville

BATTEN DOWN THE HATCHES

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NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

Thursday

BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: JR. WALKER & THE ALLSTARS
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: RICKY COOL & THE ICEBERGS
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: MAGNUM
BLACKBURN Bailey's: J.A.L.N. BAND (for three days)
BLACKBURN King George's Hall: 999
BOURNEMOUTH Village Bowl: TOM ROBINSON BAND
BRIGHTON Alhambra: THE HEAT
BRIGHTON Richmond Hotel: N.W.10
BUCKLEY Tivoli Ballroom: FUNKY TEAM
CANTERBURY College of Art: MATCHBOX
CLEETHORPES Winter Gardens: MOTORHEAD
CORBY Rugby Club: GAFFA
COVENTRY Barrass Hotel: THE CRUISERS
COVENTRY Hand & Heart: NEON HEARTS
COVENTRY Wyken Pippen: RENO
GLASGOW Amphora: UNDERHAND JONES
GREAT YARMOUTH Tiffany's: THE STRANGLERS
HIGH WYCOMBE Nags Head: THE LATE SHOW
ILFORD The Cranbrook: RAISED ON ROBBERY
JERSEY El Rancho Club: WHIRLWIND (for three days)
LEEDS Fforde Green Hotel: CHELSEA
LINCOLN Bishop Grosseteste College: THE ARMPIT JUG BAND
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: LANDSCAPE
LONDON CAMDEN Dublin Castle: COUP DE GRACE
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: HI-TENSION
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: ZAINE GRIFF
LONDON CLAPHAM The Lark Hall: BAXTER ROBERTS BAND
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: JAB JAB
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: EX-DIRECTORY
LONDON HACKNEY Chats Palace: HACKNEY DYNAMITE/TERRY & THE IDIOTS/THE ELIGIBLE BACHELORS/OXY & THE MORONS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH St Paul's: ROGER McGOUGH/BRIAN PATTEN
LONDON HAMMERSMITH The Rutland: FRED RICKSHAW'S HOT GOOLIES
LONDON HAMMERSMITH The Swan: UNCLE PO
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: PUNISHMENT OF LUXURY
LONDON KENSINGTON De Villiers Bar: GOLD DUST TWINS
LONDON KENSINGTON Nashville: THE RECORDS/THE VALVES
LONDON NEW BARNET Duke of Lancaster: SUCKER
LONDON OLD KENT RD. Thomas A'Beckett: CGAS5
LONDON OXFORD ST 100 Club: TRIBESMAN
LONDON PUTNEY White Lion: THE CRACK/THE MONOCHROME SET
LONDON SHEPHERDS BUSH Trafalgar: THE V.I.P.'s
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: TRANS-AM
LUTON Library Theatre: GEORGE MELLY & JOHN CHILTON'S FEETWARMERS
MANCHESTER Russell Club: SLAUGHTER & THE DOGS
MELTON MOWBRAY Painted Lady: VANITY FARE
MINEHEAD Clouds: VINTAGE
NORWICH Cromwells: THE BLACKBYRDS
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: TEST TUBE BABIES
NOTTINGHAM Sandpiper: YACHTS
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: LAPREGION
NOTTINGHAM Trent Polytechnic: FABULOUS POODLES
PAISLEY Three Horse Shoes: CHARLEY BROWNE
PLYMOUTH Woods Centre: SPIDER
READING Target Club: DAWNWEAVER
ROWLANDS GILL Towneley Arms: ALWOODLEY JETS
SHEFFIELD City Hall: RENAISSANCE
SOUTHAMPTON Gaumont Theatre: 10 c.c.
SOUTHAMPTON Joiners Arms: DOUBLE XPOSURE
SOUTHPORT Scarisbrick Hotel: THE ACCELERATORS
ST. HELENS Glassbridge Club: THE EDDY
ST. HELENS Theatre Royal: MIKE HARDING
SUNDERLAND Fusion Club: MUSCLES
SWANSEA Circles Club: WARREN HARRY
USK (S. WALES) Memorial Hall: ROSETTA STONE
UXBRIDGE Printers Devil; INJECTIONS
WEST BROMWICH The Bush: EDGE
WILLENHALL The Cavalcade: PALOMINO
WISBECH Isle of Ely College: TONY McPHEE'S TERRAPLANE
YORK The Barge: THE MEKONS
YORK De Grey Rooms: ZHAIN
YORK Pop Club: THE LURKERS

Friday

AYLESBURY Oddfellows Arms: SMIFFY
BATH Pavilion: RADIO STARS/REACTION
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: THE LATE SHOW
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: THE ITALIANS
BIRMINGHAM Elizabethan Days: BAD EARTH
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: SPITFIRE
BRADFORD Star Hotel: PETE WOOD
BRIGHTON Top Rank: OLYMPIC RUNNERS
BRISTOL Colston Hall: TOM ROBINSON BAND
BRISTOL Hippodrome: BRAND X
BROMLEY Stockwell College: TENNIS SHOES
BROMSGROVE North Worcs College: PARADOX
BURNTISLAND Half Circle: CHARLEY BROWNE
BYFLEET Village Hall: BRUN SALEFT
CANTERBURY Odeon: JASPER CARROTT
CORSHAM Bath Academy of Arts: AFTER THE FIRE
COVENTRY Theatre: THE SHADOWS
DUDLEY J.B.'s Club: TANZ DER YOUTH
GLASGOW The Maggie: UNDERHAND JONES
HARROW College of Technology: THE ONLY ONES
HUDDERSFIELD Coach House: JOY DIVISION
HULL Wellington Club: THE PROBE
ILFORD The Cranbrook: RAISED ON ROBBERY
IPSWICH Gaumont Theatre: CAMEL
ISLE OF WIGHT Lakeside Inn: MAC CURTIS
KNARESBOROUGH Folk Club: TYKES ROADSHOW
LEEDS Polytechnic: THE MEKONS/THE FLOWERS
LEICESTER De Montfort Hall: RENAISSANCE
LEWES Landsport Youth Club: SOUTHERN RYDA
LONDON ANGEL Bluecoat Boy: MEMBERS-/MONOCHROME SET
LONDON ANGEL City Arms: THE MAGNETS
LONDON BATTERSEA Arts Centre: U.K. SUBS/THE TICKETS/SECURITY RISK
LONDON BRIXTON Little Bit Ritzy: TRIBESMAN/CGAS 5/GNASHER
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: SANDY McLELLAND & THE BACKLINE
LONDON CAMDEN Southampton Arms: JELLYROLL BLUES BAND
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: WARM JETS
LONDON CHISWICK John Bull: JOHN GRIMALDI'S CHEAP FLIGHTS
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: POTTER'S CLAY
LONDON EAST HAM Ruskin Arms: DOG WATCH
LONDON HAMMERSMITH St. Paul's: ADRIAN MITCHELL/IVOR CUTLER/BOB PEGG
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: YACHTS
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: THE EDGE
LONDON Marquee Club: ROY HILL BAND
LONDON OXFORD ST. 100 Club: GEORGE MELLY & THE FEETWARMERS
LONDON PUTNEY Star & Garter: GREIG & NIGEL'S FOLK AND BLUES NIGHT
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: THE STREET BAND
LONDON TWICKENHAM Albany: FALCON EDDY
LONDON TWICKENHAM St. Mary's College: PUSH
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: EFIAK
LONDON W.2 Cryptic Club (Bishop Bridge Rd.): THE RAINCOATS/THE B.52's/THE PASSIONS
MANCHESTER The Factory: SORE THROAT
MELTON MOWBRAY Painted Lady: VANITY FARE
MILTON KEYNES The Netherfield: DOUBLE XPOSURE
NEWARK Palace Theatre: MIKE HARDING
NEWPORT Village Club: MARSHALL HAIN
NORWICH Pinebanks Club: TONY McPHEE'S TERRAPLANE
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: LAST CALL
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: SLIP HAZZARD & THE BLIZZARDS
NOTTINGHAM Sandpiper: CHELSEA
NUNEATON Pingles: INCREDIBLE KIDDA BAND
NUNEATON Stockingford Conservative Club: TROOPS OF TOMORROW
OXFORD Nowhere Club: DAWNWEAVER
PLYMOUTH Top Rank: DR. FEELGOOD/THE BISHOPS
READING Hexagon Theatre: THE SPINNERS
RETFORD Porterhouse: ULTRAVOX
SALFORD University: IDIOT ROUGE
SALISBURY College of Technology: ADAM & THE ANTS
SHEFFIELD Limit Club: THE SNEAKERS
SHILDON The Club: ALWOODLEY JETS
SLOUGH Community Centre: HI-TENSION/THE DIAMONDS
SOUTHEND Minerva: MATCHBOX
ST. ALBANS Horn of Plenty: SUCKER
STEVENAGE The Swan; SCRATCH
STIRLING University: THE CRUISERS
STRATFORD Green Dragon: KILLER
SUTTON COLDFIELD Martsmith Club: THE UTENSILS
TIPTON Brewer & Baker: ROGER BROOKS
TORQUAY Pelican: SPIDER
TUNBRIDGE WELLS Southborough Victoria Hall: KIRIN
TYDLESLEY Rugby Club: THE ACCELERATORS
USK Memorial Hall: ROSETTA STONE
UXBRIDGE Unit One: INJECTIONS
WATFORD Cassio College: DESPERATE STRAITS
YORK College of Ripon and York: MUSCLES
YORK The Revolution: THE LADS

Saturday

ALLOA Tullibody Social Club: THE CRUISERS
BALDOCK The Victoria: SCRATCH
BANBURY Winter Gardens: DAWNWEAVER
BARKINGSIDE Old Maypole: C.S.A.
BASILDON Double Six: CHAMPION
BELFAST The Harp: THE FALL
BELFAST Ulster Hall: THE RAMONES
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: THE ONLY ONES
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: BRENT FORD & THE NYLONS
BIRMINGHAM Bogarts: SULTAN
BIRMINGHAM Digbeth The Crown: NEON HEARTS
BIRMINGHAM King's Heath Hare & Hounds: SAFFRON SUMMERFIELD
BIRMINGHAM I.M.I. Witton: PARADOX
BIRMINGHAM Odeon: THE SHADOWS
BIRMINGHAM The Sherwood: RENO
BLACKPOOL Norbreck Hotel: THE MAGNETS
BRENTWOOD Mountnessing Hall: BUSTER JAMES
BRISTOL Colston Hall: THE CRUSADERS
BRISTOL Crockers: HARD UP'S AUTUMN PARTY
BRISTOL Crown Cellar Bar: THE WILD BEASTS
BRISTOL Granary: THE RECORDS
CAMBRIDGE The Alma: DIAMOND LIL
CANTERBURY Odeon: JASPER CARROTT
CHATHAM Central Hall: SLADE
CROMER West Runton Pavilion: SPRING OFFENSIVE
DARLINGTON Bowes Wine Bar: ZHAIN
DUDLEY J.B.'s Club: SANDY McLELLAND & THE BACKLINE
DUNSTABLE California Ballroom: THE BLACKBYRDS
DURHAM Bede College: MUSCLES
EPSOM Ebbisham Hall: HEARTBREAKER
FARNHAM Art College: THE MEMBERS
GAINSBOROUGH Hilltop Club: STRANGE DAYS
GALASHIELS Privateer: CHARLEY BROWNE
GRAVESEND Red Lion: THE NIGHT
HAILSHAM Crown Hotel: SOUTHERN RYDA
HANLEY Bircheshead Gardeners: VINTAGE
HANLEY Rose & Crown: IDIOT ROUGE
HARROGATE Cock & Castle: THE VYE
HARTLEPOOL Gemini Club: FUNKY TEAM
HASTINGS Pier Pavilion: EYES
KINGHORN Cuinzie Neuk: UNDERHAND JONES
LEEDS Fforde Green Hotel: JOHN GRIMALDI'S CHEAP FLIGHTS
LINCOLN A.J.'s Club: NAUGHTY LUMPS
LIVERPOOL Eric's: ULTRAVOX
LIVERPOOL Moonstone doubling Le Metro: THE EDDY
LONDON Alexandra Palace: MATUMBI/THE CIMARONS/ASWAD
LONDON ANGEL Bluecoat Boy: THE V.I.P.'s
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: THE NEWS
LONDON CAMDEN Electric Ballroom: ADVERTISING
LONDON CAMDEN The Cellar: PETA WEBB & ALISON McMORLAND
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: YOUNG BUCKS
LONDON CHELSEA The Wheatsheaf: OVERSEAS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH St. Paul's: SHUSHA & HER MUSICIANS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Swan: STRAIGHT 8
LONDON HAMPSTEAD Gayton Road (open-air): SPLIT RIVITT
LONDON HOUNSLOW Borough College: THE YOUNG ONES
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: THE EDGE/THE VALVES
LONDON KENSINGTON Nashville: YACHTS/WARM JETS
LONDON Marquee Club: SHOWBIZ KIDZ
LONDON NEW BARNET Duke of Lancaster: TERESA D'ABREU BAND
LONDON PADDINGTON Western Counties: REDNITE
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: BIG CHIEF with DICK HECKSTALL-SMITH
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: EFIAK
LONDON WEMBLEY Arena: 10c.c.
LONDON WEST HAMPSTEAD Railway Hotel: THE LIGHTNING RAIDERS
MANCHESTER Russells Club: JR. WALKER & THE ALLSTARS
MARGATE Dreamland: CHELSEA/THE POLICE
MELTON MOWBRAY Painted Lady: VANITY FARE
MIDDLESBROUGH Rock Garden: TANZ DER YOUTH
NOTTINGHAM Boat Club: THE LATE SHOW
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: OUTWARD BAND
NOTTINGHAM Trent Polytechnic: GAFFA
OLDHAM Civic Hall: ALVIN STARDUST
OXFORD New Theatre: TOM ROBINSON BAND
ONXFORD Polytechnic: WARREN HARRY / AFTER THE FIRE
READING Bones Club: DOUBLE XPOSURE
RETFORD Porterhouse: T-FORD AND THE BONESHAKERS
SCARBOROUGH Floral Hall: MIKE HARDING
SLOUGH College: RADIO STARS / REACTION
SOUTHAMPTON Guildhall: CAMEL
ST. ALBANS City Hall: MOTORHEAD
STOKE-ON-TRENT Biddulph Band Club: NIGHT CREEPER
SUNDERLAND Old 29 Club: ALWOODLEY JETS
TAMWORTH Mile Oak: THE ARMPIT JUG BAND
TORQUAY Pelican: SPIDER
TORQUAY Town Hall: DR. FEELGOOD/THE BISHOPS
WEST BROMWICH Coach & Horses: VIDEO
WEYMOUTH Pavilion: RIOT ROCKERS / THE SHADES
WISHAW Crown Hotel (lunchtime): THE PESTS
YORK De Grey Rooms: THE SNEAKERS
YORK The REvolution: SORE THROAT

Sunday

ASHINGTON Central Club: ZHAIN
BELFAST The Harp: THE FALL
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: STILL
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: VIDEO
BISHOPS STORTFORD Trian Leisure Centre: GINA & THE ROCKIN' REBELS
BLACKPOOL ABC Theatre: SYDNEY DEVINE
BLACKBURN King George's Hall: MOTORHEAD
BLACKPOOL Imperial Hotel: RADIO STARS / REACTION
BRACKNELL Arts Centre: AFTER THE FIRE
BRISTOL Crockers: BRENT FORD & THE NYLONS
BRISTOL Locarno: THE CORTINAS / THE EUROPEANS / THE MEDIA
BROMLEY Churchill Theatre: GEORGE MELLY & JOHN CHILTON'S FEETWARMERS
BURNLEY Bank Hall Club: THE EDDY
CARDIFF Top Rank: TOM ROBINSON BAND
CHELMSFORD Chancellor Hall: THE LURKERS
COVENTRY Theatre: JOHNNY MATHIS
CREWE Grand Junction: THE ACCELERATORS
CROYDON Fairfield Hall: RENAISSANCE
DUBLIN State Cinema: THE RAMONES
DUNFERMLINE Northern Roadhouse: UNDERHAND JONES
GUILDFORD Civic Hall: CAMEL
HULL New Theatre: MIKE HARDING
HULL Telstar Club: FUNKY TEAM
KENILWORTH Working Men's Club: PARADOX
LEEDS Fforde Green Hotel: LANDSCAPE
LEEDS Staging Post: LIMELIGHT
LEEDS Viva's Wine Bar: IDIOT ROUGE
LONDON BATTERSEA Nags Head: JUGULAR VEIN
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: REMUS DOWN BOULEVARD

CONTINUES OVER . . .

and a big week for new tours

THE AUTUMN tour bonanza gets into full swing this week, with no fewer than 11 major bands going on the road, in addition to those whose tours have already started. These are the newcomers who are helping to brighten the darkening nights:

● TOM ROBINSON BAND set out on their eagerly awaited trek, and there's no let-up for them because they're gigging every night this week — at Bournemouth (Thursday), Bristol (Friday), Oxford (Saturday), Cardiff (Sunday), Birmingham (Monday), Leicester (Tuesday) and Newcastle (Wednesday).

● THE RAMONES fly in for another of their very welcome visits, opening in the Emerald Isle on Saturday and Sunday, at Belfast and Dublin respectively, before commencing a series of round-Britain concerts in Bristol on Tuesday.

● DR. FEELGOOD promote their new album "Private Practice" by way of an extensive outing, taking in well over 30 dates. They kick off in Plymouth (Friday), followed by Torquay (Saturday), Taunton (Sunday), Malvern (Monday), Derby (Tuesday) and Norwich (Wednesday). The tour climaxes in two big London shows in late October.

● BRAND X also have a new LP in the shops. It's called "Masques", and their tour to promote it starts at Bristol (Friday), Newcastle (Sunday), Edinburgh (Monday) and Manchester (Tuesday). Special guest is Peter Hammill, who's playing a solo set.

999

● 999 go on the road this week, and they'll be gigging until early November. Dates build up considerably next month, but they're starting quietly with just two gigs in the opening period — at Blackburn (Thursday) and Nuneaton (Tuesday).

● MOTORHEAD are dispensing their own brand of heavy metal in what's probably their most important tour to date. You can catch Lemmy & Co. during the next few days at Cleethorpes (Thursday), St. Albans (Saturday) and Blackburn (Sunday).

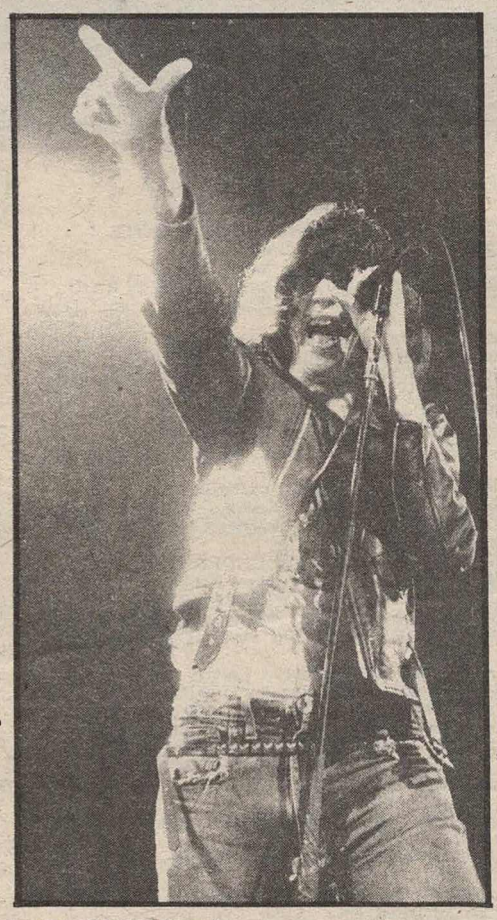
● THE PIRATES are one of those bands who never seem to stop gigging, but officially they begin a new tour at Birmingham (Tuesday) and Middlesbrough (Wednesday). It's their "Shakin' All Over The U.K." series, courtesy of the title of their new single.

● THE CRUSADERS arrive from the U.S. of A., and they'll be touring here for nearly two weeks, including a couple of nights at London Hammersmith Odeon on Monday and Tuesday. They're also at Bristol (Saturday) and Manchester (Wednesday).

● Three important and extensive tours opening next Wednesday are by BARCLAY JAMES HARVEST (at Preston). WILKO JOHNSON's Solid Senders (at Bristol) and THE BUZZCOCKS (at Dublin). More about these in subsequent editions of the Gig Guide.

● Finally, a reminder that ELVIS COSTELLO tops the bit R.A.R. concert at Brockwell Park in South London on Sunday afternoon, and 10c.c. reach the high point of their tour with a couple of shows at Wembley at the weekend.

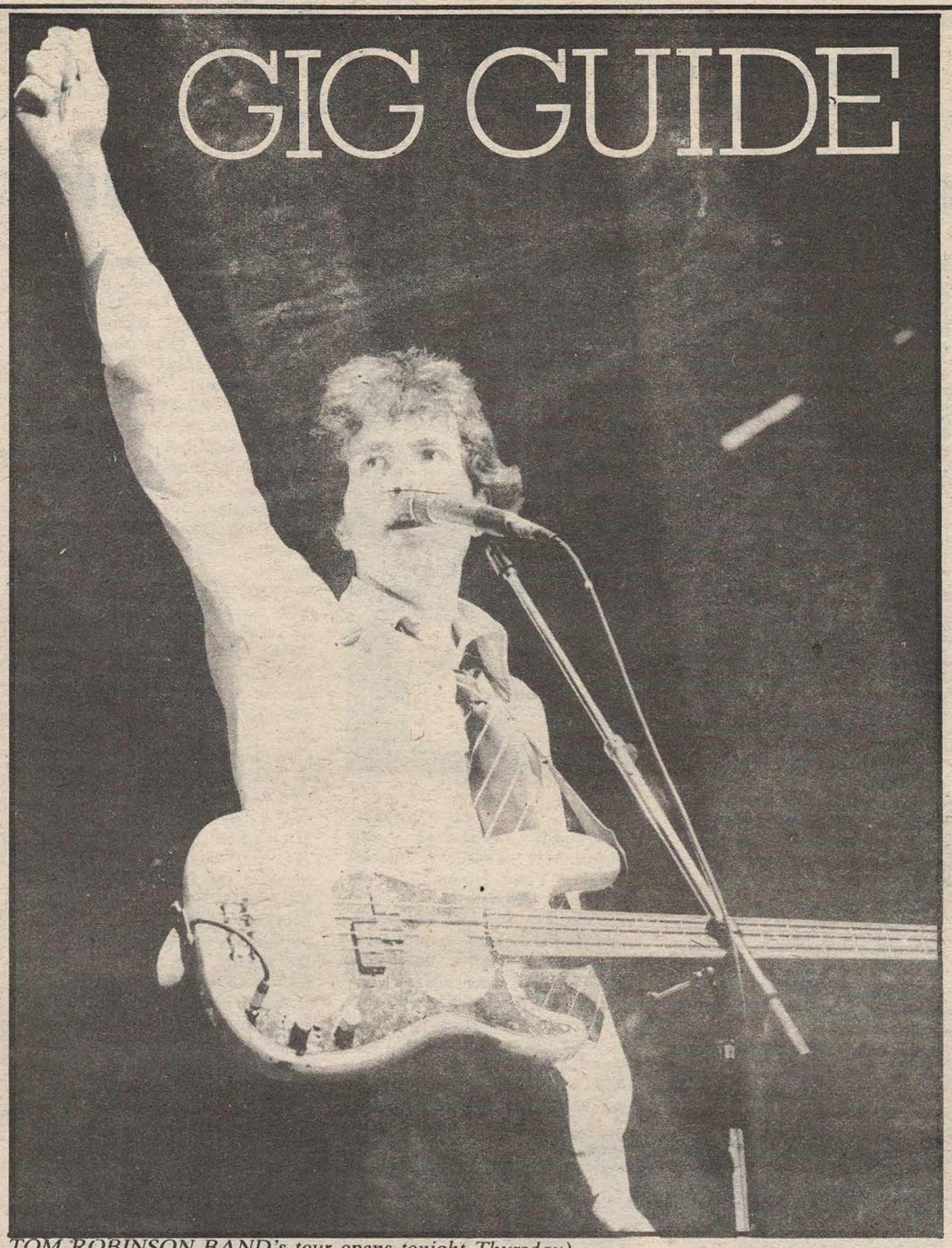
DR. FEELGOOD (Lee Brilleaux)



THE RAMONES (Joey)

LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: STRAIGHT 8
LONDON EAST HAM Ruskin Arms: DOG WATCH
LONDON FINCHLEY Torrington: SORE THROAT
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Palais: SYLVESTER
LONDON HERNE HILL Brockwell Park (open-air R.A.R. concert): E:VIS COSTELLO & THE ATTRACTIONS / MISTY / ASWAD
LONDON KENSINGTON Nashville: THE STARJETS / STREET BAND
LONDON Marquee Club: THE TOURISTS
LONDON OXFORD ST. 100 Club: CHAS & DAVE / GARENT WATKINS
LONDON Palladium: RAY STEVENS
LONDON PECKHAM Montpelier (lunchtime): BLUE MOON
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: BETTY BRIGHT & THE ILLUMINATIONS with GLEN MATLOCK / RUSTY EGAN etc.
LONDON WALTHAMSTOW The Chestnuts: ALLAN TAYLOR
LONDON W.C.1 Pindar of Wakefield: SWIFT
LONDON WEMBLEY Arena: 10 c.c.
MQNCHESTER Ritz Ballroom: OLYMPIC RUNNERS
MIDDLESBROUGH Loftus Club: JOHN GRIMALDI'S CHEAP FLIGHTS
MILTON KEYNES Peartree Centre: SCRATCH
NEWCASTLE City Hall: BRAND X
NEWBRIDGE Club & Institute: WARREN HARRY
NORWICH Theatre Royal: JASPER CARROTT
NOTTINGHAM Commodore Suite: THE SHADOWS
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: THE PRESS
PORTSMOUTH Locarno: THE STRANGLERS
SOUTHEND Shrimpers: YACHTS
STOKE Jollees: PATTI BOULAYE
TAUNTON Odeon: DR. FEELGOOD / THE BISHOPS
WATFORD Bailey's: SLADE (for a week)
WEST BROMWICH Coach & Horses: PALOMINO

GIG GUIDE



TOM ROBINSON BAND's tour opens tonight Thursday)

Monday

AMPTHILL Folk Club: JACK DAW
BIRKENHEAD Charing X Club: SPIDER
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: WIDE BOYS
BIRMINGHAM Drake's Drum: PARADOX
BIRMINGHAM Mercat Cross: ORPHAN
BIRMINHAM Odeon: TOM ROBINSON BAND
BRIGHTON Dome: RENAISSANCE
BRIGHTON New Conference Hall: 10e.c.
BRISTOL Colston Hall: CAMEL
BRISTOL Stonehouse: BRENT FORD & THE NYLONS
BURLEY White Buck: THE DEEP FREEZE
DARLINGTON Speedwell: R.B.Q.
DONCASTER Outlook Club: THE LATE SHOW
EDINBURGH Odeon: BRAND X
EXETER Routes: THE STRANGLERS
GATESHEAD Belle Vue: THE INCIDENT
GLASGOW Doune Castle: UNDERHAND JONES
GLASGOW Plaza Ballroom: OLYMPIC RUNNERS
HULL Tiffany's: RADIO STARS / REACTION
ILFORD Cauliflower Hotel: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE STOMPERS
LEEDS Brannigan's: THE EDDY
LEEDS Victoria Hotel: ZHAIN
LEICESTER De Montfort Hall: MIKE HARDING
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: CHELSEA / THE FALL / THE SNIVELLING SHITS
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: PACIFIC EARDRUM
LONDON CITY Polytechnic: 90° INCLUSIVE / CHINA STREET
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: LITTLE BO BITCH
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: THE CRUSADERS
LONDON KENSINGTON Nashville: CHAMPION / MICKY JONES BAND
LONDON Marquee Club: HI FI
LONDON OLD BROMPTON RD. Troubadour: TERENCE WALPOLE
LONDON OLD KENT RD. Thomas A'Beckett: JACKIE LYNTON BAND
LONDON PUTNEY Half Moon: JOHN JAMES
LONDON PUTNEY Star & Garter: PENNY ROYAL
LONDON TOOTING The Castle: DIAMOND LIL
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's Club: 64 SPOONS
LONDON WEST HAMPSTEAD Railway Hotel: BLACK SUPERSTITION MOUNTAIN / BAND OF GYPSIES
MALVERN Winter Gardens: DR. FEELGOOD / THE BISHOPS
MANCHESTER Band on the Wall: THE DISTRACTIONS
MANCHESTER Golden Garter: RAY STEVENS
MILTON KEYNES The Craufurd: SASSAFRAS
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: GWAIHIR
NOTTINGHAM Sandpiper: THE WHIZZ KIDS
OXFORD Corn Dolly: JOHN GRIMALDI'S CHEAP FLIGHTS
OXFORD New Theatre: THE SHADOWS
PAISLEY Three Horse Shoes: CHARLEY BROWNE
PORT TALBOT Troubadour: WARREN HARRY
SHEFFIELD City Hall: JOHNNY MATHIS
SLOUGH Dolphin Hotel: THE CRUISERS
STAFFORD Top of the World: T-FORD & THE BONESHAKERS
ST. ALBANS Horn of Plenty: JOKER
STOCKTON Fiesta Club: JR. WALKER & THE ALLSTARS
STOKE Jollees: THE DRIFTERS
SWANSEA Circles Club: ULTRAVOX

Tuesday

BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: THE PIRATES
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: RENO
BIRMINGHAM Fighting Cocks: BRUJO
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: JAMESON RAID
BISHOPS STORTFORD Triad Leisure Centre: TOU PLANX
BLACKBURN King George's Hall: MIKE HARDING
BOURNEMOUTH Village Bowl: THE STRANGLERS
BRIDLINGTON Spa Royal Hall: JOHNNY MATHIS
BRIGHTON Alhambra: TIGER ASHBY
BRISTOL Locarno: THE RAMONES
CROYDON Fairfield Hall: THE WURZELS
DERBY Assembly Rooms: DR FEELGOOD/THE BISHOPS
DERBY Olde Bell Hostel: SPIDER
EAST GRINSTEAD Adeline Genee Theatre: GEORGE MELLY AND JOHN CHILTON'S FEET-WARMERS
GLASGOW Doune Castle: UNDERHAND JONES
HUDDERSFIELD White Swan: ZHAIN
HULL City Polytechnic: WHIRLWIND
INVERNESS Eden Court Theatre: THE McCALMANS
LEICESTER De Montfort Hall: TOM ROBINSON BAND
LICHFIELD Bowling Green: EDGE
LIVERPOOL Empire Theatre: CAMEL
LIVERPOOL Moonstone: THE EDDY
LONDON ANGEL Bluecoat Boy: THE MEKONS
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: THE EDGE
LONDON CITY Polytechnic: WHIRLWIND
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: RESISTANCE
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: THE CRUSADERS
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope and Anchor: DOLL BY DOLL
LONDON KENSINGTON Nashville: THE LATE SHOW/BEGGAR
LONDON Marquee Club: CHAMPION
LONDON NEW BARNET Duke of Lancaster: 64 SPOONS
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: STRAIGHT 8
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: THIEF
LONDON WEST HAMPSTEAD Railway Hotel: TERESA D'ABREU BAND/STEVE LINTON BAND
LONDON WOOLWICH Tramshed: SUCKER
LONDON W.10 Acklam Hall: THE SL'TS
MANCHESTER Apollo Theatre: BRAND X
MANCHESTER Band On The Wall: DUST/JOY DIVISION/A CERTAIN RATIO
NEWCASTLE The Cooperage: THE INCIDENT
NEW MILLS Youth Centre: THE TUNES
NEWPORT Stowaway Club: ROSETTA STONE
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: GAFFA
NOTTINGHAM Scamps: STRANGE DAYS
NUNEATON 77 Club: 999
OXFORD Corn Dolly: QUASAR
OXFORD New Theatre: RENAISSANCE
SHEFFIELD Limit Club: LANDSCAPE
SHEFFIELD Top Rank: ALAN FREEMAN/BLUE MAX/STORMER
SMETHWICK Blue Gates: VIDEO
SOLIHULL Reservoir Hotel: THE ARMPIT JUG BAND
WOLVERHAMPTON Lord Raglan: NEON HEARTS
YORK Oval Ball: NAUGHTY LUMPS

Wednesday

ABERDEEN Gordon Institute: LANDSCAPE
ASHTON-UNDER-LYNE Birch Hotel: ANY TROUBLE
BATH Pavilion: THE STRANGLERS
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: BRUNO
BIRMINGHAM Bogarts: BANDANNA
BIRMINGHAM Golden Eagle: KILLING TIME
BIRMINGHAM Hall Green The Sherwood: CARTOONS
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: RAINMAKER
BIRMINGHAM Yardley Bulls Head: ROSES
BRIGHTON Buccaneer: THE D.P.'s
BRISTOL Brunel Technical College: WILKO JOHNSON'S SOLID SENDERS
CARDIFF U.W.I.S.T.: RADIO STARS / REACTION
CASTLEFORD Town Hall: J.A.L.N. BAND
CHELTENHAM Plough Inn: ROADSTERS
CLEETHORPES Bunny's Place: THE DRIFTERS
CUMBERNAULD Kestrel: CHARLEY BROWNE
DERBY Bishop Lonsdale College: FISH CO.
DUBLIN State Cinema: THE BUZZCOCKS
FORT WILLIAM Lochaber High School: THE McCALMANS
LEEDS Viva's Wine Bar: AGONY COLUMN
LIVERPOOL Empire Theatre: RENAISSANCE
LIVERPOOL Havanna Club: SPIDER
LIVERPOOL Masonic Hall: NAUGHTY LUMPS
LONDON ACTON White Hart: TRIBESMAN / PLAGUE
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: TENNIS SHOES
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: WHIRLWIND
LONDON CAMDEN Dublin Castle: O.K.
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: SORE THROAT / THE VYE
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: MUSIC BUSINESS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: THE BLACKBYRDS
LONDON Marquee Club: RACING CARS
LONDON OLD KENT RD. Thomas A'Beckett: STRAIGHT 8
LONDON PECKHAM Montpelier: BLUE MOON
LONDON PUTNEY Star & Garter: DANA SIMMONDS & GREIG'S FOLK AND BLUES SHOWCASE
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: THE MONOS
LONDON WEST HAMPSTEAD Railway Hotel: WARM JETS / THE NIGHT
LONDON WIMBLEDON F.C. Nelson's Club: JONA LEWIE / LENE LOVICH
LONDON W.14 The Kensington: JOHN GRIMALDI'S CHAEP FLIGHTS
MANCHESTER Apollo Theatre: THE CRUSADERS
MANCHESTER Ashton Tameside Theatre: MIKE HARDING
MANCHESTER Phoenix Club: AQUA
MANCHESTER Polytechnic: IDIOT ROUGE
MANSFIELD Great Northern Hotel: DAWN-WEAVER
MIDDLESBROUGH Teesside Polytechnic: THE PIRATES
NEWCASTLE City Hall: TOM ROBINSON BAND
NEWPORT Stowaway Club: ULTRAVOX
NORWICH St. Andrew's Hall: DR. FEELGOOD / THE BISHOPS
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: GWAIHIR
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: SOME CHICKEN
NOTTINGHAM Sandpiper: AFTER THE FIRE
OXFORD Corn Dolly: SUCKER
PLYMOUTH Metro: AVANT GARDENER
PRESTON Guildhall: BARCLAY JAMES HARVEST
READING Bones Club: TANZ DER YOUTH
SHEFFIELD Polytechnic: WARREN HARRY
SOLIHULL Golden Lion: THE FIRST BAND
SOUTH WOODFORD Railway Bell: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE STOMPERS
ST. ANNES-ON-SEA Delmeany Hotel: BRIAN DEWHURST
SUNDERLAND Empire Theatre: JOHNNY MATHIS
TROWBRIDGE Europa: RASCAL
TYNEMOUTH Percy Arms: THE INCIDENT
WHITCHURCH Fighting Cocks: BRENT FORD & THE NYLONS
WOLVERHAMPTON Lafayette: PALOMINO

Compiled by Derek Johnson

ON THE ROAD — continued

Young Bucks

THE YOUNG BUCKS have a hectic gig schedule for the next three weeks. They play London dates at New Barnet Duke of Lancaster (this Friday, October 3 and 10), Canning Town Bridge House (Saturday), W.14 The Kensington (September 25), Camden Brecknock (October 1), Paddington Western Counties (4), North-East Polytechnic (5), Stoke Newington Pegasus (6), Middlesex Polytechnic (7), Islington Kings Head (8) and Old Kent Rd. Thomas A'Beckett (9). And they venture into the provinces to play Newcastle University (September 29), Basildon Double Six (October 11) and Bristol Granary (14).

GENE PITNEY headlines a concert tour in November, supported by Co-Co. Dates are **Gloucester** Leisure Centre (9), **Manchester Ashton** Tameside Theatre (10), **Southport** New Theatre (11), **Coventry** Theatre (12), **Wolverhampton** Civic Hall (13), **Portsmouth** Guildhall (14), **Brighton** Dome (16), **Bristol** Colston Hall (17), **London** Palladium (19), **Bradford** St. George's Hall (21), **Newcastle** City Hall (22), **Paignton** Festival Theatre (24), **Poole** Wessex Hall (25), **Southend** Cliffs Pavilion (26), **Ipswich** Gaumont (27) and **Sheffield** City Hall (29).

FUTURE SHOCK
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The Worlds First Living Magazine
£1.00 – £3.50
"At Last, Real Rock Theatre" N.M.E.
Roundhouse Theatre
From 25th September (for 5 weeks) Box Office Ph:01 267 2564

YET MORE BORING DATES FROM THE MEMBERS
Sept 22: Blue Coat Boy, Angel, Islington.
Sept 23: Farnham, West Surry College.
Sept 24: R.A.R. Rally
Sept 30: City Poly, London
..... And Tomorrow the World

THE HOLLYWOOD KILLERS
Tuesday Sept 26th 10.30 pm
MUSIC MACHINE
Wednesday Sept 27th 10 pm
ROCK GARDEN
Enquiries phone Danny
058 085 211

SALISBURY TECH,
Southampton Road
Friday September 22nd
ADAM & THE ANTS
Plus Glazo Babies + Screens

SUCKER
SEPTEMBER DATES
Wed. 20th: Target, Reading
Thurs 21st: Duke of Lancaster, New Barnet
Fri. 22nd: Horn of Plenty, St. Albans
Tues. 26th: Tramshed, Woolwich
Wed. 27th: Corn Dolly, Oxford
Thurs. 28th: Thomas A Becket, Southwark
Fri. 29th: Brecknock, Camden Town
Sat. 30th: Music Machine, Camden Town

TOWER CLUB OLDHAM
061-624-5491
Man its Heavy EVERY Saturday night with the best in ROCK bands Plus the top ROCK Jock Pete the Feat.
FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 22nd SPECIAL:
Fossil plus Endevour
SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 23rd
BEDLAM (Heavy and Great)
Plus support band Feed Back
Doors open 10 pm Licensed till 2 am
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Groups by Good Management Co
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The V.I.P.'s

Debut Single...
Music for Funsters
out now!

BUST RECORDS

SOL 3

THURSDAYS - TRAFALGAR
SHEPHERDS BUSH PRECINCT

SATURDAYS - BLUE-COAT BOY
NR ANGEL ISLINGTON TUBE

BUST Promotions Presentation. 01-278 6783

Words (Barry Clarke) Words Words Words Words Words Words Words Words

City Hall, St. Albans.

Saturday September 23rd at 8pm
Turn it up Lemmy . . .
MOTORHEAD
+ The Winders

Saturday September 30th at 8pm
ULTRAVOX!
+ Doll by Doll

Mary Jane Disco — Bar — Food
Advance tickets from box office, 37 Chequer Street, St. Albans. Tel. 64511 or available on door.

Sat. Oct. 7th MARSHALL HAIN — Sat. Oct. 21st HAWKWIND

Words Words Words Words Words Words Words Words Words Words

Roy Budd Presents

from 'BRAZIL'
the composers of "Girl from Ipanema", "Corcovado", "One Note Samba", "Meditation", "Carnival", "How Insensitive", "A Felicidade", "Dindi" and many others

ANTONIO CARLOS JOBIM
and
VINICIUS DE MORAES
with
TOQUINHO and MIUCHA
ONE CONCERT ONLY

LONDON PALLADIUM OCT. 1st
at 7.30
Tickets £2.50—£7.50
Telephone 01-437 7373

208 Radio Luxembourg & Funky Fox present
at the UK's finest ballroom

HAMMERSMITH PALAIS, W.6
'Sunday Nite Fever' Every Sunday
Sunday September 24th 8pm-2am
LIVE ON STAGE
HI TENSION
★ + Rob Jones ★
+ All the Fox Jocks, Alan Sullivan, Owen, Clinton & Kelly's Road Show

Stalls, T. Shirts, badges, licensed bars & hot food. Advance tickets now £2.50 from Fox Leisure, P.O. Box 9, Bromley BR1 1LN, send s.a.e. & P.O. or Palais Box Office after 8pm., Blues and Soul, 40 Hanway St., W.1. Groove Records, 52 Greek St., Premier Box Office, London Theatre Bookings, Record Centre, Pinner

Sunday October 1st
Funk and Soul Disco

Play STATE ROCK

INJECTIONS

Thursday September 21st
Printers Devil (former Railway), Uxbridge.
Friday September 22nd
Unit One, Uxbridge (Bring your own booze, Mormon Missionary Meet).
Saturday September 23rd
Old Swan, Fulham Broadway.
Thursday September 25th
George Canning, Brixton.

Don't get the needle, get the Injections

THE
INMATES
MAXIMUM R & B

Saturday September 23rd ROCK GARDEN WC2
Sunday September 24th HOPE & ANCHOR N1
Sunday October 1st HOPE & ANCHOR N1
Tuesday October 3rd CITY OF LONDON POLY, ALDGATE E1
(+Khans Villains)
Wednesday October 11th BENEFIT ABC, QUEENS HEAD, WOOD GREEN, N22
Saturday October 15th UNIV OF ESSEX
(+ Khans Villians)
Sunday October 15th TORRINGTON, FINCHLEY
Saturday October 30th UNIV OF KENT, CANTERBURY

THE ELECTRIC BALLROOM
184 Camden High Street.

Saturday September 23rd
8.30pm — 2am
ADVERTISING
SPIZZ OIL
THE ADDIX
Admission £1.50

LAST BASTION! THE WHITE HART PUB
246 HIGH ST. ACTON

Wednesday September 27th
TRIBESMEN
+ The Plague
+ DJ Jerry Floyd

Please come early
Doors open 7.30 pm

MRS AARDVARK IS INNOCENT!
AMAZING EVE-OF-POLL DECLARATION BY TOORIES
STAA MARX
Thursday Sept 21st
PORTSMOUTH CUMBERLAND TAVERN
"Aadvark never hurt anyone" insists Mrs Thaatcher.

due to circumstances that are completely the fault of our very own Brian B **all copy for the live page must be in by 3.30 pm Monday. for details ring 01-261 6153** *Ta!*

LANDSCAPE
from Camden to Camden. . .
SEPT Thurs 21 Dingwalls Dance Hall, Camden Lock, London NW1
Sun 24 Florde Green Hotel, Roundhay Rd., Leeds 8
Tues 26 Limit Club, West St., Sheffield.
Wed 27 Gordon Institute of Technology, Aberdeen.
Thur 28 College of Textiles, Galashiels
Fri 29 College of Art, Glasgow
Sat 30 Calton Studios, Edinburgh
OCT Mon 2 Platform, Aberdeen
Tues 3 Platform, Glasgow
Wed 4 Arts Centre, Chester
Thursday 5 Trent Poly, Nottingham
Wed 11 Music Machine, Camden High St., London NW1
EVENT HORIZON 01-703-7677
LANDSCAPE E.P.s "U2XME1X2MUCH" and "WORKERS PLAYTIME" available price £1.25 each from EVENT HORIZON RECORDS, 154 Forest Hill Rd., LONDON SE23 (Postage inc.)

THE BOOMTOWN RATS
ON TOUR '78

Tues. 17th Oct. Guildhall, PORTSMOUTH
Fri 20th Oct. University of CARDIFF
Sat. 21st Oct. City Hall, SHEFFIELD
Sun. 22nd Oct. Spa Royal Hall, BRIDLINGTON
Fri. 27th Oct. Colston Hall, BRISTOL
Sat. 28th Oct. University of LEEDS
Mon. 30th Oct. Winter Gardens, BOURNEMOUTH
Tues. 31st Oct. De Montfort Hall, LEICESTER
Thur. 2nd Nov. Coventry Theatre, COVENTRY
Wed. 3rd. Nov. Empire Theatre, LIVERPOOL

Fri. 6th Oct. Gaumont Cinema, IPSWICH
Sat. 7th Oct. Odeon Cinema, BIRMINGHAM
Sun. 8th Oct. University of LANCASTER
Mon. 9th Oct. Apollo Centre, GLASGOW
Tues. 10th Oct. Odeon Cinema, EDINBURGH
Wed. 11th Oct. City Hall, NEWCASTLE
Thur. 12th Oct. Apollo, MANCHESTER
Fri. 13th Oct. Victoria Halls, HANLEY
Sun. 15th Oct. Gaumont Cinema, SOUTHAMPTON
Mon. 16th Oct. The Dome, BRIGHTON

Tues. & Wed. 24th & 25th October 8.00 pm ODEON HAMMERSMITH
Tickets: £3.50, £3.00, £2.50 & £2.00
Obtainable from Odeon Box Office, Queen Caroline Street, London, W6 (Tel. 748-4081) in person or by post with postal instructions as above. Also from London Theatre Bookings, Shaftesbury Ave., W1 (01-439 3371), Premier Box Office (Tel. 01-240 2245) and all other leading ticket agencies.

Q: WOT WE WANNA KNOW IS WHY THE FAMOUS BRIAN B, DIDN'T APPEAR ON TOP O' DE PLOPS, INSTEAD OF CHRIS (NEWTON JOHN) BICKERS & DAVE (JOOST OOP FROM THE PITS LAD) FLAVELL?

marquee

90 Wardour St., W.1 01-437 6603

OPEN EVERY NIGHT FROM 7.00 pm to 11.00 pm
REDUCED ADMISSION FOR STUDENTS AND MEMBERS

Thursday 21st Sept (Adm 85p)
CHAMPION
Plus support & Ian Fleming

Fri 22nd Sept (Adm 75p)
ROY HILL BAND
Plus support & Ian Fleming

Sat 23rd Sept (Adm 75p)
SHOWBIZ KIDZ
Plus support & Ian Fleming

Sun 24th Sept (Adm 85p)
THE TOURISTS
Plus support & Mandy H

Mon 25th Sept (Adm 65p)
HI FI
Plus support & Mandy H

Tues 26th Sept
Closed for Private Function

Wed 27th Sept (Adm £1.25)
RACING CARS
Plus guests & Ian Fleming

Thurs 28th, Fri 29th Sept
A Marquee Special
THE IAN GILLAN BAND
Plus guests & Ian Fleming
Advance tickets to members £1.25
Non-Members at the door £1.50

HAMBURGERS AND OTHER HOT AND COLD SNACKS AVAILABLE

THE NASHVILLE ROOM

FULLERS TRADITIONAL ALES

Thursday September 21st £1.00
THE RECORDS + The Valves
Friday September 22nd £1.00
THE EDGE
+ THE VALVES
Saturday September 23rd £1.00
YACHTS
+ Warm Jets
Sunday September 24th 75p
STARJETS
+ STREET BAND
Monday September 25th 75p
CHAMPION + Mickey Jones
Tuesday September 26th 75p
THE LATE SHOW + Beggar
Thursday September 28th
MYSTERY GUEST + Rachel Sweet
Admission by ticket only available from Stiff Records 01-229 1147

CORNER CROMWELL ROAD/NORTH END ROAD, W14
(Adjacent West Kensington Tube Tel: 01-603 6071)

HARVEY GOLDSMITH ENTERTAINMENTS PRESENTS

THE ONLY ONES

SPECIAL GUESTS
BRAM TCHAIKOVSKY'S BATTLEAXE
THE BUSINESS
LYCEUM BALLROOM,
THE STRAND
SUNDAY 1st OCTOBER at 7.15pm
Tickets £2.00 in advance
£2.25 on door

Available from The Lyceum Box Office, The Strand WC2 01-836 3715 and the Harvey Goldsmith Box Office, at Chappells, 50 New Bond Street, W1 01-629 3453 (20p booking fee).

OUTLAW CONCERTS PRESENT

Out of the Darkness
TOM ROBINSON BAND
ODEON Hammersmith
SUN/MON 8/9th OCTOBER 7·30 p.m.
TICKETS 2·50, 2·00, 1·50, 1·00

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

DR. FEELGOOD
with guests
SQUEEZE

HAMMERSMITH ODEON
QUEEN CAROLINE ST., W.6
SAT/SUN — 28/29 OCT, at 7.30 pm
Tickets £3.00, £2.50, £2.00, £1.50 (incl VAT) availabie now from Box Office. Tel 01-748 4081

HOPE & ANCHOR
UPPER STREET
ISLINGTON, N.1

Thursday Sept. 21st 75p
PUNISHMENT OF LUXURY
Friday Sept. 22nd £1
YACHTS
Saturday Sept. 23rd £1.00
THE EDGE
Sunday Sept 24th £1.00
THE INMATES
Monday Sept. 25th 75p
PATRIK FITZGERALD
Tuesday Sept. 26th £1
DOLL BY DOLL
Wednesday Sept. 27th 75p
POTTERS CLAY
Thursday Sept 28th 60p
APOSTROPHE

little bit Ritzy

LONDON'S ONLY ALL NIGHTER
Brixton Oval, Coldharbour Lane
(Opp. Brixton Town Hall). Enquiries: 01-691 1909
R.G.K. Promotions in association with D.J.M. present
This Friday September 22nd, Midnight till Dawn
TRIBESMEN CGAS5
GNASHER N.W.10 Plus D.J.
Admission £2.00 on door. Refreshments available

R.G.K. Promotions present at the
TRIAD LEISURE CENTRE, SOUTHMILL ROAD, BISHOP'S STORTFORD

October 4th
AUTOGRAPHS
+ Little Bo Bitch
October 11th
VIBRATORS
+ Skids
October 18th
CGAS5
+ Magnets
October 25th
THE PLEASERS
+ The Banned
Advance tickets available from Box Office, tel. 56333

COCKPIT THEATRE
Gateforth Street,
Marylebone, NW8
Saturday September 23rd at 7.30pm
ROGUE HERRING
+THE INTERLEKTUALS
Admission £1.00

THE PORTERHOUSE
20 Carolgate, Retford, Notts. Tel. 704981
Friday 22nd September
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JAZZ

From page 44

frequencies and directionality of sound, all of which place an 'audience' in a very different relationship to the performer'. The recent festival I put on here was an attempt to show all kinds of different approaches to that kind of problem. It was an intense week. What happened was sometimes terrible and sometimes really fantastic. What I found was the proportion of moments where those roles broke down was pretty high in comparison with the barrenness of the last ten years or so.

"One particular event I found exciting. This was a loose project devised by Michael Parsons which grew fantastically, expanding in all directions until it involved almost everybody in the festival. He lives round here, walks along Camden Canal a lot, and has developed a strong relationship with it.

"First of all it was just listening to the sounds along the canal, then making small events related to those sounds. It started off with scrubbing off all the sick graffiti on the bridge, and using euphoniums in one area which is good for echoes. The audience was completely transient, just people walking along the canal, people watching or not watching, performing or not performing — it was very ambiguous a lot of the time and you really felt the roles were being reconstructed.

"Lol Coxhill did a thing which was fantastic. He looked completely psychopathic actually — he had this short black raincoat on, black boots and trousers and his little dark glasses. He had a tape of this gorilla on a cassette in his pocket and he was rooting around in bushes and doing an occasional bit of sopranino playing under bridges. Most people tried desperately to ignore what was going on, but one bloke coming home from work stopped and tried to find the source of the sound. Eventually, he got into conversation with Lol, and it turned out that his thing was to sing along with mains hum. He reckoned the Electricity Board should change the frequency of electricity."

OUR LAUGHTER batted around the poster-hung walls of the ante-chamber.

"I did hear" gasped David, "that Lol goes into public toilets with this gorilla tape, goes into a booth and then switches it on."

Coincidentally enough, I ran into Lol Coxhill at Ronnie Scott's the following night, taxed him anent the tape, and was asked whether a trip to the crapper seemed imminent. It did not. I do not want that performance space re-defined . . .

"I liked all of the outdoor events," David continued. "We went and did a performance of whirled music, just using whirled instruments, on Primrose Hill at about two in the morning. It was like a dream. The audience was just a few people coming home pissed late at night, and suddenly coming across this very weird event!"

Didn't this smack of putting on the bourgeoisie? If one jangled the average punter into a state of flux, wasn't one then responsible for his future development?

"It wasn't ever on the gross level of street theatre," he replied, "which is intended to embarrass or patronize people. I'm not into disturbing people in that sense, but there is this British thing where you don't ever confront anyone. I don't think you can be too polite about what you're doing either — you know, not to be noticed.

"I've been involved in this organisation called the Artist Placement Group for about seven years, which is specifically to put artists in an organizational structure on the same professional basis as everybody else, and give them the freedom to work.

"My project in that area was to work in the Zoo. My original interest was interspecies communication — areas of communication on non-verbal levels. There's a very interesting study by Thomas Sebeck called *Zoo Semiotics'* which is about communication modes. Chemical communication — smell — these are paramount in animals, but with us the verbal culture is so dominant that they seem peripheral.

"I've always been interested in people who explore those peripheral areas of communication — this bloke — "he tapped his buzzer — "Screaming Jay Hawkins, Slim Gaillard, nonsense language, secret language, animal language.

"What I actually got interested in while I was at the Zoo was audience and performer, the idea of the observer and the observed which you can't get away from in a Zoo. Just the notion of imprisonment — not on the stupid level that people always attack Zoos for — we're all in prison on more or less subtle levels, and animals are imprisoned by their own territorial-environmental structures — no, it's a question of who does what to who in the end, which comes back to a political question.

"Animals in a Zoo are seen as non-species in a world dominated by economics — I mean, they're non cost-effective. I worked there on and off for a year, mostly taking photos and combining them with a text to try to distinguish between the way the environment shapes us anyway, and the manipulative aspect of who does what to who.

"The ideal Zoo situation is perfect observation at all times. Privacy is seen as a disadvantage. People get disappointed if they can't see any animal. That whole attitude in a consumer society that there's always an observer and an observed seems very relevant to music. Any performance is subject to that gaze — you throw yourself open and try to create something new with yourself under that gaze.

"In a Western consumer society, based in Science — the New Priesthood — we have an object-based cosmology, an object-based epistemology and an object-based language which makes materialism and the relationship of observer and observed completely insoluble — unless you change the basis of language itself. Language is so loaded. It contains all those things which scupper us from the start.

"It's no good verbally reconstructing your universe, because the verbalisation is continually pulling the ground from under your feet. Western language creates whole areas — metaphysics for example — where a non-object, an event, has to be re-evaluated as an object."

WELL, VOCATIONALLY at least, David Toop and the Free Musicians have a jammier time than the wretched writer, I thought, recalling the desperate pretences of non-writing that the modern writer must affect as a barometer of moral health. "The word language disturbs the language of expression," wrote Reich; "that nervous clinging to abstractions of language at the expense of non-verbal experience and communication which characterised the Gutenberg era has been broken into an awareness of the political and psychological nature of this obsession," wrote Mottram: no wonder Burroughs asks: "Did I ever tell you about the man who taught his asshole to talk?"

"There's another Artist Placement project now with the DHSS," he continued. "Hugh Davies and Ian Brakewell were interested in psychiatric hospitals, and the second phase of their project is called Reminiscence Aid which is specifically aimed at geriatric patients.

"It's like a slide-tape thing which they hope will create a reminiscence facility in people who have virtually no short-term memory and a very limited long-term memory, and create some kind of re-ordering and reconstruction of historical sequence so as to minimise their confusion.

"The pilot thing I saw was about the war years, a period with a beginning and an ending. It's only just started, but there are medical people who think it's very credible. They've had feedback, but they don't quite know how to evaluate it. Well, that came directly out of two people's approach to art work."

"I don't know how much faith I have in any short-term breaking down of formalised roles," David concluded. "The '60's were a perfect example of people feeling they'd broken down those roles forever — and of course the '70s showed us they'd come back with a vengeance. It interests me as much to have one approach to that problem as to have another.

"At one pole you have populism in which you're speaking to 'The People' and you compromise the structure of what you do — and on the other you keep up a pure structure and you're probably speaking to relatively nobody. You have to deal with that somehow."

Daily, David, daily.

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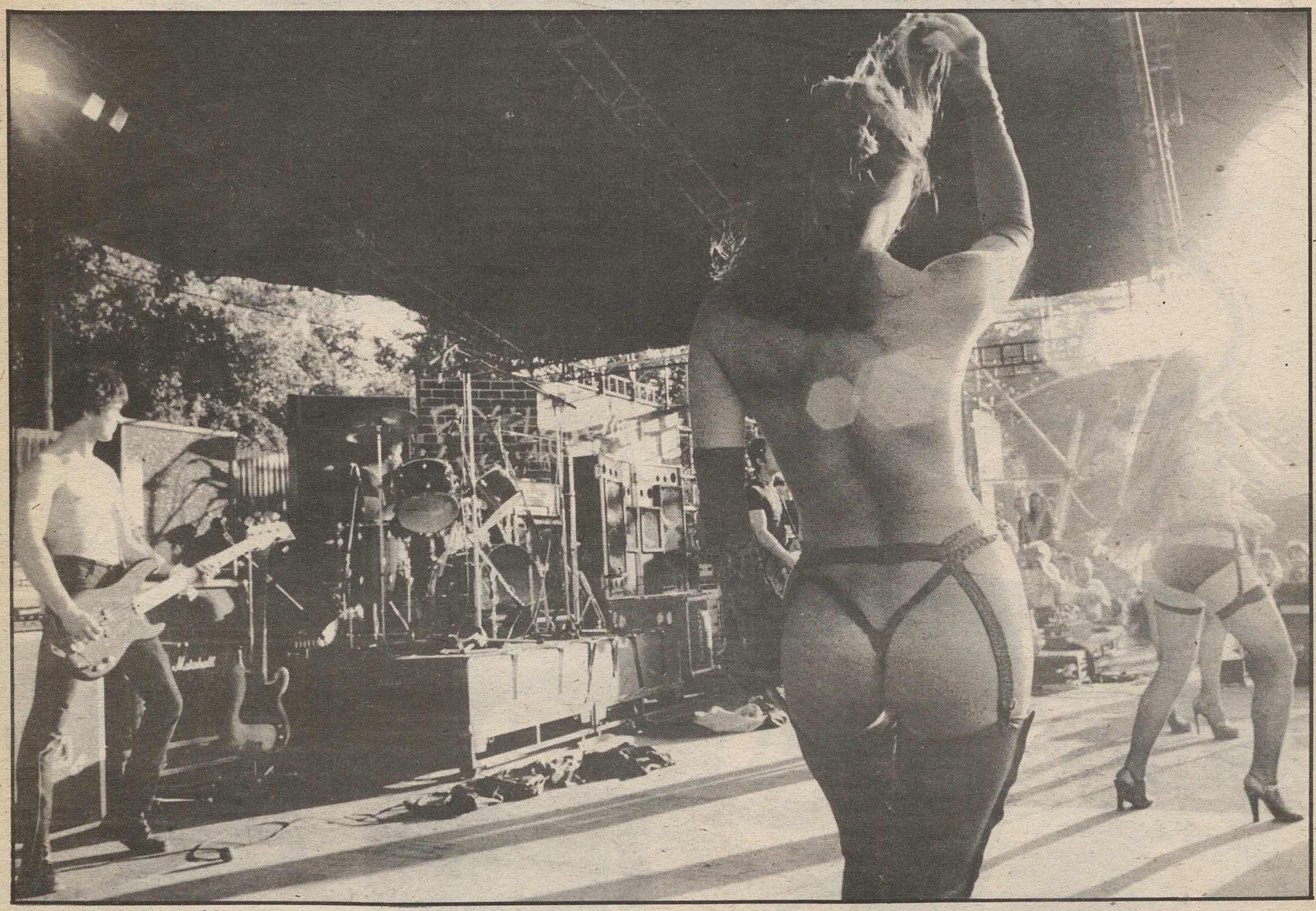

A lot'f bottom to the sound? Stranglers 'n' Strippers — pic DENIS O'REGAN

STRANGLERS PLAY IT SMALL 'N' ORDERLY

The Stranglers

BATTERSEA PARK, LONDON

THE STRANGLERS' much-publicised battle with The Greater London Council came to an eventual compromise in Saturday's garden party, at which a surprisingly small and orderly crowd was to be found pegged out on the tarmac sunning themselves in the Costa Brava climate.

The four-quid entrance fee would have seemed justifiable if **The Edge** hadn't been the only contenders out of five support acts to show any semblance of talent, drive and real imagination.

First on, with the midday shift, they featured two ex-Damned members — Lu on guitar, and drummer John Moss — and together with Glyn Halvardsson, bass, and Gavin Povey on keyboards, sounded a little like a Jam/Stranglers fusion; The Jam's chopped chords and drone vocal harmonies, with the keyboards and live-wire bass building up a far more expansive sound.

Between "The Edge Theme" and "The End", they packed in a string of adventurous songs of various changing rhythms, and all with instrumental sections in which Lu's fragmented solos merged into the keyboard fills to great effect. All of it was eminently *live* music, especially "Winning Streak", a number about greyhound racing that bears uncanny resemblance to Little Feat's "Day At The Dog Races". They showed that they at least could take the routine out of jamming, and play music that can actually take off.

A couple of loons called **Spizz Oil** followed, and played a few numbers so disastrous that, had they sacrificed the novelty of their one guitar/one vocal line-up for an entire band, their plastic crash helmets might well have been indispensable.

"Better than Sonny and Cher any day", claimed DJ Pete Drummond. That much I'll go along with.

Next up were Scottish four-piece **The Skids,** who weren't helped by their love of ham-fisted rhythm changes, and a bass/drum backing that carried none of the real weight they needed to get across.

Peter Gabriel's talents as a performer/entertainer, or even songwriter, I still fail to recognise. He and his band, most of whom look like Mafia hit-men, clambered up a ladder onto the stage in their day-glo road worker jackets, and launched into a set of little consistency and, apart from the more melodic "Flotsam And Jetsam" and "Solisbury Hill", even less musical strength.

It all diffused in too many directions, and was grievously damaged by his eighth-rate punk version of "A Whiter Shade of Pale".

As crowd reaction could only be swayed by his sorties out front with a radio mike, it couldn't be called an event by any standards.

The stage was cleared for **Johnny Rubbish,** who risked body and soul, and his stringless guitar for a rendition of his McCartney-based anthem "Mud On My Tyre". I don't rate him much as a comedian, but as a decoy to draw the flak from can-wielding cropheads, Rubbish could well become a permanent festival fixture.

After having to ditch their plans for dropping in with jet-packs strapped to their backs, **The Stranglers** decided instead to hire a Sherman tank to add a little weight to the proceedings, which made a few noises in Gabriel's set and then sat around looking sadly redundant.

The feared foursome have always struck me as a band who can only give back as good as they're getting, and without having an audience actually *imposing* on them they had to work amazingly hard for a reaction.

If nothing else, their long-running fight for a London venue has added to the mystique of seeing them perform, a mystique that, judging by this far from massive turn-out, they seem to have slightly overrated. Not only was the volume distractingly low but their instrumental approach was so systematic as to preclude any variation of pace. They just stayed cranked up to a safe cruising speed, without accelerating towards a climax.

In fact the nearest thing to a climax for the macho-men up-front was the "Nice 'N' Sleazy" strip show, during which five sin-soaked nubiles tried for that "all-over tan", with the aid of some slave-driving berks with whips. Another indication that the band's sense of proportion seems to be on a downhill slope.

It was a strange set — a lot of it great, a lot of it disappointing. "Peaches" and "Hanging Around" are still strong runners from the early days, and of the "Black And White" collection, "Death And Night And Blood (Yukio)" and "Toiler On The Sea", with Cornwell and Burnel belting out the vocals with the same unnerving attack, carried them over patches of more dischordant blitz like "Do You Wanna".

Seeing that the stage was stacked with brick wall backdrops, and crawling with graffiti, I don't doubt The Stranglers would agree that they're better suited to conditions of urban grime than sunny afternoons in Battersea Park.

Mark Ellen

PALMER PLAYS IT SMOOTH'N' SEDUCTIVE

Robert Palmer

HAMMERSMITH ODEON

ROBERT PALMER is a man unrivalled in the art of musical seduction.

There's some truth in the doubts about his ability to translate onto disc, but his reputation live is deserved.

He chooses his musical surrounds with great authority — currently touring with an excellent five-piece, consisting of Jose Galdo (drums), Pierre Brock (bass), Steve Robbins and Jack Waldman (keyboards), and Kenny Muzor (lead and steel guitar).

The magic of the songs is mostly rhythmic, hence some reservations about the wisdom of all-seater Hammersmith. But nothing disturbed Palmer on the night, and nothing took away from his really fine performance.

A list of songs would take up the rest of the review — suffice to say most of "Double Fun" was included, and selected highlights from earlier albums (Sneakin' Sally Through the Alley", "Sailin' Shoes" and "Soul Fever") — not a wrong step among nearly 20 songs.

"Every Kinda People" — with the kind of lyric and steel guitar break that echoes in the mind all the next morning — was the first off "Double Fun", following "Soul Fever".

Kenny Muzor showed his versatility on "Love Can Run Faster" with staccato guitar forming the base for smooth vocals.

Palmer's all about smoothness — and cleverly ran several songs onto the end of each other without losing any of their original identity.

First failsafe climax comes with the excellent "Best of Both Worlds", with the two keyboard players duelling with Muzor.

It's all relaxation from now on — "Give Me An Inch Girl", "Pressure Drop", "Man Smart, Woman Smarter" (Palmer's best-ever track) and then a couple of new songs which show that RP has retained an almost identical approach.

"A Bad Case of Lovin' You" and "Can We Still Be Friends?" were slipped in between more oldies almost unnoticed — losing none of the richness and rhythm of his best numbers.

Before this review degenerates into a BR campaign for Palmer, it should be pointed out that Palmer's blatant show-biz approach could either be interpreted as smooth professionalism, or cynical indifference — certainly Hammersmith could have done with another encore after "Love Is A Fool" and "You're Gonna Get What's Coming."

Nevertheless, tours by artists of Palmer's calibre are rare commodities.

Roger White

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SIOUXSIE. Pic: GEORGE BODNAR

SIOUXSIE & BANSHEES TRIUMPH OVER GREMLINS

Siouxsie And The Banshees

AYLESBURY

SOMEWHERE IN the South of England, a one-off from current top-popsters Siouxsie and The Banshees, tour and debut album up and coming.

A generous capacity crowd. Even The Human League go down like Status Quo. Very interesting. With no drummer but lots of electronic thingies they look awfully clever and we nearly all think they're wonderful.

And Spizz Oil. Into the North Sea and Petrol, this heavy metal duo (a literal garage-band). Many find them fun but when they encore with "I've Been Switched Off" my response is "that makes three of us".

But we all like Siouxsie and The Banshees, don't we. From the definitive no-chord-wonder band of 100 Club days has emerged the New Wave group Most Likely To. In fact they already have — to judge by this reception, anyhow. From the gallery the crowd's a cram-packed mini-Kop of bopping bods and bouncing bonces.

Consequently, if this evening was not the total triumph it might have been then it's to the group themselves that we must look.

Siouxsie, to be sure, is on the finest form. Skipping across the stage she's as attractive a focal point as any outfit could want and, on "Nicotine" and "Switch" her vocal performance displays increasing assurance.

And Kenny Morris is easily the most compelling drummer I've noticed in many a yonk. Like all the best he's unconcerned with the fripperies which define 'proficiency', keeps to a determined, basic sound. This insistent, deep and beaty reliance on the tom-tom conspires with Siouxsie's singing (slow, throaty incantations then sudden whiplash yelps) to create and eerie tribalistic sound.

Guitarist John McKay and bass-player Steven Severin are careful and studious, crafting ingenious runs around essentially straight-forward songs. Strange to say they're plagued by tuning problems throughout the set. Banal as it seems, what should have been the high-spot, "Hong Kong Garden" is spoiled by the glaring divergence of instruments from voice and from each other.

"Jigsaw Feeling" is suitably disjointed and "Suburban Relapse" impressively cold and monstrous. Another re-tuning lull before "Overground" and, while the hall remains vociferously loyal, there's no mistaking the frustration in Severin's tone: "We know it's a good song but you don't have to clap when it's so out of tune".

All the same the encores work out fine. T. Rex's "20th Century Boy" (tonight's the anniversary of Bolan's tragic crash) generates a warmth that's cruelly blasted away by the malevolence of "Helter Skelter" — hard to detect the McCartney touch in so nasty a business as this.

Alas! no more as Kenny's hand is honourably knackered On action, blistered and bandaged and it wants to go home.

Siouxsie and The Banshees regard their music as a serious thing. Self-absorbed, with scant regard for audience jollity-levels, they're the antithesis of yer average 'good-time' boogie merchants. Otherwise, they aren't as starkly, uncomfortably 'modern' as some reports suggest; merely and mercifully free of 90 per cent of all rock'n'roll cliches.

Paul Du Noyer

RHESUS VERY NEGATIVE

Rhesus Negative/Emergency

HARP BAR, BELFAST

SINCE ITS inception some months ago as the only birthplace in town for local groups to play, Rhesus Negative have virtually been the Harp Bar's house-band. Their consistent gigging leaves me completely bemused since they play what is to these ears very unattractive and very bleak music.

Emergency are a new band playing their debut gig. The group comprises half of Victim (who were responsible for the snappy and effervescent "Strange Thing By Night" 45) and half of the Androids who were the chief purveyors of a hard core heavy metal/punk retardation.

As they battle against feedback and muddy sound textures, Emergency veer more to the latter than the former. They race through their set at 78 r.p.m. I hoped they'd race just as fast back to Belfast's community rehearsal rooms because they'd obviously come out much too early.

Rhesus Negative come over with some semblance of power and depth in their songs tonight; in place of the pallid, almost embarrassing shallowness of previous outings.

But the songs still sound depressing and barely listenable.

They perform icy cold rock music about as enticing as Van Der Graaf and often redolent of Adam's Ants. Their only enjoyable number remains "My Baby Left Me", a successful merging of their galatic stylisms with a bit of humour and a smattering of commercialism.

But elsewhere its tedium with the simplistic riff of "Contact Radiation", the irksome "Rhesus Babies", or an onstage tirade against the music press.

Like so many bands who are trying to do something different they've become another gaggle of essentially boring noise merchants.

They close with a version of "Satisfaction" that would make your Granny cry. But by that time the place is nearly empty.

Gavin Martin

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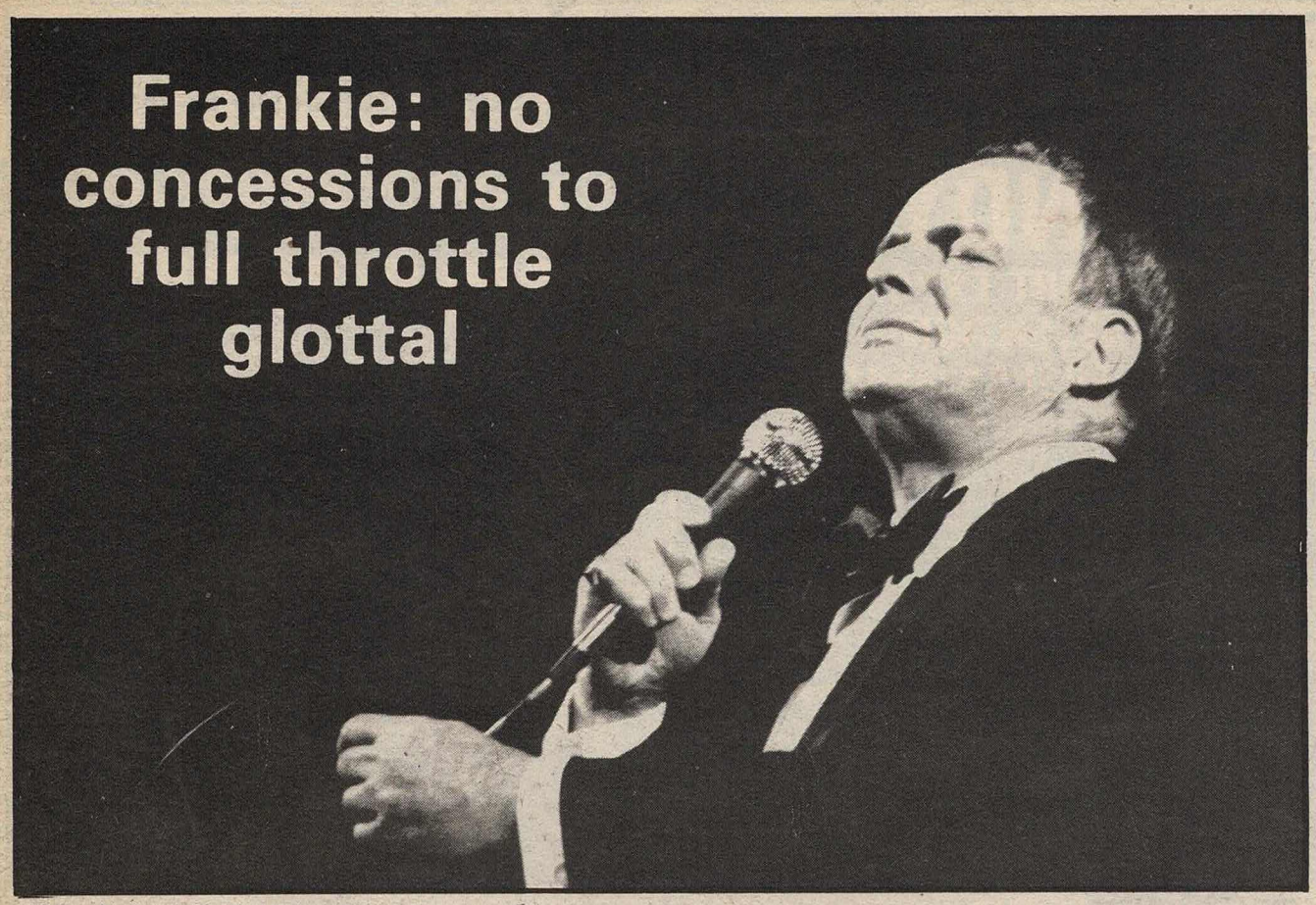
Frankie: no concessions to full throttle glottal



Ol' Frankie leanin' back t' gob on the audience . . . Pic MATTHEW TAYLOR

Frank Sinatra

ROYAL FESTIVAL HALL

UNLIKELY, I suppose, to prevail upon the readership to exchange the Lewis Leathers for a tarred fedora with a polka dot hatband, sharp-shouldered mohair and half-mast tie-knot, and accompany me in the spirit of pilgrimage to Francis Albert Sinatra of Hoboken and Hollywood.

There's a generation gap here like an elephant's chuff-box, so that anyone who teethed on the mellifluous brimtippers is as unlikely to find much of musical merit in today's rock as today's rockers are to find relevance in yesteryear's seamed songsters. Pity.

Less mannered than Bing, less limber than Torme, more upright than Martin, more multi-dimensional than Bennett, Como, Haymes, Eckstine and Greco, Sinatra is the greatest singer of the best popular songs of our century, not an accolade you get free with Wheaties. You can dislike the image, the ambiance and the genre, but if you can't clock the artistry you are Mutt & Jeff.

Sinatra came up through the big bands of the early '40s, studied on the smoothly soulful trombone of Tommy Dorsey, "The Sentimental Gentleman', and developed his craft back when craft was about lasting.

Over the years that pleading lightness in his voice has flattened, and the medium register trombone tonality has taken over the centre, a nice-and-easy-does-it relaxed maleness that has deluded generations of bathroom imitators.

Bathroom Imitator: "Like to do a li'l number's bin good to us over the years,"

Steradent: "Oh shite."

So how's he doing at 63? Judging by the opening night of a week of concerts at the Royal Festival Hall, he's hitting more than he misses. He might phrase like a horn, but the human voice is perishable where brass abides, and is some areas it will no longer do the master's bidding. He can swoop down the register, but up shows the tendons of strain and Sinatra was never about that.

Here and there, he had to haul off to shout a note. Those familiarities of diction — the thudding d's, the abrupt snapping a's — are now occasionally coarse and harsh and unsettling to the ballad, and emphasize the impression of a tightening of muscles that once were lithe.

Age also has its compensations. Sinatra may not still be the sassy wise-ass kid of yore, but he can afford to treat his familiar numbers to elisions and syncopations that add up to a pretty hip stage personality.

"Night & Day", "All Of Me", "The Lady Is A Tramp" sped by like morse, offhand extemporizations — "get a piece", "Lady is a champ" — and airy hand gestures staking his claim to freehold possession.

"Didn't We", by contrast, was infinitely moving. Accompanied only by the string section, Sinatra inhabited the words so that the the phrase *"this time we almost made that long hard climb"* stretched all the way from his own range recession to the more universal entrophy of age. George Harrison's "Something" was, at best, a parody. Forgotten lines and a grating bump 'n grind routine, topped off with inserts like "stick around, Jack", showed The Man at his insensitive worst.

Where he really came into his own was in the confessional. "The Girl Who Got Away", "It Never Entered My Mind" and "Angel Eyes" were spellbinding performances, barstool, cigarette smoke, the pipes gravid with pain.

"Everyday stories", he explained, "of the average homo sapien whose chick has split."

"Lonely Town" from the trio of movie memories was outstanding, its opening line, *"New York, New York"* rising like a forlorn tugboat siren; only Torme can cap that version.

The three new numbers were variable. Elton John's "Remember" was a sleeper that failed to respond to treatment, and "What Does God Look Like?" mainly memorable for the moment when Sinatra, listing The Almighty's Attributes, suddenly dried and barked at his prompter — "His WHAAAT?"

The last one, "You And Me" was a masterpiece: *"we wanted it all, passion without pain."*

An all bow-tie audience would not let him go without "My Way", a cheaply emotional killer-diller best left to the French, but that was the only concession to the open-throttle glottal. He doesn't need it. If rock stars are to solve the public ageing process by means other than overdose and retirement, they could well study on Sinatra.

Brian Case

Soft Boys

LONDON NASHVILLE

ANOTHER NEXT year's thing . . . And now 1979 looms. Signed to Radar with an LP imminent, The Soft Boys are somewhere between wishing they were babies and wishing they were dead. They are ashamed of their minds!

They performed "Cold Turkey" with much composed rage and no passion, which significantly planted them firmly in the middle of 1969 in more ways than one.

They are in the process of regression, an unusual form of adventure. Once discreetly challenging and eccentric, they now smother the challenge, emphasise the eccentricity and in moving backwards, move towards an audience. Not only a next year's thing but potential biggies.

The ambiguity and indeterminacy of their early days has fallen away. Someone murmured perhaps they've begun to take themselves seriously. Someone else complained they weren't loud enough. But their set was strong and direct, their songs brief and active.

Their music is a very forceful blanket sound: raging dual electric guitars, inscrutable pumping bass, stoic drumming with occasional strange, spirited harmonica. It skims along with delirium and swagger, counterbalanced with the awkward whimsy of the lyrics. The vocal delivery and mannerisms are of an Ayers-Barrett wide-eyed singing-in-the-bath dead pan.

The touchy rhythmic twists and tantalising changes in direction and level complete the compelling, insistent sound that's within the context of a flat psychedelia.

It's layered and intricate, but simple sounding. Odd and highly strung, and very approachable. Would you believe Lothar and The Hand People, The Byrds, The Monkees and nowadays more Canned Heat than Captain Beefheart.

The carefully warped imagination and teasing vigour of The Soft Boys will see them hip and popular. The funny thing is, they're now a straight revivalist group. Everything about them, the overall sound, the tinges of madness, the introductory Cage-ish tape collage, the poker-face nonsense, is of a time long gone.

I left early, because such heavy frivolity is best in small doses and my mind was numb.

Paul Morley

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THE STRAITS. Pic: DAVE SIVIOUR

The Straits

YORK

NOT EVEN their most dedicated devotees (yes, there are some) could claim that The Straits have anything more than rudimentary competence. Lacking as much in virtuosity as they do in balls, they have a long, long way to go. But judging by the receptions they are beginning to get on the Yorkshire pub and club circuit, the fair-gender band from Leeds, York and Frome (and a whole lot of other places too, though one Strait categorically denies having passed her audition at the L.S.E.) have at least reached the stature that deems them "reviewable".

The Barge of a Saturday night probably isn't the best venue to play or to view: try imagining a place where it's always safe and warm, and you're getting green. The boat rocks, all right, but that's got more to do with the Ouse than the music. Apart from that, there are plenty who really do show just for the grog, mush.

But The Straits set everything off just fine. The cramped soapbox estrade was right for their act; lacking all-round self-assurance, each girl could take refuge in the collective pool of furtive nods and winks. As soon as the applause started coming, the concurrent relaxation induced the smiles, the confidence, and ultimately, playing of a less amateur, more controlled kind.

Of course, there were hitches: a total PA blow-out meant that three of their 'standards' had to be delivered dub-style. But vocalists Judi Rock (also Rickenbacker six-string) and Di Harde (Brand X bass) were up to it, while rhythmist Shirley Newman pulled her weight in maintaining the warm vibe and the show-must-go-on repartee.

Drummer Suzi Roll is a little type-cast when it comes to range, but nevertheless occasionally capable of turning on a kind of self-automation that makes Maureen Tucker sound like a cabaret brush-worker.

Three headaches later and Di almost backed down a hole where they probably used to load the coal, but Shirley came to her rescue with some deft footwork.

The songs are *poprock*, conceived and written better than they are played. "Release" and "You Belong To Me", both down (impressively) on demo, are the best of the bunch, while "Sacha Shoes", "Natty" and a near-perfect Anglification of "Funtime" are significant testimony to the girls' ingenuity. And these are just the first pangs: the Straits only have around 10 numbers and they just have to play 'em again man, whenever they're required — as they were here — to do two sets.

The Straits do tend to lack the stardust stance; were they to move it around and shake some action, much of the duff instrumentation and wary vocals would be overlookable. But they can work on that.

What impresses most about The Straits is that while they have countless shortcomings, they exude the impression that no problem is insuperable. I don't share that confidence all the way, and if they do create a splash, it could well be because their sex gives them a head's start in the gimmick stakes. But I hope they get all the chances they need, and the best PA in the world.

Like someone conveniently said, "nothing is got without pain but dirt and long nails".

Emma Ruth

The Members

RAILWAY ARMS, WEST HAMPSTEAD

ON OCCASION of late, it's seemed to this critic that much of the verve and militancy displayed by the Punk movement has either fossilised in '76 or transmuted — via pop shallowness, heavy metal fatigue and technical aloofness — into the same old commercial docility of the old guard.

The Members are a very notable exception. After a year's existence they've evolved into an extremely tough, punchy stage band with a style and wholly original fusion of influences that owes little to anyone and places them firmly in the very top echelon of unsigned bands.

They already have a good first album's worth of succinct witty songs and a quartet or so of potential classics in "Sound Of The Suburbs", "Solitary Confinement" (an unsatisfactory one-off with Stiff), "Don't Push Me" and "Stand Up And Spit" the first two being successful variants of straight Britpunk, and the last two both being of a decidedly militant rockers persuasion. In fact, of the many rock bands currently co-opting reggae influences to their own artistic ends, the number doing so with more love and style than The Members could be counted on the thumbs of one hand clapping.

At the core of The Members' reggaematic rhythms is bassman Chris Payne, who exerts a commendable stridency by virtue of both his playing and the way he looms with amiable menace over the proceedings in a style that sometimes calls to mind Paul Simonon.

From the brilliant, yawping, and thoroughly English harmonies offered by the trio of Payne, Nigel Bennett (rhythm guitar) and Nicky Tesco (frontman vocals), further and favourable comparisons to The Clash might also be made.

But the important thing about The Members is the way they fuse rock and reggae influences into an individual style, even if at time uncomfortable gobbets of groaning HM guitar stick in the gullet.

Visually their appeal rests firmly with the high energy antics of frontman Nicky Tesco and the complementary style and moves of Payne (tough and topless) and Bennett (modernistic pudding basin cut and dub shoes).

Needless to say they already have a strong cult following and judging by the two performances I saw last week it can't be long before the fat record company cheques are being dangled beneath their noses.

Neil Spencer

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Temps risk plague of frogs

The Temptations

NIGHT OUT, BIRMINGHAM

LIKE a lot of established black vocal groups, The Temptations have been through a lot of changes. The current line-up is at least the sixth in the group's 18-year career, and they're in the most distressing position of any of the different teams who have traded under the famous banner.

With the recent addition of co-lead singer Louis Price, The Temps are now as vocally hot as they've ever been — comparable, I'd say, to their 1964-68 heyday when David Ruffin and Eddie Kendricks were the featured stars of the group. But on record they're as cold as a week-old corpse.

The paradox is clearly evident in their performance, resulting in a show that is as frustrating for the audience as it must be for the singers. It's the familiar spectacle of a group trying to re-establish itself with material that isn't half as strong as the hastily dismissed oldies for which it is famous.

A plague of frogs on all groups who box up their past in a dreaded medley. Ten songs, or rather, bits of songs, in as many minutes. What's that all about? Listen Temps, it doesn't work. It never has and it never will. It's bloody obscene, d'ya hear me, *obscene*.

I can fully understand the group as a whole not wanting to get trapped in an oldie-but-goodie bag, and Price and the equally excellent Glenn Leonard not wanting to be known as mere interpreters of songs made famous by Ruffin and Kendricks respectively. Nevertheless, until the present line-up has created its own string of hits (for which it certainly has the potential, given the right material) the group must pay homage to the past so they might as well do it right.

They ought to take time to rehearse full length versions of all the key hits and then alternate what they choose to perform on successive nights. In that way they might actually get people returning a second or third time to hear what they missed instead of leaving every audience with the coitus interruptus blues.

Still, let me not carp too much, for despite the faults (which may or may not also include the group's vigorous dance routines, depending on your taste in these terpsichorean matters) there were some truly magical moments that eventually made the evening a worthy one.

Had I had to pay at the door I'd have thought it worth the price of admission just to hear Price leading "Who Are You?" and Leonard leading "Put Your Trust In Me"; Richard Street proving that he too is no indifferent singer on a beautiful reading of "Firefly"; and — the cold sweat, spine tingling killer — Price leaping from the ranks of the unknown into the holy pantheon of Great Soul Singers with a sensational, impassioned interpretation of "A Song For You" that even managed to stir this niteries limp clientele into some semblance of life.

It was one of those outstanding performances that made me wish I'd smuggled a tape recorder into the house.

Throughout the entire show founder-Temp Otis Williams did a masterly job of not only singing his own part but covering for his long-time partner, bassman Melvin Franklin (who's recuperating from the recent shooting incident), and the quartet displayed many of the finest aspects of black vocal group tradition, both in harmony and in chop 'n' change rallies of their contrasting voices.

In fact if they'd only drop the medley and a couple of the less interesting uptempo numbers in favour of a full exploration of their combined vocal talent, this latest set of Temptations could quite easily blow most similar groups clean off stage.

Think about it fellas. Don't follow leaders; use what you got to satisfy.

Cliff White

BE EARLY FOR THE LATE SHOW

The Late Show

DINGWALL'S, LONDON

PICTURE A skinny-looking, moustachioed geek in a tailcoat, playing rampant violin, and you start to suspect lunacy. Include a fresh-faced, almost innocent, vocalist, singing alongside a Roy Orbison look-alike in shades and seedy tuxedo, and you're soon aware that there's pastiche afoot, in the company of cabaret sleaze.

The aforementioned threesome, (Mike Jelly, Bill Clift and Dave Head), with the solid support of Tim Joyce (bass) and Tony Jewson on drums are responsible for this musical extravaganza which goes by the name of The Late Show.

It was once tempting to classify this band as 'early 60s revival' on account of the predominance of 'doo-wop' in their repertoire, and judging by the Stones, Beatles and Hollies covers that are still at large they've got no intention of straying very far from these roots.

But by adamantly refusing to play safe, and merely wallow exclusively in nostalgia, (as Whirlwind are currently doing with the whole Presley era), they're forging ahead as an extremely entertaining and imaginative band.

Keeping mostly to an early R&B/rock'n'roll format, they make maximum use of their four excellent harmony vocalists, and Jelly's ability to double on fiddle and lead guitar. Prominent rockers include a couple of (ironic) sagas of moral dilemma, "Midnight Rendezvous" and "Wished I'd Stayed Home And Watched My TV", and the "uptempo country reggae" number "Cruel To Me".

Band's of The Late Show's versatility and class are mighty scarce, especially on the pub circuit. See them now, in case the imminent pressures of stardom and tax evasion force them all to expatriate.

Mark Ellen

The Police

ROCK GARDEN, LONDON

IF EVER a band passed through the twilight zone of the New Wave and came out with an original and distinctive sound of their own, it's The Police. They also have a fistful of good songs, a small but loyal following and an increasing maturity in their writing, performance and attitude to prove it.

Hot and sweaty as always at the Rock Garden, we bopped and swayed to music pumped out with an energy and style that most apres-punque bands would give their gilt safety-pins for — and from a three-piece the power was remarkable.

Avoiding heavy metal thrash in the main, although "Fall-out" and "Landlord" were undistinguished examples of that, the clarity with which they delivered the beautiful "Roxanne" for example, was matched only by the passion of the performance.

They looked good too: Stewart Copeland endearingly insolent behind the drums, Andy Summers' boy-next-door guitar hero looks belying his musicianship, and Sting, the man with the reggae-rhythm bass and Small Faces tape loop for a voice, whose cheeky suntan wouldn't go amiss behind one of the junk jewellery stalls in Petticoat Lane.

"Be My Girl" was a laugh — a poem about an inflatable doll recited with Benny Hill nonchalance by Andy Summers, sandwiched between a fast repetitive chorus; and "Hole In My Life" sounded almost as good as "She's A Woman" from which the riff had been plundered.

"Born In The Fifties" was a nice Steppenwolf/Who hybrid anthem but Police's obvious metier is the loping, reggae-tinged beat ballad, as illustrated by "Can't Stand Losing You", "So Lonely" and "Roxanne", during which Mr Andy Summers hit that long lunar note and let it float before meandering through a solo like the moon on the Westway, dark and mysterious.

There was no gobbing, some beer was thrown and Sting prevented a possible fight by singing a new version of "The Yellow Rose Of Texas", accapella yet. He really does have a very impressive voice.

In retrospect, they are one of the few bands who have made me want to go and buy their singles on the grounds of their performance (how about a live EP?). In fact the bloke I was with lent me the latest one and I can't . . . I can't . . . I can't stop playing it . . . . .

Neil Norman

Tanz Der Youth

NASHVILLE, LONDON

"ALMOST, uncomfortably, colour supplement Heavy Metal . . ." must be the conclusion as Tanz Der Youth loaf about the stage, sluggishly macho. Jolly swagger men. Their songs are emotionless and ill-defined. The complete lack of any grasp on dynamic or tension is quite shocking. Tanz Der Youth *cram*. Slam, shove, squash.

I remember their first performance . . . when I described them as a 'psychedelic' band.

That first night the tacky, anachronistic light show proved most effective — nostalgic innovation. The music was aggressive, ill-defined but optimistic, with a definite brooding moodiness. More attention, more tension, perhaps some ambiguity and there beckoned a modern structuralist psychedelic diagram.

But what a diagram the interim has produced! The visuals have been erased altogether and the music has dropped into a dire, directionless heavy . . . heavy . . . zero. Tanz Der Youth are not even 'psychedelic' in the sense that early XTC, Pere Ubu, or Television were.

This band lacks the essential naivety, the light touch, the passionate day-dream quality of good (modern) psychedelia, which does indeed exist, far and wide . . . Chrome, Michael Rother, Alex Chilton, The Sneakers . . . an endless list of sublimely structured musics."

Tanz Der Youth are perversely unfashionable and they should be worried (did they notice how many people left early on Saturday night?) They are somewhere between Ultravox and Rod Stewart and The Faces — not an enviable place to be.

Brian James seems content with writing two basic songs over and over again. "Blue Lights Flashing", "Polka Dot Shirt", "When I Die", "I'm Sorry, I'm Sorry" . . . snappy titles, sometimes a good notion of an introduction, stop. One crushing riff all night. No empty spaces, no humour, no passion, no illusions, just meagre self-reference.

When it's all over . . . It means nothing. Will it last the new term?

Ian Penman

TANZ DER YOUTH. Pic: PAUL SLATTERY

JAZZ DIARY

ONE OF the oldest established European jazz festivals, the Zurich Jazz Festival, takes place this year from 13th-15th October. Included on the bill are the Walt Dickerson Trio, the Archie Shepp-Dollar Brand Duo, the Junior Cook-Bill Hardman Quintet, the Gil Evans Orchestra and the Jerome Jones-Steve Potts Quartet, as well as groups from Poland, Sweden, Italy and Switzerland.

The London Musicians Collective presents the Terry Day-Steve Beresford Duo on 22nd September, with both of them joining Georgie Born, Lindsay Cooper and David Toop on 23rd. The LMC premises at 42 Gloucester Avenue, NW1 will be the scene of The Association Of Little Presses' Book Fair on the 23rd from 11 am-6 pm.

Jazz Centre Society venues feature the Bobby Wellins Quartet plus Semuta at 100 Club on 2nd October, the Ray Warleigh Quintet at the Half Moon on 1st October, and Edge with Kenny Wheeler at The Phoenix on 4th.

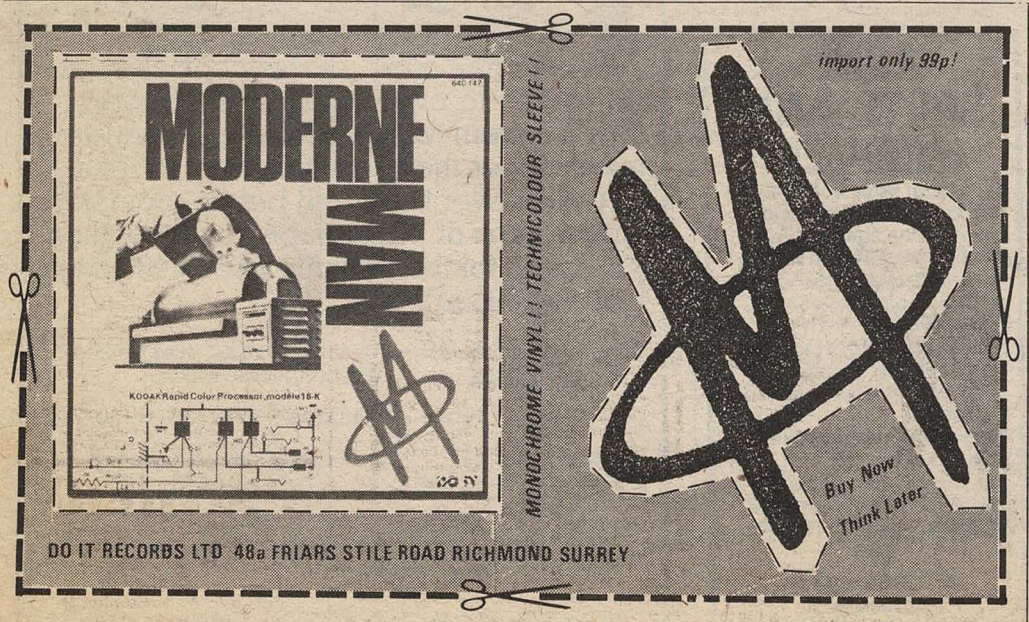
The Pizza Express, Dean Street, has Maggie Kinson on 22nd and 23rd September, Cousin Joe from New Orleans on 24th and 26th, Benjamin Waters on 27th, Bill Le Sage on 28th and the great Al Haig on 29th and 30th. Battersea Arts Centre has Sunday lunchtime Traditional Jazz, featuring the Riverside 5 on 24th September.

Mr Acker Bilk & His Paramount Jazz Band are playing the GCG Hall, Gwauncaegurwen, near Swansea on 21st, the Webbington Country Club, Lexton, Somerset on 22nd, the Everyman Theatre, Cheltenham on 24th, Jolles in Commerce Street, Stoke-on-Trent on 27th, and the Civic Hall, Camberley on 28th September.

Ogun Records have just released a live recording, "Procession", by Chris McGregor's Brotherhood of Breath, and "Cynosure" by Trevor Watts and the String Ensemble. Cadillac have released a further section of David Murray's solo tenor concert in Paris, "Conceptual Saxophone".

Norman Granz's Pablo label has issued some vintage Machite & His Afro-Cuban Salseros material from the late '40s, "Mucho Macho". CBS have released Stephane Grappelli's "Uptown Dance", "Return To Forever Live" — interesting title, what? — and the second volume of "Montreux Summit" with Getz and Dexter sharing one track. ABC's Impulse label continues its Dedication Series with Volume One of "The Bopmasters" featuring the units of the late great Sonny Criss and Kenny Dorham with J. R. Monterose in attendance.

Brian Case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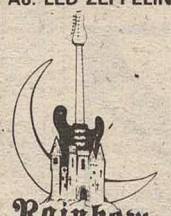
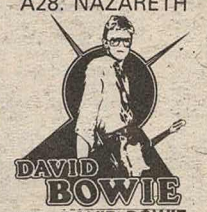


A14. RAINBOW

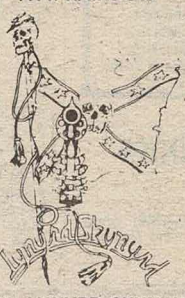
A30 SANTANA

A15. BOB MARLEY



A16. DAVID BOWIE

A22. FRANK ZAPPA



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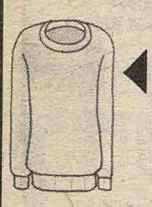

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■ *From page 25*

MORE BY instinct than any real and deep concern I bring up politics. A lot of bands, after all, made good mileage out of creating for themselves the image of concerned young revolutionaries. Tower block existence. Spray-paint prophets stumbling through decay. Christmas cracker sloganeering. Okay fellers take five, bring on the social conscience machine. Hell, some of it seemed fairly convincing. Didn't it?

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The hell with new wave politics; the conversations I've had with the participants have convinced me that most are too dumb to comprehend even the cardinal principles of the persuasions they claim to uphold. Either that or they're unbelievably naive.

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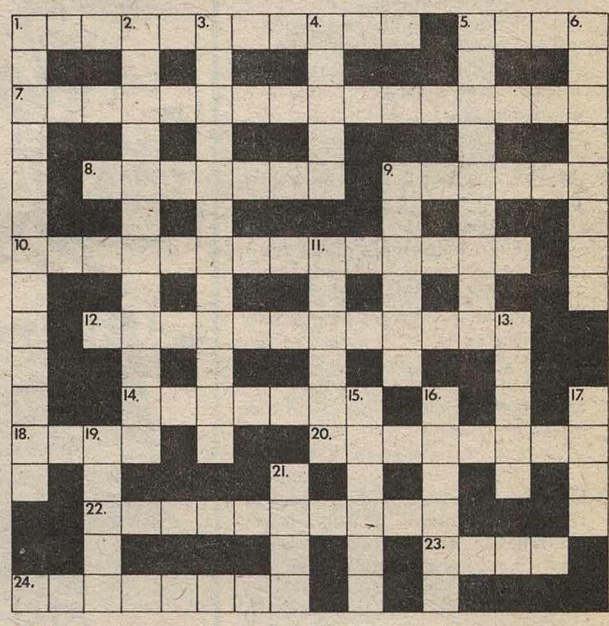

ACROSS
1 Nails I Brown (anag 5,6)
5 Fake it like Jimmy P!
7 Written by Bob Dylan for The Band recently recorded by Tom Robinson and dedicated to George Ince (1,5,2,8)
8 See 21
9 The Okie troubadour, delivers all his songs in a flat, sleepy zzzzzzzzzzzz . . . (1,1,4)
10 Chiouxsie Siouxsie's Chinkee take-away! (4,4,6)
12 Quo guitarist — availabe in tub, cornet, family-size block! (7,5)
14 Steve ------ of Booker T & MGs, composer and respected sessionman.
18 See 15
20 This was The Beatles first hit single *(ask you old man!)* (4,2,2)
22 US contemporary of Roy Orbison and Bobby Vee *(ask your mum!)* who has hits with "Runaway", "Hats Off To Larry" etc (3,7)
23 Also known as SnoozalongaBob, this is the relatively painless abbreviated form (1,1,1,1)
24 What *kind* of graffiti? You need to ask when John Bonham's involved?!

DOWN
1 Hi-Tension fly the flag! (7,6)
2 Judy Collins' connection with the stunning Ms SLick? (7,5)
3 Of the Solid Senders (5,7)
4 Roxy album which featured Jerry Hall on the cover
5 Merseybeat combo who were second only to Beatles in Liverpool popularity stakes. Hits included "Sweets For My Sweet" and "Needles And Pins" *(ask the bloke in the Cuban heels!)*
6 A Rich Kid, Scottish variant (5,3)
9 & 17 Alan Price's Geordie nostalgia song
11 Kind of music influential in development of soul *(ask the vicar!)*
13 Funky brothers (no, the bleedin' Bee Gees!)
15 & 18 The former Faces' bassist, sometimes collaborator with Pete Townshend
16 One of the voices on 20 across (tough one, huh!)
17 See 9 down
19 The voice of Slade *(ask the . . . um. . . stop the first berk you see still wearing platform soles!)*
21 & 8 Spikey-topped bassist, a white riot at the Hammersmith Palais

ACROSS: 1 Crown Heights (Affair)"; 7 Fee (Waybill); 8 Modern Lovers; 11 Toast; 12 Deep Purple; 15 RSO; 17 Wreckless Eric; 19 (Stephen) Stills; 20 Records; 21 "(Down By The) Jetty"; 22 Sly (Stone); 24 Swoon; 26 Stephen (Stills); 27 Radar.

DOWN: 1 Commodores; 2 "Old Grey Whistle (Test)"; 3 (Billy) Idol; 4 (Uriah) Heep; 5 "(Crown Heights) Affair"; 6 "Old Grey Whistle) Test"; 6 Reg Presley; 10 Stevie Nicks; 13 Rak; 14 "Easter"; 16 "Seconds Out"; 18 Label; 23 & 22 "Your Song"; 25 War.

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JUST WHAT the hell is going on? I seem to be the odd one out here. Evey week I buy the three main music papers and in two of them — no names, but it's you I'm moaning to — I get the pointless and mindless meanderings of the likes of Jimmy Pursey and my God I could puke.

United? The likes of Pursey and his new wave cronies? Not likely. And if it isn't them it's some fool like Tom Robinson defying the evidence in front of his eyes by telling me the Stones are has-beens, while inventing evidence of his own that we're in the midst of a Nazi take-over — and if it isn't that, it's some reggae jerk posturing on his spotty behind about what Nirvana Jah will be and how poxy it is to be black and British — and the white people who are vogue enough to be anti-racism turn up at rallies and beat shit out of each other, and then moan about the pigs who they also beat up while they try and stop them from murdering each other.

And fuel is added by the likes of you who don't reflect the trends of youth — you create them. The upsurge in reggae, the upsurge of RAR, and it's all a bloody great game.

We all pretend that we're so full of street credibility that it hurts, and we all drool over what bums like Steve Jones and Sid Vicious are doing, and how vogue it is to cause a public disturbance.

Nobody fills their veins with shit, they have 'a smack habit'; and you don't blether on and on and on about persecution that if we're honest none of us really experience — instead you have 'sincerity' and 'credibility'.

And while we all disappear up our street level arses, good rock music is going down the drain and no bugger cares.

I buy papers to read about bands and music — not possible with New Wave because if you listen to old-fashioned ideas like production, lyrics, harmony and sincerity, you won't find it in shit like "White Riot".

Riot? I'll give you a riot, mate — it's my reaction to every fart and sneeze by New Wave idols being chronicled, and the occasional mention of how they are living it up in America off the proceeds of the poor ripped-off punks.

And then, in the midst of this vile mess of empty words and vacuous music, I turn to *NME* and find that the only true underground music left gets an airing. It's been quietly getting on with giving pleasure to millions of people, with no pretence to be anything but what it is. It's called soul music, and these days it's what I'll get off on until rock comes to its senses.

You want meaning to your songs? Get your ears round Millie Jackson or Brother To Brother; "In The Bottle" which has so much street level truth you'll choke on your dole cheque.

What about Cissy Houston, Gladys Knight, who know how to be women and really talk to you about life with men, without men, sex, drugs and life as it really is.

If you stand Millie Jackson next to Faye Fife or Diana Ross next to Siouxsie, they are so feminine it's enough to make the white girls curl up and die. And don't think they didn't suffer. They had that much-vaunted advantage of being born black and poor. They didn't have it thrust on them by this so unfair system. They were born to it and they don't posture about how wrong it all is, they just get on with living.

What I really wanted to say — and as your writer so beautifully put it — is that the soul fans and soul papers don't sit there and look at rock as though it's some kind of illness you fall into out of weakness and mindless stupidity. They don't snigger at how silly rock fans look when they spit at each other and sing their anthems. They just don't want to know.

If you pick up a soul mag, an article on deep soul won't be jibing at disco soul, and an article on Philly won't be knifing away at Tamla. They just get on with it — and as for jibing at rock and punk and Pursey and Robinson, well, life is just too short for that.
JILTED ANDY, Newcastle, Staffs.
Hell, at this rate you'll be buying *NME* for the jazz page — B.C.

TONIGHT'S A night of mourning. It shouldn't be. The table tennis club that had been my dream for six months has become reality, but something's touched me deep down inside. I've just heard Keith Moon is dead.

I know the words might seem flippant, but for me the music has died. The Who were the only group who ever meant anything to me. I never saw them live, I never met any of them. I come from a nice respectable middle-class background, so I doubt if I can ever truly feel or understand the anger that drove them to those giddy heights, but to me they were the only rock group who seemed to care.

And yet perhaps in this tragedy there is hope. At the moment I am listening to a "Who Are You" cassette — the track "Music Must Change" — and thinking back to the moods and feelings that first moved the New Wave. There will never be another group like them, but no longer can my generation sit back and let them live our fantasies.

It's too easy getting your entertainment ready-made and packaged. We live in an age where the professional rules, but we must stop being passive creatures in this society. The anger that powered the New Wave must not be allowed to die, we have got to keep going. The establishment bands don't belong to us any more, so we have to find our own, and this time we must not allow the star-making system to alienate the star from his fans.

RIP Keith Moon. You were the greatest. There may have been drummers who were more technically proficient than you, didn't miss as many beats as you did, who were more 'professional' — but I don't give a damn what other people say. You won't be forgotten.

Look again, rock is dead, long live rock.
DAVE ROUTLEY, Penstone Park, Sussex.

I HEARD the news about Keith tonight. They confirmed it a few minutes ago. I don't know what to say or feel or do. I never lost anyone so close before. Ever. I didn't realize how much he meant to me.

The Who pulled me through the cliche of teenage frustration — except my frustration was real and, yeh, suicidal. Without them I might just have let go.

Keith always played it for laughs, refused to take life seriously, but he somehow trod the thin line between life and death. So many people have gone, but I never ever thought The Who would lose anybody — I thought they were immortal.

Perhaps they are. Perhaps Keith had to go now before he grew old, before the laughs faded away. Thank you, Keith, for everything.

PAUL

THANKS KEITH for all the good times.
MICK, JIM, MICK, FRANNY, JOHNNY, GERRY, Glasgow.

MOONY, you were
a raving loony,
though at times they say
disarmingly emotional.
You were always there
bashing Hollywood's castles.
You never cared that
they were brick not sand.
Like the kid in Quadrophenia
was it just schizophrenia
that put the loon in Moon?
I think not.
More like a genuine need
to crush those sods
who leeched you beseeched you and
tried to ditch you
in their own stinking ditch.
They'll see now
you'll never go that way.
ARCHDUKE PETE, Stoke Newington, London.

ANGUS MACKINNON, reviewing Peter Hammill's latest album, poses the question, "Has anyone the right to be so embarrassingly honest about private lives in public?"

My reaction is: why the hell not? Since Nick Kent said much the same thing about Peter's last record, "Over", it seems that *NME* has its fair share of victims of the British disease — buttoned-up emotional lives that shy away at any display of deep feeling.

I'm not a Hammill fanatic — just an admirer who finds Hammill's personal-honesty moving. What's more, he's a bloody good musician, and you didn't mention a word about the music in your review, Angus. Did you realise that?

P.S. I've just worked through 1974's *NME* Gasbag. Gasbag in those days sparkled with vitality; now it's mostly feeble and boring. Why, I wonder?
JOAN GREENE, Stanmore, Middlesex.

Angus asked me to reply for him as he's away at IPC's Warrendale Weekly Warm-up Unit. Even as I lift my pen to refute your calumnies, Roy Carr is skipping by, trailing his blanket, Monty is unbuttoning again and need has driven someone to write SWALK on my bottom. Maybe this Hammill chap confused a confessional itch for the ache of art — anyway, that's what the entire staff said to me in bed last night. — B.C.
PS. Do you wonder in colour?

ME AND my mates left Worksop to travel the 40 or so miles to Huddersfield with the hope of obtaining a ticket for the Sex Pistols gig that night (December 25 1977). We didn't have much hope though. and this was our fourth attempt at seeing the band.

We drove round the town a few times and found this place called Ivanhoe's, where the Pistols were supposed to be gigging that night. The doors were open and there was this familiar sound coming through them. On hearing it, my body started spontaneously twitching and jerking. I found myself running down this corridor as the sound got louder and louder.

Suddenly, there I was! It took some believing, but right in front of my very eyes were THE BAND OF THE DECADE blasting out "Holidays In The Sun" to all these little kids with Bollocks vests on, covered in bandages, jumping up and down, throwing sweet biscuits and cake at Rotten.

We must have been the oldest in the audience. I was a couple of feet from Sid who was looking kinda blank. I felt like diving on stage and strumming his bass with him, but his evil turned-up lip put me off risking it. It turned out to be one of the best days I've every had.
PAUL RICHARDSON, Worksop, Notts.
I had the selfsame experience at Guadalcanal. — B.C.

BOY, WAS I relieved when that half-empty McEwans can sank into the back of my head during The Tubes set at Knebworth. What better way to finish a great day's music than to be part of the comical antics of those four jovial morons throwing things!

A teenage girl standing near was being a real drag when she insisted on bursting into tears when an empty bottle bounced off her skull — still, teach her to stand there minding her own business.

If you gotta throw, don't go.
THE BOBS, Chelmsford, Essex.
Shucks, I missed it! — B.C.

I USED to have trouble writing political speeches, but since discovering your newspaper those days are past. I would like to thank all those members of your staff and all the people who write letters to you for the wealth of hackneyed expressions and cliches that they have provided. Keep it up.
IAN SMITH, Govt. House, Salisbury.
You always had a good eye. — B.C.

DID YOU know it took 1/94th of my Social Security benefit to send this, and that it will cost another 1/47th to see if you've published it.
DAVELEE WOMBAT, Ringwood, Hants.
Why not save for a fondue set instead? — B.C.

BE GOOD chaps will you, and let the whole of Britain know that I am on my way back and that my schemes for world — not to say cosmic — domination go ahead as planned. Mark my words, the world has not heard the last of:
JOSEPH W. MEIKLE, Pohjoispuisto, Pori, Finland.
So what happened, pal? Reindeer cop a puncture? — B.C.

Just plain literary, I guess. — B.C.
IN PREVIOUS interviews Jean Jacques Burnel has always insisted that he was not a punk because he is not from a working-class background. Well, if an immigrant-owned restaurant in dormitory Guildford isn't working class, then one is tempted to enquire what is?

His admission that his much-vaunted degree was, in fact, gained at Huddersfield Polytechnic, will not enhance his snob rating either . . .
LADY H, Smart London Address.
Surely one can leave all that sort of thing to Nannie, can't one? — B.C.

NORMALITY!! THE HIDEOUS TRUTH BEHIND A BIZARRE NEW CULT!
A Bag
SPECIAL
THE NOTORIO-OUS SHORT BACK & SIDES-HAS TO BE CUT EVERY FIVE HOURS!
*WATCH FOR THESE WARNING SIGNS!!
TABLETS
GRAVY
BROWNING
— I Must Take a Beecham's Powder
TENNIS— BOATING— SKATING— that's me!
I go for the SWIMMING and DANCING
I like the REST and VARIETY SHOWS
I enjoy the SNOOKER and GOOD COMPANY
WHAT NORMAL PEOPLE ARE SAYING
NORMAL BIKERS— INVARIABLY HELPFUL & POLITE!!
MIX WITH A LITTLE WATER
DRINK DOWN
NORMAL YOUTHS INGE--ST VAST AMOUNTS OF WHOLE--SOME SUBST--ANCES!!
COMFOR--TABLE SHOES!
I ADORE IN-STORE MUZAK & I'M HANDY AROUND THE HOUSE
A STEADY JOB— REGULAR HOURS— RESPON--SIBLE
DEREK-BERNARD-IAN-BAFFLING NORMAL NAMES!
NEAT & TIDY!
POP ROUND, ANY TIME!
NORMAL CLOTHES -ONLY AVAILABLE FROM HYPER--MARKETS & COVERED SHOPPING PRECINCTS!
MENACE WITH
NORMALITY IS POISED FOR A MASSIVE COMEBACK- FIGHT THIS A NERVOUS BREAKDOWN-GO INSANE!!
By LOWRY

Letters edited by BRIAN CASE

LEE BRILLEAUX (left) feels good as he teaches a young lady the finer points of pool. Location: the Admiral Jellicoe on Canvey Island. Event: the premiere of the "Private Practice" album, only marginally less well attended than the "Grease" hoo-ha. FIGURE (background) feigns disinterest
Pic: by SNOWBUM

T-ZERS

PLAYS POOL

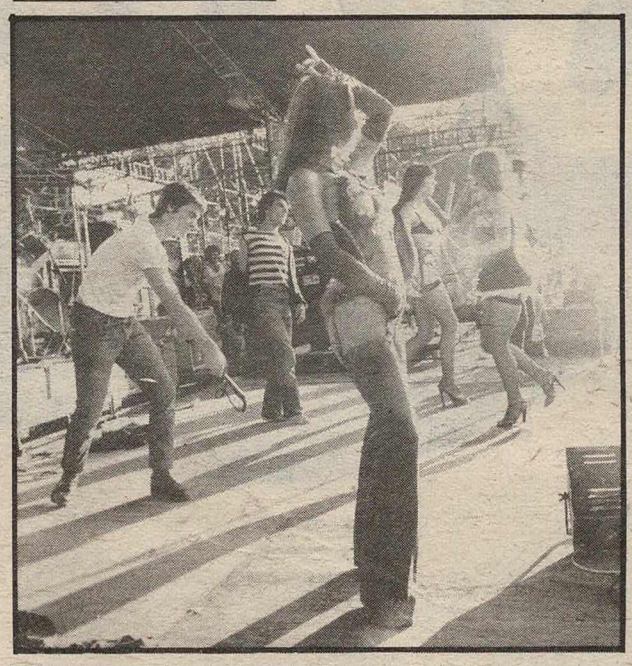
POWER IN THE Park they called it, but judging from the meagre attendance, last Saturday's **Stranglers** beano at Battersea was more like the proverbial Roman Candle in a snow storm. Even the kind of weather that keeps Ambre Solaire in business, not to mention vigorous advertising on Capital Radio, couldn't beef up the crowd to more than — at most — five and a half thousand. Some observers put the turn-out as low as a paltry three thousand.

And to think, only the week before the organisers were spouting on about limiting tickets to the first 8,000. Still, even if **The Stranglers** didn't make their grand entrance courtesy of rocket packs on their backs — at the last moment they found out (clever lads) that a two year training course is necessary before such things are well and truly safe — **Old Bill** appeared to take the names, addresses and full particulars of the half dozen strippers who joined Our Heroes onstage. And **Johnny Rubbish** lasted well over a minute before he was bottled (nice class of people these rock fans, eh?) offstage. Oh well, maybe The Stranglers aren't such a big draw after all. . .

In Saturday's *Evening News*, **Jean Jacques** moaning about the lack of support for his combo in America. Surely Jean isn't put out about those imbecilic Americans not digging the band. Doesn't he know they're all a trifle short on the ole grey matter over there. In the same interview Brunel said that so far that week he'd received two death threats from our New World cousins. And just to finish this week's Stranglers scam, *T-Zers* was recently visited in person by two Stranglers fans who wished to complain about the way they were described in **Chris Salewicz's** recent cover story. Wrote the Pole: "A groupie American journalist and her even grosser companion". *T-Zers* begs their pardon. The ladies in question were over here to visit the band and said they found London "far more indecent than New York" . . .

Once a comedian, always a comedian. Why is **Bernard Rhodes** pestering *NME's* ad dept under the alias of **Arthur Askey.** Has he lost his marbles, playmates *(You mean he actually had any in the first place — Ed.)*?. . .

The **Debbie Harry/Danny Baker** confrontation situation came to an abrupt conclusion at **Blondie's** Hammersmith Odeon



No wonder they held it in Battersea, what with the state of some of them girls, eh lads? They is THE STRANGLERS, of course, and them is 'exotic dancers', what livened up the event. So much so, in fact, that one of them (left, without cap) got arrested — 'not for indecent exposure, surely? Pix: by DENIS O'REGAN

gig on Saturday. During their encore of "Attack Of The Giant Ants" Blondie are apt to wheel on . . . an ant, what else? On this particular occasion the ant was carrying a sign. "I am not an ant," it said, "I am Danny Baker *(Bloody cheek. I was recovering from a slight 0-3 reverse at the Den, nowhere near Hammersmith — D.B.).* . .

Grace Slick on drugs: "Cocaine? **Eddison** and **Freud** started it so I'm following in a great tradition. LSD? I stopped dropping acid for a while after my daughter was born. It's kinda hard to keep an eye on the kid while you're hallucinating". . .

Despite suffering acute discomfort from boils on his rectum, **Squeeze's** drummer **Gilson Lavis** propelled Squeeze through an exemplary set composed almost entirely of new numbers at London's Marquee last week. . .

The '70s answer to **Mike Sarne, Jilted John** is none too happy that Pogo Records have hastily released a 'follow-up' to "Jilted John" entitled "Gordon's Not A Moron" — **Gordon The Moron** is John's lanky sidekick — and crooned by a young couple calling themselves Gordon and Julie. J. J.'s even more mortified than when Julie did The Big Split. . .

If It Ain't Stiff Then It Ain't: Since his demise, the UK **Elvis Presley** fan club has doubled its membership to more than 35,000 subscription paying members. Latest development Elvisploitationwise is the imminent release of what's claimed to be Presley's first ever recording. Called "Tell Me Pretty Baby", International Classic Products say Elvis recorded the song in 1954 at a studio in Phoenix, Arizona. At the time the tape was rejected, but coincidentally turned up 13 years later — just before Elvis's death. . .

Olivia Newton-John will undertake a Japanese tour, during the course of which she will present a cheque to the Japan Marine Science and Technology Centre who are developing a device to lure dolphins away from poisoned tuna fishing areas off the coast of Japan. *(Pardon? — Ed).*

Out soon; double **Steely Dan** Greatest Hits *(They must have had all of three. — Ed)* collection, featuring at least one new **Becker-Fagen** composition. Presumably this is a move to fulfil their contractual obligations and give themselves the all-clear to record all future product for Warners. The handsome twosome have now moved back to New York, by the way. . .

London band and Riva stars **Window** are, sob sob, no more . . .

Robert Plant jammed with **Dave Edmunds** in Birmingham on Saturday. Being slightly the worse for wear, Edmunds introduced Percy as "Robert Palmer". Plant, also a guest at **Simon Kirke's** wedding on Friday, sang two numbers including "My Baby Left Me". . .

The **Zim's** US tour now in full swing — and stays that way for the next three months when it ends in Hollywood.
Mid-November sees the American publication of new Dylan biography, written by **Alan Rinzler** . . .

In Noo Yawk The **Thin White Duke,** or whatever the hell he is these days, is doing the town with **Liza Minnelli.** Said D.B. of his new conquest: "She's the most exciting woman I've ever met" . . . *(Thanks a lot. — Angie)* . . .

Ever wondered why you're now paying nigh on a fiver for an album? Here's a clue: **ELO's** end-of-tour party in — where else? — Los Angeles cost in the region of £50,000, which broke down like so — £25,000 for hot air balloon, £4,500 for lasers, £2,500 for helicopters and £1,500 for extra security. The remainder was blown on food and booze — and the construction of a casino . . .

The succinct critique of *Holocaust* which graced the **Hollowbag** last week was, of course, the estimable work of Mr. **Ray Lowry** but you'd have had to take a guess since the pig-ignorant sub who laid it out was blind drunk wasn't he, **Monty?** Sorry, Ray, and your **Normal Bag** opposite is lovely, too . . .

Roy Wood telephoned *T-Zers* to say that he is not reforming **The Move,** as speculated last week . . .

Bryan Ferarri hankering after literary credibility? Not only was Birrani spotted at apres-play knees up for **John Osborne's** *Inadmissible Evidence*, he was also in tow with glum Irish novelist **Edna O'Brien** . . .

Readers will recall the ongoing saga of **Heatwave's** (the disco group) attempt to prevent **Blast Furnace & The Heatwaves** from using the name "Heatwaves". At present Blast is under heavy court order manners. To comply with this Blast gave specific instructions to promoter **John Curd** to bill the band as Blast Furnace And . . . at Sunday's Roundhouse gig where they supported **Dave Edmunds.** Curd, however, continued to advertise Blast Furnace & The Heatwaves.

As a result Blast & Co. had to fork out £200 costs for 'breaking' the injunction and each band member received a suspended prison sentence for being in contempt of court. How's that for outlaw chic . . .

Late News Flash on **The Stranglers** Battersea Bash. Seems that none other than **Reginald Bosanquet** was invited by The Stranglers to compere Saturday's show. According to publicist **Alan Edwards,** Reggie agreed, but the stunt was vetoed by his bosses at ITN. Other sources whisper that Bosie wanted too much money. Unfortunately, *T-Zers* has been unable to contact Reggie to verify this. Goodnigsht (hic) . . .

BETTER BADGES

New Releases
20p Strictly pre, Size I Prefer
25p Smokey Bears, Telephone (France), Blondie No. 4, Bowie 78, James Dean, Don't Dictate
POP ART 20p Revolt into Style, No Rule, Anti-Social, Fay Five is Fab, Auto-Destruct Button, Panic Button, Clone

This	Last week	
1	(—)	Animal Liberation
2	(1)	Clash Police
3	(2)	Buzzcocks
4	(6)	999
5	(3)	Siouxsie Overground
6	(4)	Siouxsie Special
7	(8)	Steel Pulse
8	(5)	Clash City Rockers
8	(—)	Magazine
10	(—)	Sham Army

Clash City Rockers has been deleted because Bernie Rhodes (the manager) doesn't like it. Please accept a substitute.

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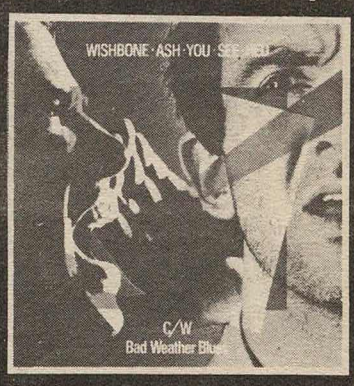
WISHBONE ASH

NEW SINGLE
YOU SEE RED
B/W
BAD WEATHER BLUES

Over the last few years "Bad Weather Blues" has been a highly popular feature of all Wishbone Ash gigs. Now for the first time, this song is available on record, as a 10 minute live version.
(recorded live at Sheffield last year).



LIMITED EDITION IN COLOUR SLEEVE
MCA 392

15,000 copies of this record are available on 12," which includes the full-length album version of 'You See Red.' 12 MCA 392.

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NO CHOICE

love bites

·BUZZCOCKS·

new album

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